BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1939

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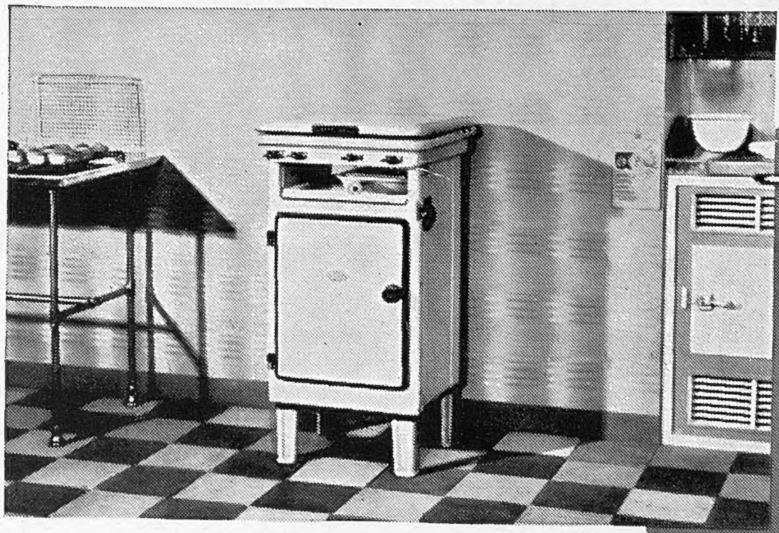

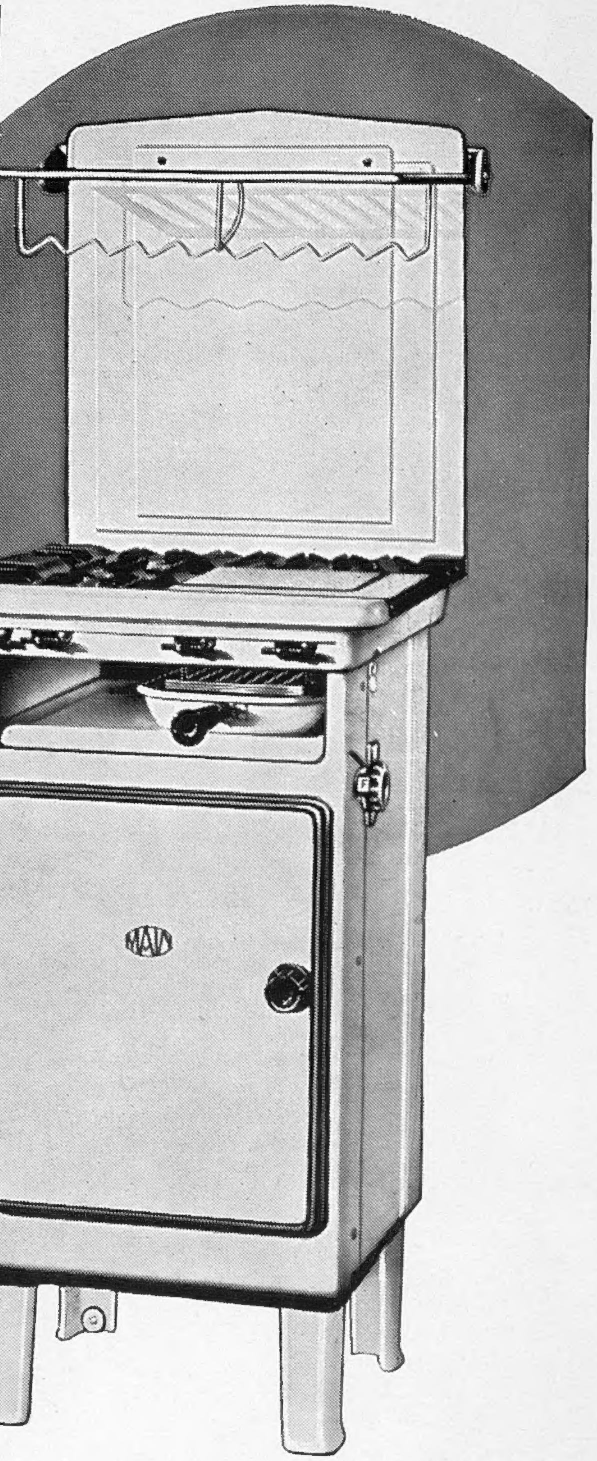

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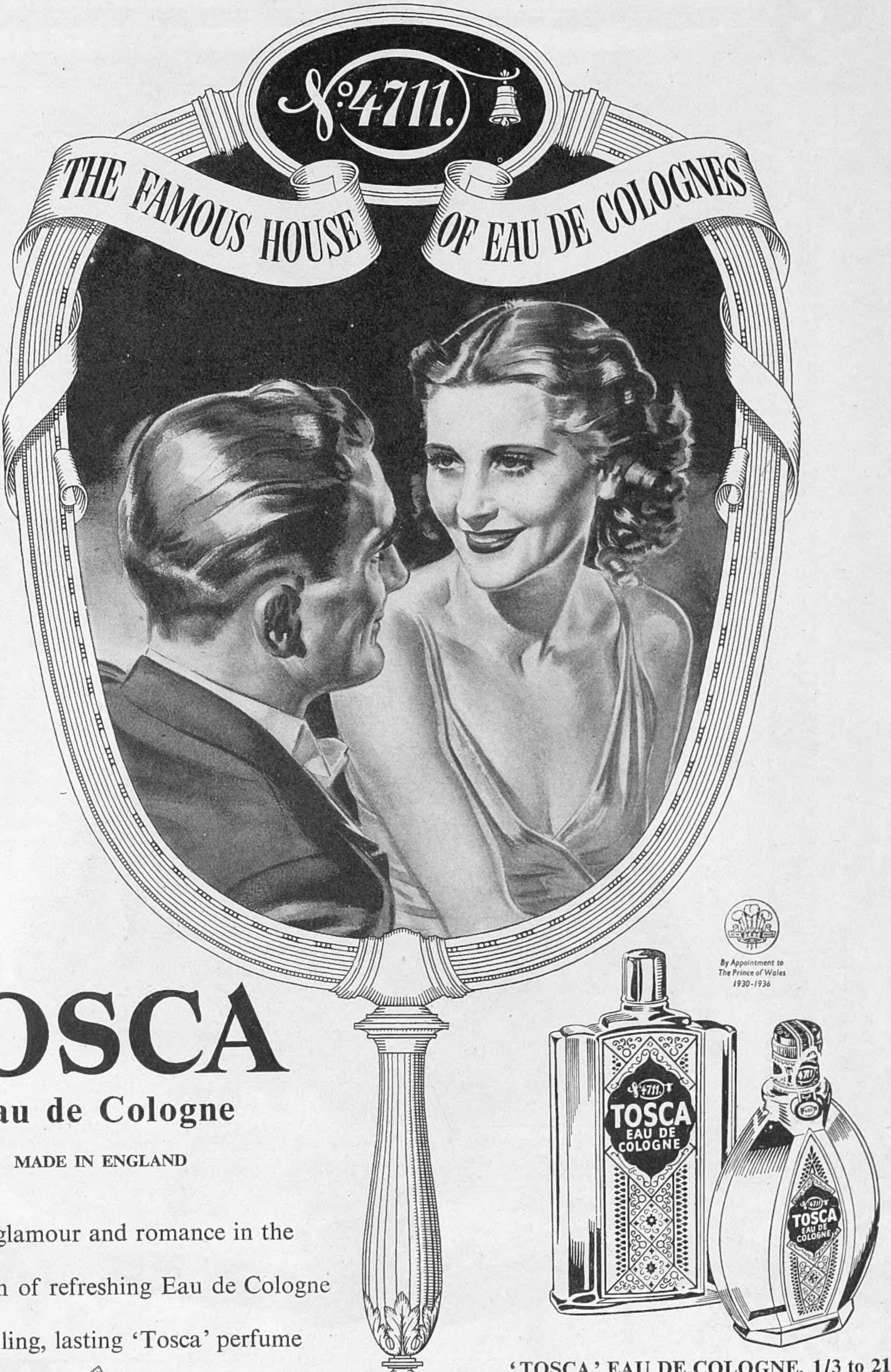
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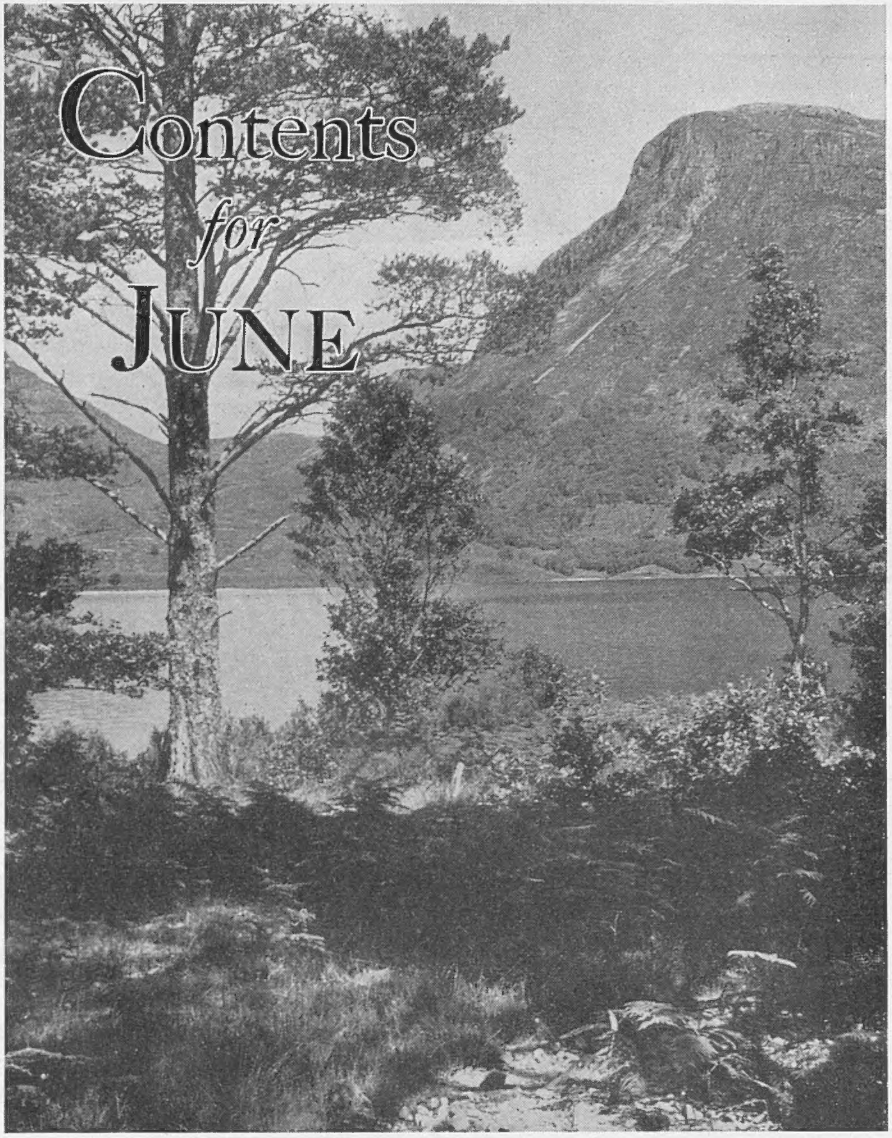

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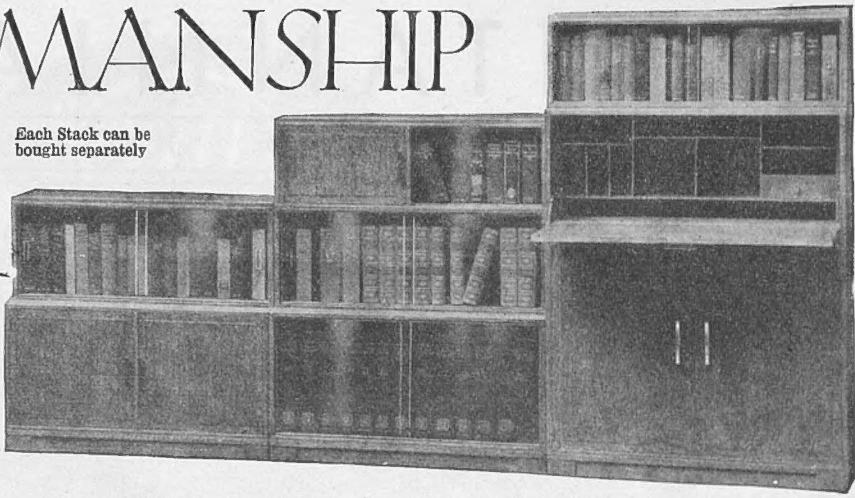

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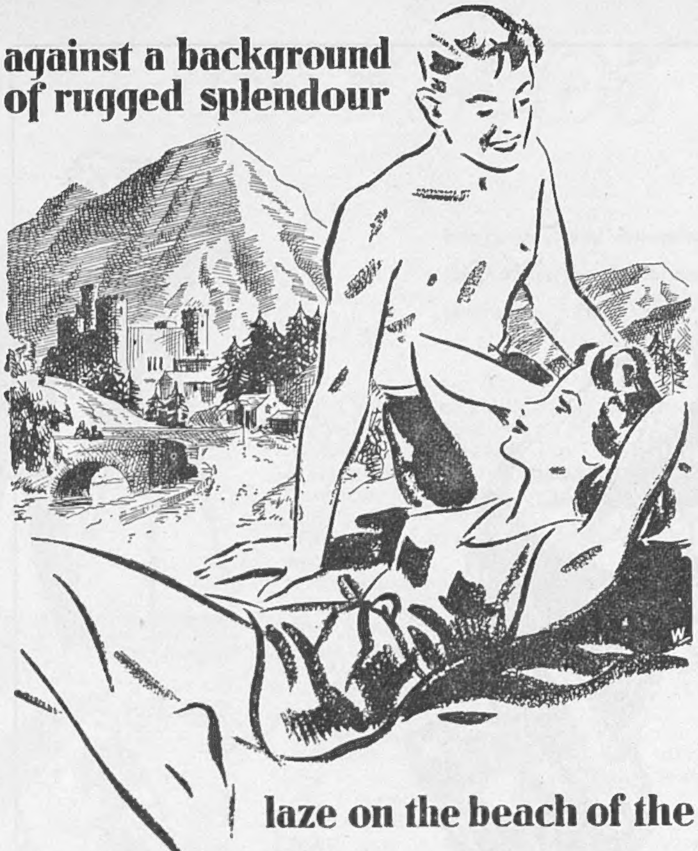

against a background
of rugged splendour

laze on the beach of the

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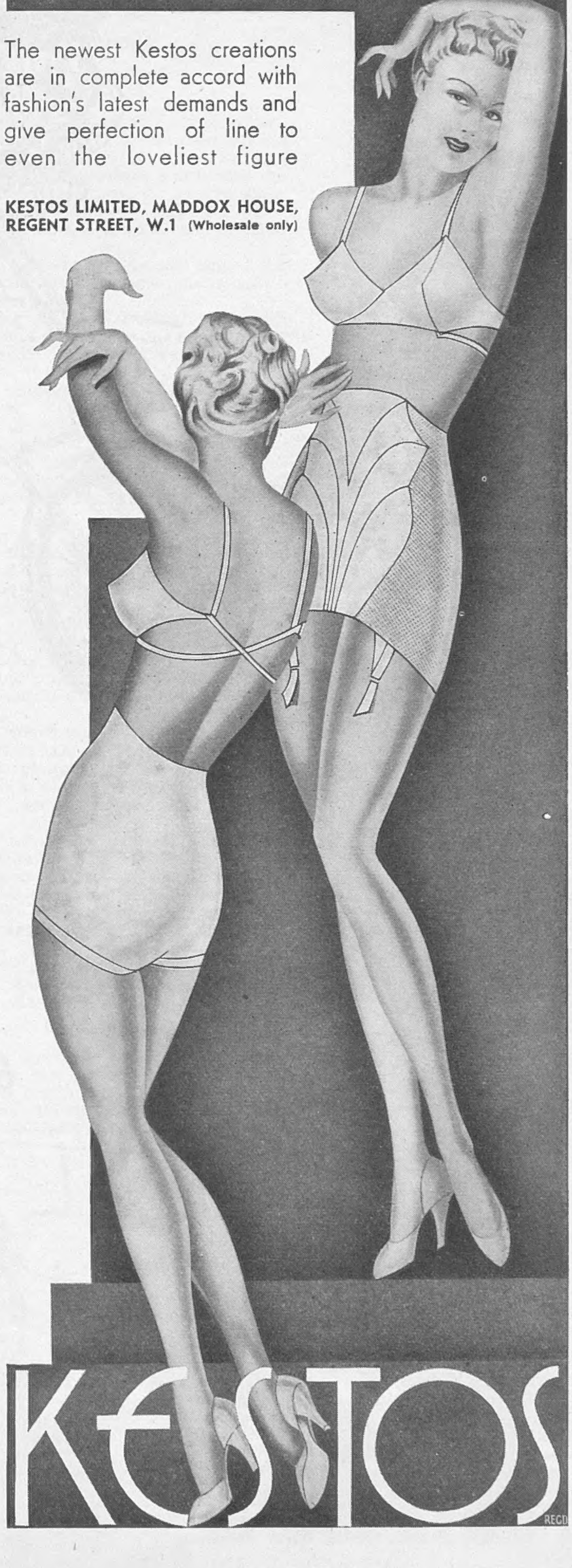
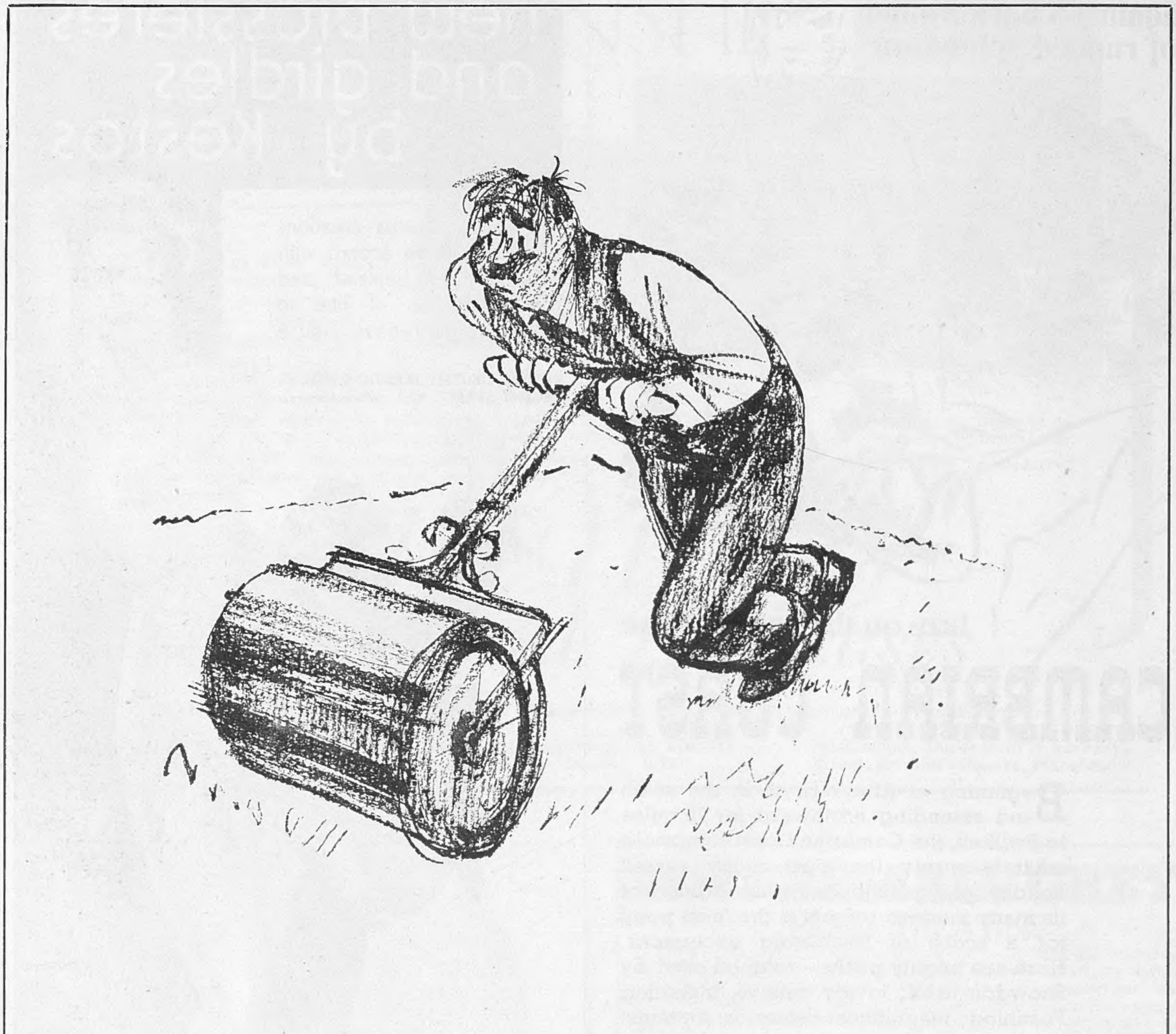



FORLORN
but
SHELL for GO

THEY MADE OUR WORLD

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their " nutshell " stories

"STEEL? Don't talk to me about steel. And don't talk to me about Bessemer either. The fellow's a fraud. We thought his process was all right but it's turned out all wrong. I'm sticking to iron."

Thus the collective ironmasters of England. They had made a deal with the inventor, Bessemer, whereby they used his patented process for making steel, and paid him royalties. And then they found the process would not work. They were extremely wrathful. What they said, users of the new steel repeated more forcibly.

Bessemer was perplexed, but not defeated. He thought he had solved the secret of steel: and it was a secret worth solving—indeed, some time it had to be solved if industrial civilisation were to grow.

So far, man had made do with iron—dumping the ore in a blast furnace with coke on top, adding lime to flux the mixture, and drawing off the molten metal at the bottom. That was cast iron. It was brittle. You could temper, but not weld or forge it.

The new machines of manufacture and transportation needed steel, the half-way house between cast and wrought iron. You make steel soft or hard by varying the carbon content. Tempering gives it hardness and elasticity. It is very tough. Men knew all that, but they could not solve the technical secret of steel making. It took weeks to make a small quantity, and then the metal was expensive, while imperfections limited its utility.

If only one could find a means of ridding iron of its impurities, and working that miracle on a commercial scale. . . .

BESSEMER had bent his inventive mind to the riddle. Born in England in 1813, son of a French engineer, he had already invented an apparatus for making a self-cancelling stamp, which the Government adopted. The Crimean War drew his attention to the need of cheap steel for shells. He studied metallurgy, investigated iron making.

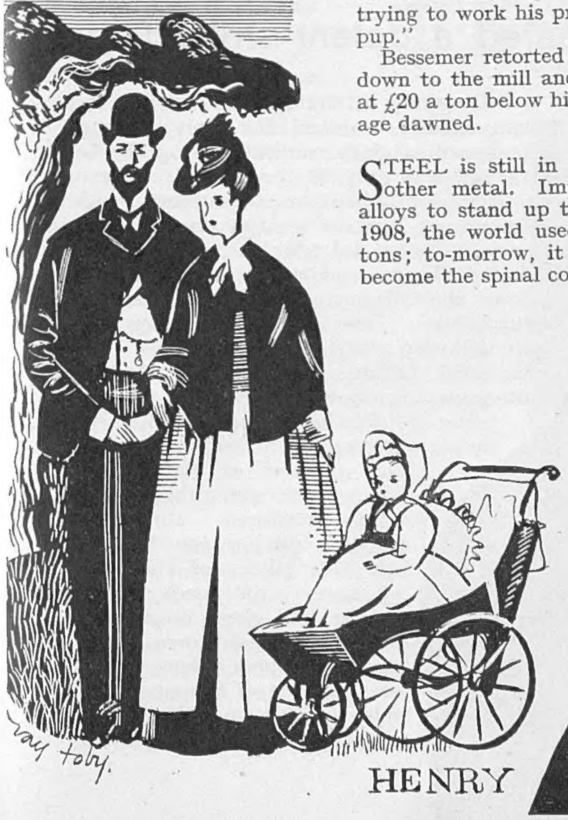
After years of experimenting he found the key to the riddle. It was a crucible into which air was fed during the fusing process. He found that his crucible blew the impurities from the molten iron and produced steel. He took out patents, made a deal with the iron-masters—and then found himself in trouble. His air-fed crucibles did not work.

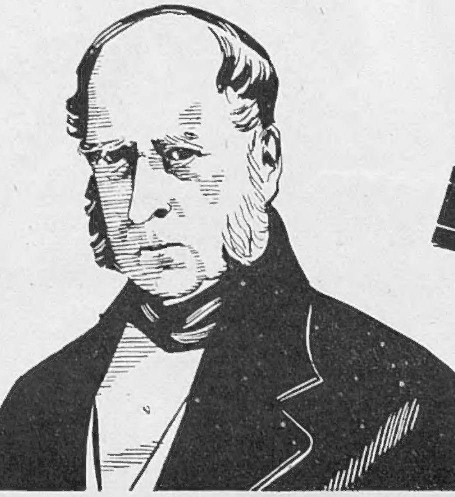
He had gone too quickly—and so had the ironmasters. Another technician was needed to make the process a practical success: a chemist. A chemist could have told them that iron ore varies in phosphorus and silicon content. An ore high in one and low in the other needs a lot of lime to flux it properly; and vice versa. Bessemer was not a chemist, nor had he associated a chemist with his work.

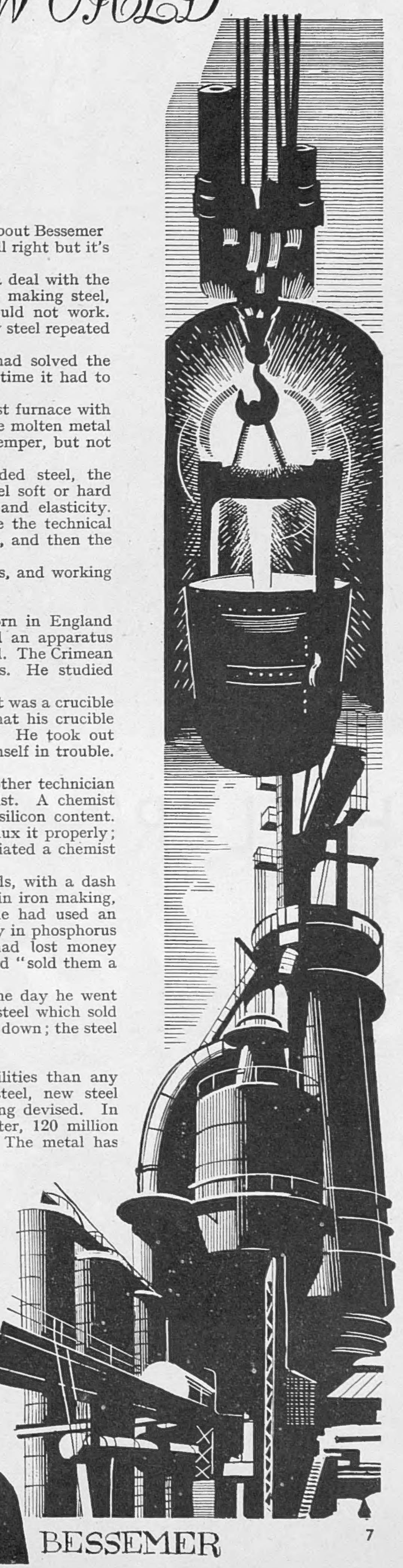
As for the ironmasters, they operated by hit-or-miss methods, with a dash of intuition thrown in. Badly-balanced mixtures spelt trouble in iron making, but disaster in steel making. Bessemer located the trouble—he had used an ore light in phosphorus content; the ironmasters' ore was heavy in phosphorus content. But now the ironmasters refused to listen. They had lost money trying to work his process and regarded him as a quack who had "sold them a pup."

Bessemer retorted by building his own steel plant. One June day he went down to the mill and watched the first steel flow forth—good steel which sold at £20 a ton below his competitors' best price. The barriers were down; the steel age dawned.

STEEL is still in process of evolution. It has more possibilities than any other metal. Improvements in technique, new uses for steel, new steel alloys to stand up to tremendous strains, are continuously being devised. In 1908, the world used 16 million tons of steel; thirty years later, 120 million tons; to-morrow, it will be 250 million or 500 million tons. The metal has become the spinal cord of industry.







HENRY BESSEMER

By C. Patrick Thompson

HITLER'S WAR MACHINE

How the Führer, casting the Peace Treaties aside, has created a potent striking force

German infantry stationed in Berlin march past when being reviewed by a general of the high command. (Below) Machine gunners of the 3rd German Army Corps with a gun mounted for anti-aircraft work

IN a little group at the cross-roads, five foreign officers silently watched the grey columns of horse-drawn artillery rumbling along the *hauptstrasse* on their way to the "front." Two wore American Army uniform; three the uniform, with red star in visored cap, of the Russian Army. The group moved back as a powerful open car, containing half a dozen officers, a general and his staff, came down the village street at speed, passing the gun column. The Russian note taker glanced up, followed the car with his eyes, resumed his note taking. The German Army was moving into action.

We had come out, the military correspondent and I, by car from our quarters at Bad Nauheim, where the foreign military attachés were quartered, through the wooded hills of the Vogelsberg, into this village of Bindsachsen. At every cross-roads *en route* guards had eyed us and let us pass. There were brown-uniformed Storm Troopers, black-uniformed S.S. men, steel-helmeted Reichswehr warriors in field grey. The men of the first two organisations gave the Nazi salute. The Reichswehr men gestured us on. The Reichswehr was independent of political parties. It did not give the Nazi salute; it did not even recognise Nazi dominance. Marshal von Blomberg, tall, slim, white-haired, unmarried, was Defence Minister. Hitler had not then mounted the Prussian officer's emblem in his cap-band, and added to his self-won title of "Der Reichfuehrerund" the title of "und Hoechstkommandierander der Armee."

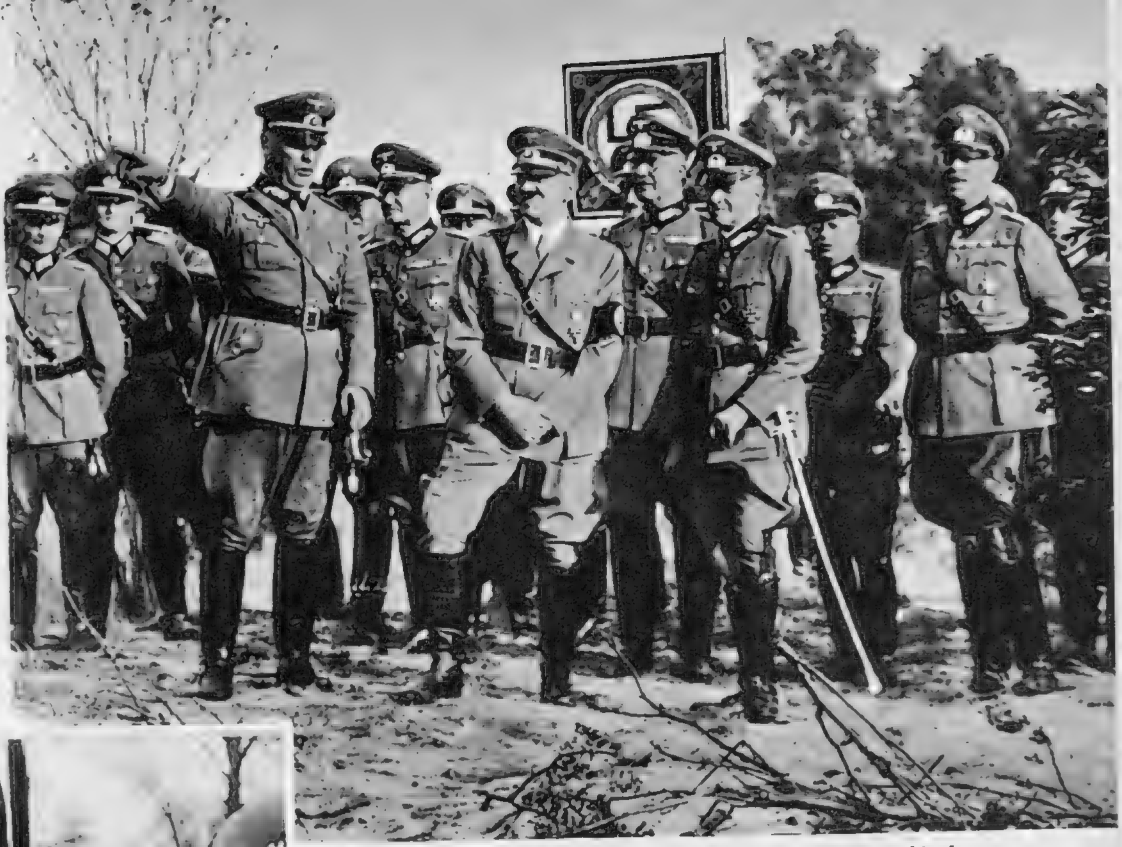
These were the biggest manœuvres since pre-war days. Hitler had cut through the Versailles Treaty again, with conscription, daring the old conquerors to do something about it, if they could or would. A hundred thousand men of the new conscript Reichswehr were out. Over fifteen hundred square miles, two army corps under war-time conditions, with war-'planes, tanks, and mechanized equipment, were manœuvring. Hitler, with his chief Nazis, was somewhere around, and about fifty foreign military attachés and visiting officers were out as guests of the Reichswehr ministry.

Flares dropped from bombers, simulating bombs. Smoke bombs imitated land-mines exploding under tanks. Soldiers tore their uniforms on real barbed-wire, felled trees across roads, lay all night in fields. And a merry time was had by all.

I made a note of the remark of the military correspondent when he saw the group at the cross-roads. It was *à propos* the Red Army officer, industriously taking notes. "What does he think he's doing? This is only Adolf's first game of golf. By the time those Red boys face these Grey lads, his notes will be a wash-out. Hitler's only just started!"

This was October 1936.

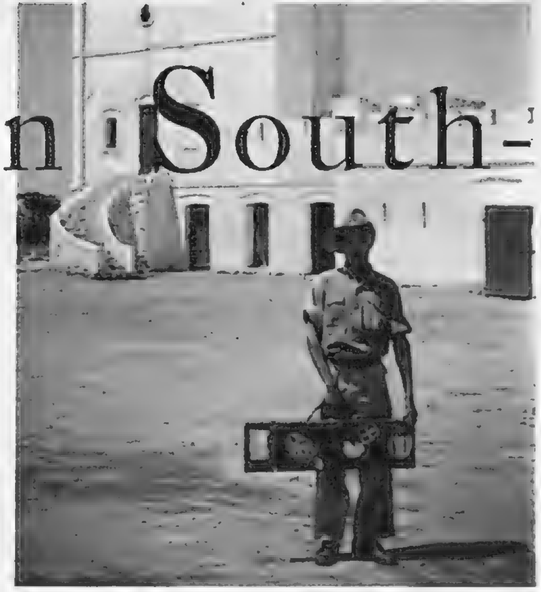
THIRTY months have passed. Now, giant armies, sea fleets, air forces, move massively into position around the strategic centres of the continents and oceans. The diplomats wage their offensive and defensive actions against enemy diplomats and foreign statesmen, and Government groups play poker around the world (*Continued on p. 108*)



Herr Hitler accompanied by General von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, and General Keitel, Chief of the High Command, pay a visit to the training-ground of the infantry school at Doeberitz, near Berlin

Motorised units of the German Army. It is possible to transport 70,000 of these troops at the rate of 40 miles per hour on the military motor roads. (Right.) German Infantry on manœuvres in Pomerania. (Below.) Heavy howitzers of the 2nd Army Corps in action in front of a wood during the last Army manœuvres in Pomerania. These manœuvres were watched by Herr Hitler

It Happened in South-



The Beau Geste Fort Namutoni, which the Ovamba natives captured from the Germans in 1904, is now under the charge of one sergeant of the South-West Africa Police. The nearest town in South-West Africa is Tsumet—100 miles to the south.

H. AND I went up to the Kunene River on the border of Portuguese Angola. It was to be the first flowing water I had seen for over a month. I had expected to experience some of the incredulous joy that Moses, at any rate, his followers, must have felt when he smote the Rock. There are no rivers in South-West Africa. The actual Falls of the Kunene held us spellbound for some time. What happens is that a broad river, flowing sluggishly through the jungle of Africa, suddenly tumbles off a broken table of red rock. It tears in long veils of coffee-cream, thundering slightly, with a perpetual mist rising from their feet.

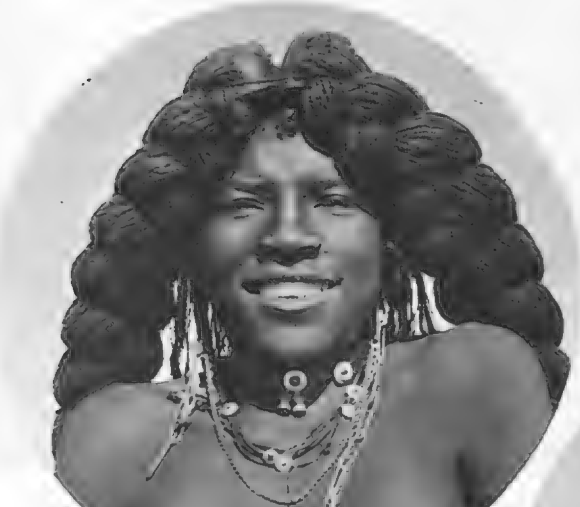
We watched this from the edge of a mopani forest on the tableland of South-West Africa. Far below us lay the roof of the jungle forest of Portuguese West Africa, as level, as green, as vast as the Atlantic Ocean, into which the Kunene River, rapidly quickening below the Falls, rushes through the red, unexplored mountains of the Kaokoveld.

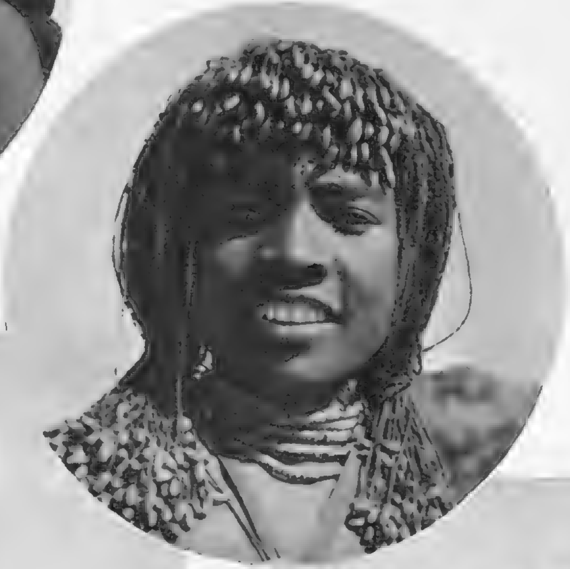
Less than a few miles to our left lay a ragged country whose natives, a few of them, have never seen any white man. And in there live plants, and some natives, that no white man has ever seen. The Kaokoveld is a " closed " country; no white man is allowed in there without special Government permission. Last year, in pursuit of some diamond prospectors, who were thought to be working somewhere near the mouth of the Kunene River, H. had struck in some sixty miles below where we were sitting, trekked on foot twenty-five days to the Atlantic coast.

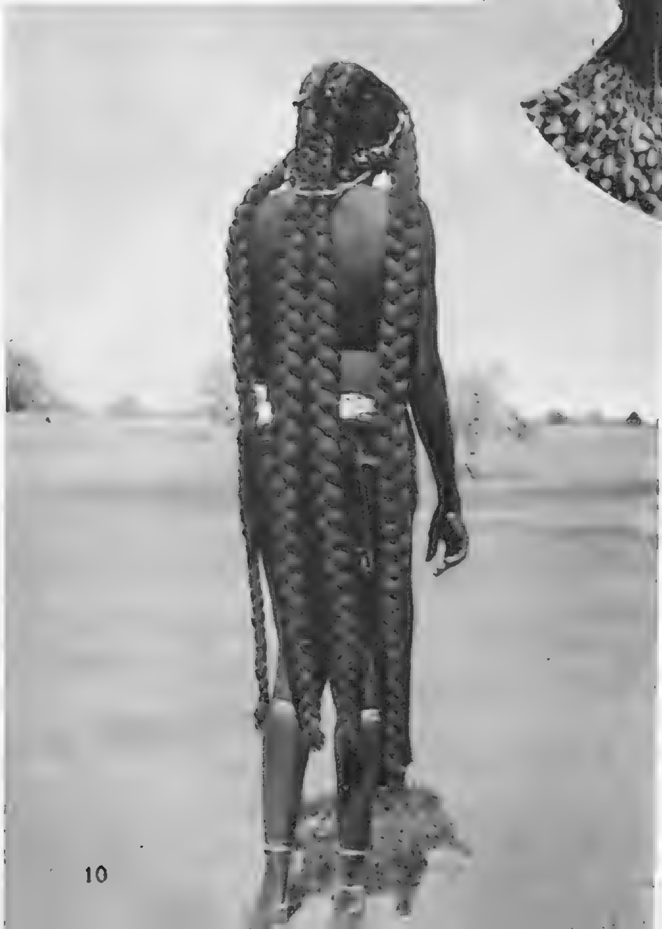
On that trip he brought back three plants that he had never seen before. The day we started on this particular trip, he chanced to receive a letter from London. It said that two of his plants, which had been forwarded to the Museum, were entirely new species. The third was still uncertain; it might be new, it might be merely a sub-species. Behind us stood some grotesque trees that are found only in this part of the world. If you can imagine a giant stalk of grey-green asparagus, twenty feet high, with a little fuzz of ridiculous branches growing unnecessarily at the tip, then you have it. The Boers, with their aptitude for giving functional names to things—such as " the Daybreaker " bird, which screams every dawn from 4 to 7 a.m.—call this monstrous sleek tree the " Maiden's Thigh."

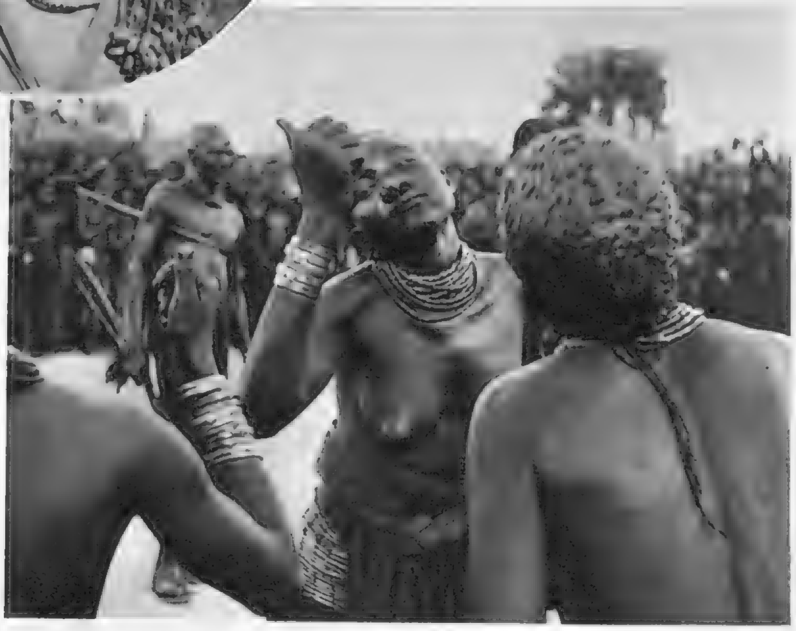
The river was lined with rushes, which prevented our swimming. And its red-rocked valley was filled with heat. I much preferred the burnt grass and yellow emptiness of the vast plateau of Ovamboland behind us. The river

A trio of Ovamba girls showing some peculiar hairdressing styles ready for the effendula—the initiation dance for maidens—which lasts three days. If a girl falls out, it is a sign that she is not fit for marriage. Only after she has passed this test may an Ovamba girl marry.





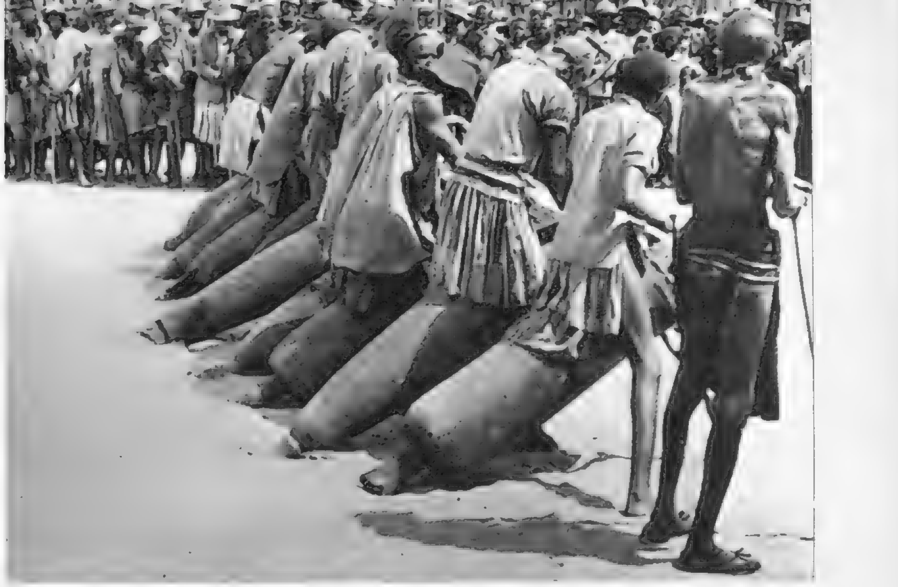




Maidens performing the effendula dance. They are painted red with ochre, and dance with their thumbs up, and have all the rhythm of a cabaret in New York's Harlem.

West Africa

Negley Farson *in this article—the second of a short series—gives some further impressions of contemporary life in the mandated territories of Africa, which owing to German demands are focal points of World attention*



"Riding the drums": *As they play, the drummers ride these eight-foot-long drums which have skin heads and can be heard for miles. On moonlight nights, it seems that all Ovamboland is dancing to the throbbing undertones.*

was swirling below the Falls, running at a steady seven or eight miles an hour—and it was cool, as was evinced by a hippo, snorting ecstatically in his bath. Its rushy islands looked sanctuary, if we could have swum out to them. But it was full of crocs. And its surface was polished metal-bright by the blazing sun.

OUR reason for going up was that H., as Native Commissioner for Ovamboland, was investigating a murder.

It was a strange case, eighteen years old to begin with. Eighteen years old, at least. And the murderer had believed that he was doing right. Under his tribal custom, he was. For this was a ritual case—exterminating an Evil Spirit. In his bewildered mind this old chief actually thought that he had been doing good. He admitted to H., as I sat beside them under the baobab tree, that he had given the order to kill the woman who had the Evil Spirit, and to exterminate her child as well. That was the only way to kill an Evil Spirit, he explained sullenly—"Did not the smart English know that?" You have to kill the person possessing, and the child she had made, as well. He was querulous, definitely annoyed at being accused of a crime, when he had only been doing good. And—he was frightened.

The apprehensive surliness of the old chief, the hairtrigger adjustments of H.'s mind—that beautiful timing which kept him always this side of the borderline between friendliness and familiarity when dealing with the 107,000 natives under him—the geography of the country around us; were a dramatic exposition of the blended savagery and civilisation which characterises large areas of African life to this day.

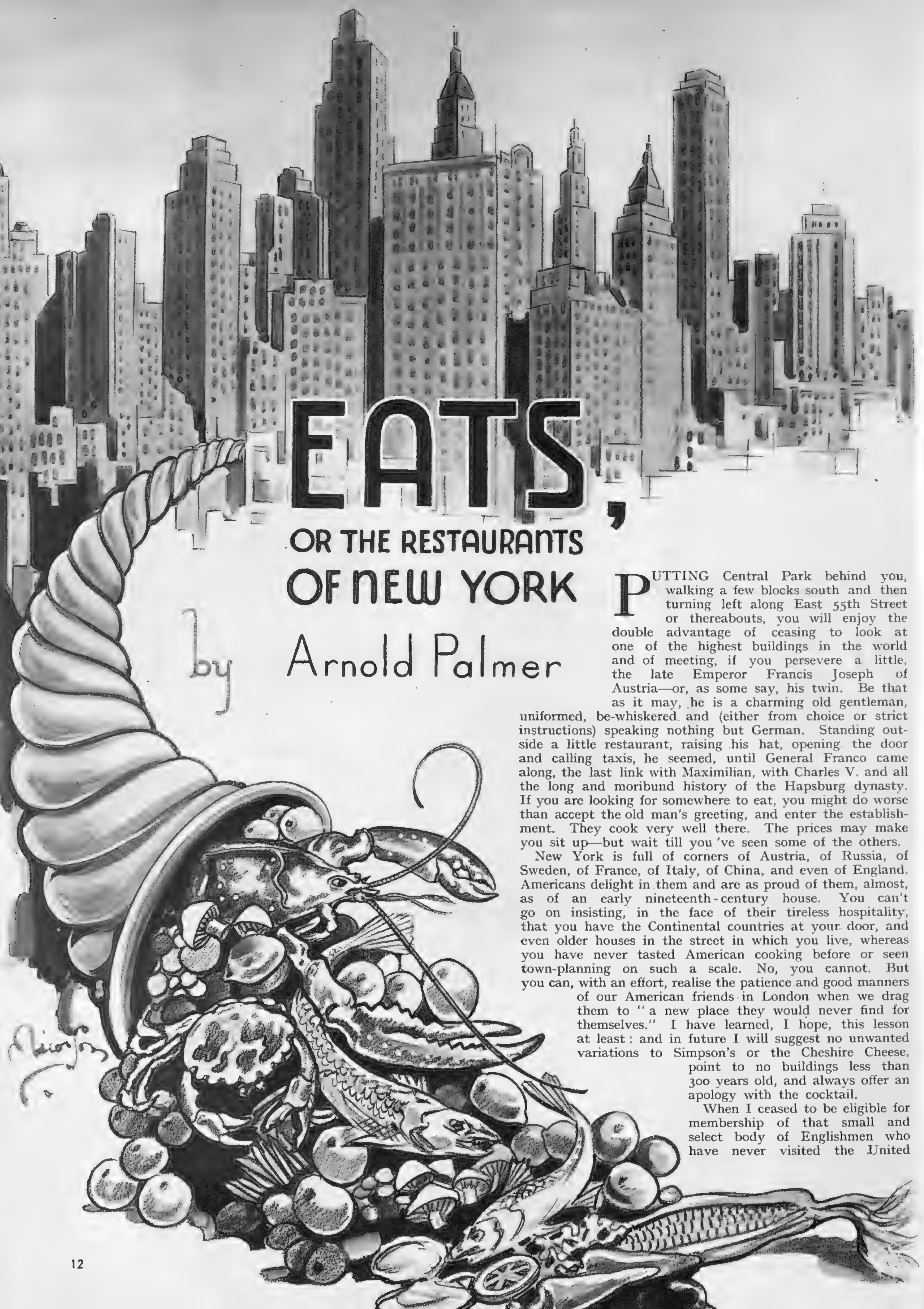
Albinos at the Finnish Hospital in Ovamboland. These suffer tortures from the pitiless sun. Until recently the natives killed all Albino children; but now the tribes and Finn women care for them.

Shilabula, the sixty-years-old princess, as she appeared at the trial. From head to toe she was painted red with ochre; she looked as if she had been lip-sticked all over.

Natives from Portuguese West Africa waiting to be recruited at Ondonga, in Ovamboland, for their year's work in the South. The three on the right have had their teeth filed to sharp points. They assured me it did not hurt, and that it was just a custom.

The old chief Muala, his bad eye bandaged, tells the Native Commissioner that this all happened in German time.

For instance, in the territory under H., some 17,000 square miles, there is not one policeman. Not one soldier, white or black. It is a closed area into which no white man may go without a special government permit. These are not easily obtained. No white man may live, or do business there. At a cluster of thatched houses called Ondonga, 180 miles from the last town in South-West Africa, there lives the only collection of whites. These are H., the Native Commissioner and his wife; the District Medical officer, and his wife; a bachelor, known as "the Rodent man," who collects rats and disinfects, occasionally burns, kraals, to fight the bubonic plague. There is the Recruiting Officer, who passes the "boys," some 6000 of whom go down yearly, on a 12-months'contract, (*Continued on p. 114*)



EATS,

OR THE RESTAURANTS OF NEW YORK

by Arnold Palmer

PUTTING Central Park behind you, walking a few blocks south and then turning left along East 55th Street or thereabouts, you will enjoy the double advantage of ceasing to look at one of the highest buildings in the world and of meeting, if you persevere a little, the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria—or, as some say, his twin. Be that as it may, he is a charming old gentleman, uniformed, be-whiskered and (either from choice or strict instructions) speaking nothing but German. Standing outside a little restaurant, raising his hat, opening the door and calling taxis, he seemed, until General Franco came along, the last link with Maximilian, with Charles V. and all the long and moribund history of the Hapsburg dynasty. If you are looking for somewhere to eat, you might do worse than accept the old man's greeting, and enter the establishment. They cook very well there. The prices may make you sit up—but wait till you 've seen some of the others.

New York is full of corners of Austria, of Russia, of Sweden, of France, of Italy, of China, and even of England. Americans delight in them and are as proud of them, almost, as of an early nineteenth-century house. You can't go on insisting, in the face of their tireless hospitality, that you have the Continental countries at your door, and even older houses in the street in which you live, whereas you have never tasted American cooking before or seen town-planning on such a scale. No, you cannot. But you can, with an effort, realise the patience and good manners of our American friends in London when we drag them to "a new place they would never find for themselves." I have learned, I hope, this lesson at least: and in future I will suggest no unwanted variations to Simpson's or the Cheshire Cheese, point to no buildings less than 300 years old, and always offer an apology with the cocktail.

When I ceased to be eligible for membership of that small and select body of Englishmen who have never visited the United

States, I accepted my new status wholeheartedly and did what I could to instruct myself in the manners and customs of the natives of the country. Some of the information I acquired occasionally came in handy, though most of it was, of course, useless when not positively misleading. But nothing was said, by the authorities consulted, to prepare me for the meals set before me on the other side of the intervening ocean. A few culinary notes may, then, be welcome to someone finding himself about to surrender, as I did, his hitherto intact Europeanism.

The American menu contains some items which are strange, and lacks others which are familiar. But the first thing to be noted about American cooking is not its differences but its excellence. In restaurants, still more in city clubs, most of all in the homes of the comfortable classes and in the luxurious country clubs, the cooking is as good as the world has to offer; and, in one important respect, it is well served. The American love of extremes has, at least, this advantage, that hot dishes are served hot, cold really cold, and there is a beautiful absence of the tepid food and drink so common here at home. There is, however, another sense in which the service is not so good. The waiting, which is quiet and efficient in private houses, is, in the public establishments, apt to be brisk to the point of roughness and to be short of those little touches which, in Europe, are considered the marks of good waiting.

I WILL give three examples of what I mean and then—for you must be getting ravenous—we will put ourselves at table. Whereas a French waiter will hand you a menu and leave you to examine its possibilities before returning for your order, an American waiter remains beside you, impatiently licking his pencil. The American waiter's habit, again, of removing your plate of oyster shells with one hand and thrusting a steak in front of you with the other discourages a European stomach. And, unless you remember to warn him about it, he will bring your black coffee with the sweet. These points, and others I might make, cannot in my opinion be dismissed as mere prejudice; but since Americans see nothing in them, they will hardly agree about that.

By this time, if you are wise, you will have drunk your cocktails—and nobody knows how good they can be who hasn't visited the land of rye and Bourbon whiskies and unlimited ice. They are large, varied, and mixed to perfection; they are, moreover, all you are likely to get. You may be offered some American beer (pleasant, if rather sweet) or, more rarely, some American wine (palatable, but somewhat characterless), but it is more probable that your choice, especially at luncheon, will have to be made between tea and *café au lait*. Fortunately, neither need be accepted. The water is delicious and cold.

Materially, the principal surprises occur at the head of the menu, among all forms of what Americans call sea-food, and especially among the shell fish. On the eastern shores of the Atlantic, the British oyster lover is content (though the French is not) with no wider choice, ordinarily, than is offered by "natives" and not—natives. What a different state of things awaits him on the western margins! Any decent restaurant in New York provides at least five kinds of bivalve—Blue Points, Cape Cods, Cotuits, Little Neck Clams and Cherrystone Clams—and fish specialists like Billy the Oysterman serve eight or nine varieties.

This prodigality of bivalve life results not only in a national oyster habit but also in a confident and intimate approach to all forms of shell fish. Lobsters and crabs are far more commonly eaten in America than in England; and not only are they at least as good as ours, but they are reinforced, almost pushed from eminence, by a ravishing cousin called the soft-shelled crab which one consumes in its entirety, from heart to claw-tip.

This brave, most delicate monster does much to fill the serious gaps in the next section of the menu, the list of American fish proper. The sole is lacking, and the extent and consciousness of that loss may be measured by the frequency with which "sole" and even "English sole" appear in the menus. The fiction, which may deceive some people, can only depress those who have eaten Dover sole. The American "sole" is an obscure member of the flounder tribe, as flat in flavour as in form. The other main absentee is the herring. It is said to be obtainable in places, but I never met it. If you must have it, you will save time, I believe, by examining the catalogues of the tinners and bottlers.

On the other hand, the American shrimp, as a partial makeweight, turns out to be a prawn. But though American fish is plentiful and pleasant enough, its general effect proves, to a degree which may surprise you, our dependence here in England upon the herring and the sole. Without them, and the whiting, the fish front has a depleted appearance; and most Englishmen will consider that America, which easily won the first, or shell-fish round, loses the second.

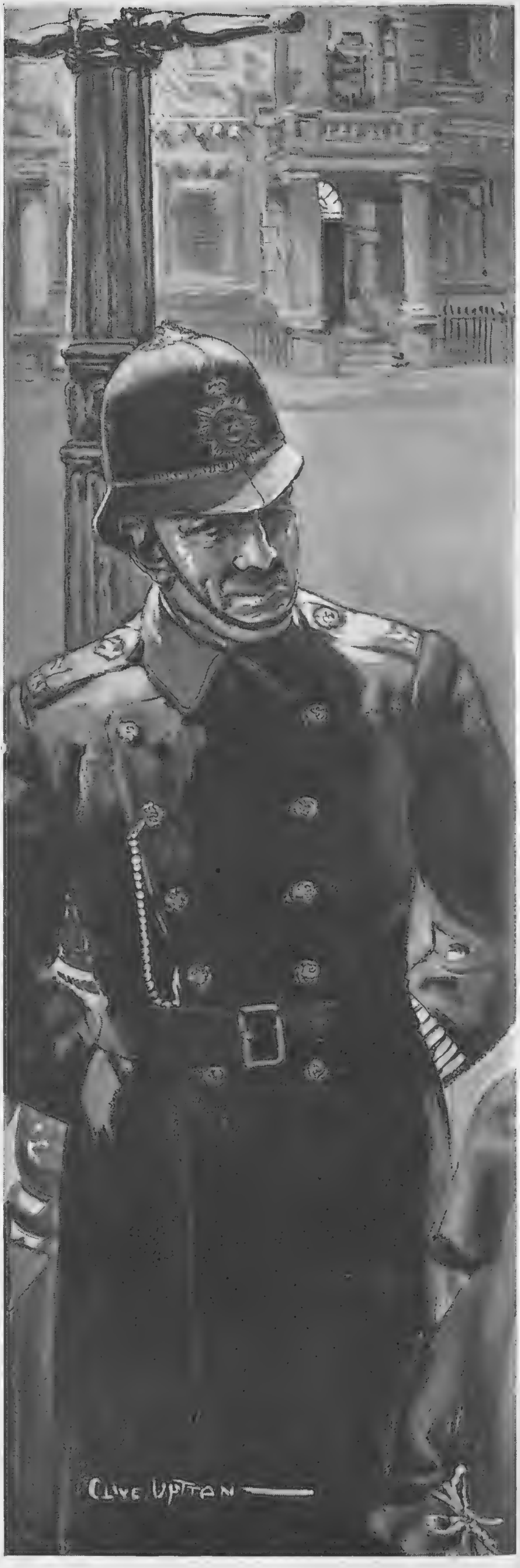
The quality of the meat is high enough to make the visitor wonder that British beef and mutton keep their reputation; and nobody can teach the United States anything about grilling, or frying. The soft-shelled crab, already hymned, is always served fried and so, as often as not, is chicken. About fifty per cent of the entrées and *plats du jour*, too, turn up fried. If you don't care for fried dishes, it's as well to have a word with the waiter. Americans love them. But with the vegetables you need ask no one's advice. They are varied and delicious and you can trust them blindly, from the lima bean downwards.

(*Continued on page* 100)

MENU
Walgr
ALWAYS WELCOME
THE NATION'S 1889-19
Childs Golden Jubilee
Established 1916
MENU
HOTEL ST. REGIS
Iridium Room
The Rainbow Room
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
LONGCHAMPS

Decorations
by
J. Nicolson

The Man *with* *a* Tricky Mind



HUBERT had been to what he called a tip-nosed dinner party.

He had been very bored and, largely to occupy himself, he had got quietly drunk, which was something that he had not done for a great many years. He had every opportunity of doing this, because his host made a hobby of wine.

Hubert himself had neither taste in wine nor knowledge of it. He simply drank it. Liebfraumilch, Château Laffitte or Lachryma Christi were all the same to him.

He had been impressed only by a crusted bottle of heavy green glass, the contents of which his host had said were a Chalybon wine from Damascus, very old, very rare and of the type in which the Phœnicians had once traded.

Hubert had been permitted only the merest sip of this. He now reflected that he must already have been very drunk when he slipped back to the dining-room just before he left. He had found the bottle on the sideboard, and he knew that there could be almost no wine at all remaining in it now.

Hubert knew that he should not have done it, but he did not care. It had been the one cheerful spot in a boring evening, and he felt quite happy.

He had gone beyond the normal stages of inebriety. If anything, the Chalybon wine had done something to steady him physically. His silk hat was set at its proper angle. His silk scarf was neatly tied. Every button of his evening coat was fastened, and he carried yellow-white gloves in his left hand. Only a certain slow and measured carefulness about his walk betrayed him.

He walked carefully, because he was aware of an odd feeling. He felt as though he had become a detached personality, steering his physical form out of the midnight quiet of Bryanston Square into the gloom of Montagu Place. He put the soles of his patent leather shoes firmly on the tilting pavement, and told himself that there was not the slightest need to edge towards the railings.

Hubert had himself well in hand.

The only odd thing was that his mind had become flooded with the most pertinent questions.

He posed those questions to himself as he went along.

And they were most unusual questions.

THE dinner party had been one of those functions at which people who do not play bridge are obliged to listen to indifferent renderings of classic songs by voices lacking any inherent beauty.

Hubert had hated it.

It had all gone on too long, and he never enjoyed polite society, anyway.

Only it was good for business that he should be there. Not that he cared very much about business any more, because he was due for retirement inside a year. He was manager of the branch of the Metropolitan Bank in Baker Street.

Give Hubert, even at his age, a stag party where every one could let themselves go, and not only would he have remained quite sober, but he would have been home and in bed before midnight, contented and stimulated.

He was contented now. Except for those unusual questions which conjured themselves in a brain gifted, for the time being, with unusual clarity.

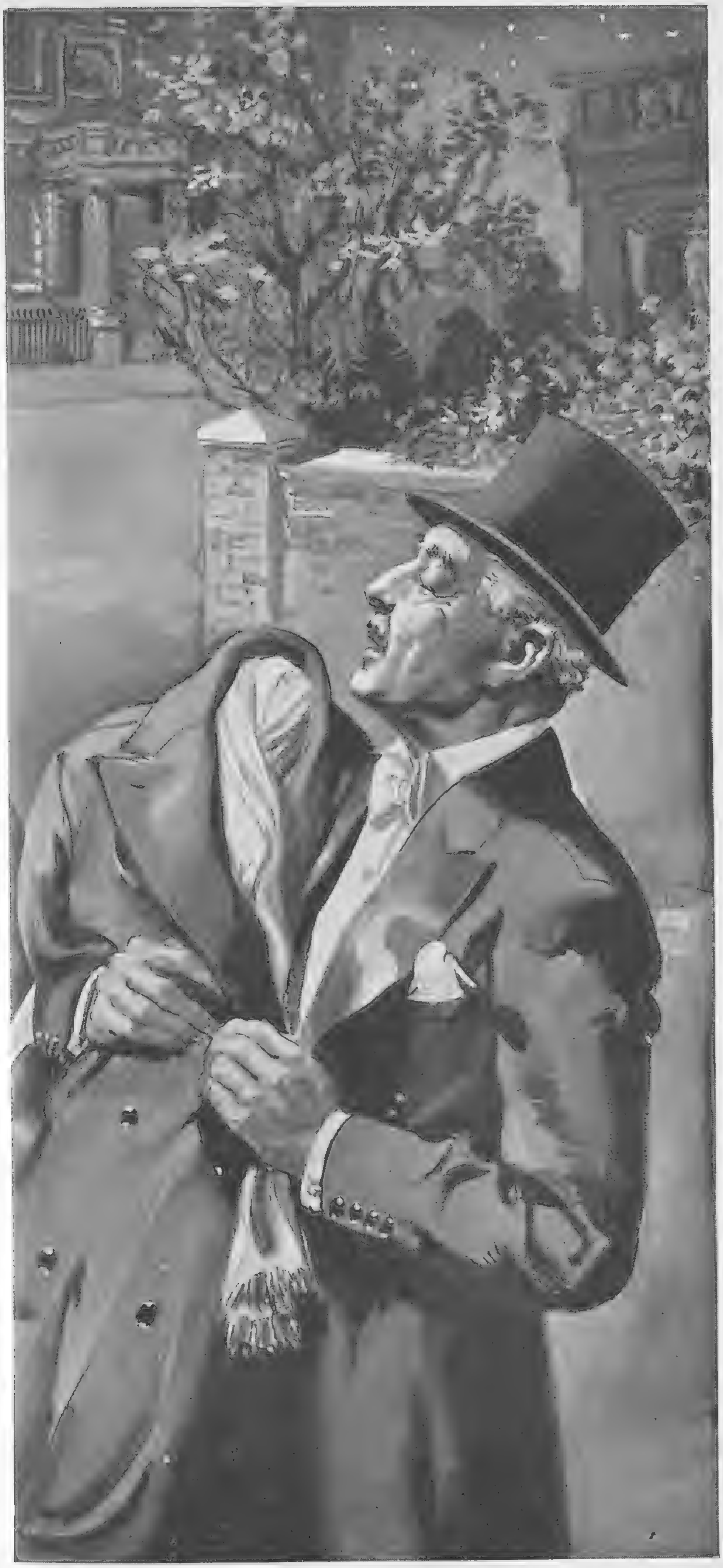
Why, he wanted to know as he steered himself quietly through the silence of Montagu Place, are buses red?

Why, in particular, red?

Why should people have only four limbs? Why only four?

Why is heat hot?

Illustrated by Clive Uptton



An intoxicated bank manager's adventure in crime

By

Barré Lyndon

Those questions were not, he knew quite well, the absurd queryings of an intoxicated mind. They were little pinnacles of thought which came up and poised and then, even as he examined them, submerged trickily and gave place to others.

Why does water always swirl clockwise when it runs away at the bottom of a wash basin?

What makes a smell smell?

Why work?

He asked himself that very pleasantly.

Why work?

The question held. It spread in his mind. He grasped it and pondered.

One worked to obtain money. Money was a necessity. Banks had money.

In that case, why work when you can rob a bank?

Why indeed?

Hubert paused on the corner of Montagu Square and considered.

A medical man, meeting Hubert just then, would have found him a most interesting subject. Given the opportunity to examine Hubert he would have arrived at an intriguing conclusion.

He would have said that, although the disorder rarely comes as the result of a single debauch in a person unaccustomed to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, Hubert was undoubtedly suffering from a form of delirium tremens.

Not the form which produces visual hallucinations of an unpleasant character, but the very transient type which is accompanied by busy restlessness.

A specialist would have diagnosed a form of *dementia præcox,* and might have mentioned *litigious paranoia.*

None of which would have worried Hubert. He felt elated, curiously cheerful and alert in the premonition of a new experience.

In this happy mood he stood surveying Montagu Square, still relishing the delight of that Chalybon wine.

THE gardens in the square were gloomy, and their trees showed with shadowy massiveness. The blank house-fronts were dark and silent.

In all that setting of piled-up brickwork and masonry and dull vegetation, Hubert felt that he alone was real and alive.

Why work when you can rob a bank?

The thought was clear, shining in his mind.

And how do you rob a bank?

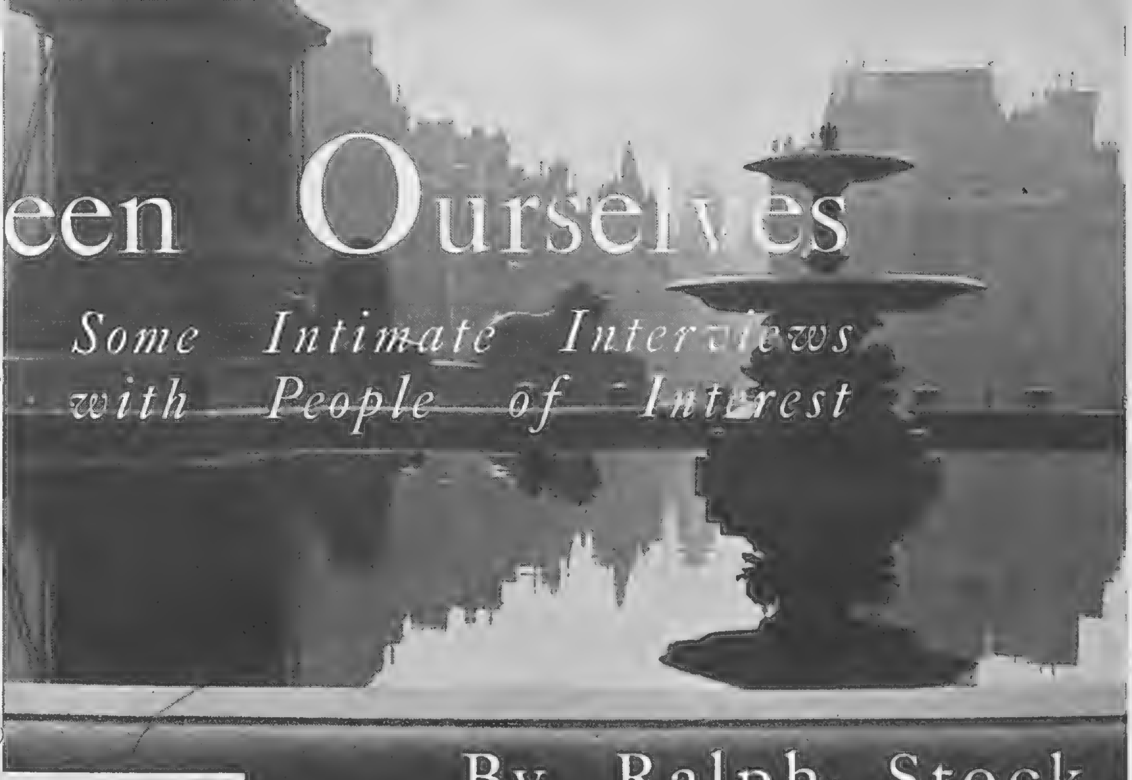
Why, you simply go in and help yourself!

With that answer leaping from the recesses of his active mind, he began to walk down Montagu Square. He knew that he was doing this because his branch of the Metropolitan Bank was at (*Continued on page* 85)

THE policeman saw that Hubert's silk scarf was stuffed into the neck of the overcoat. "Have you had a night out, sir?" asked the constable

Between Ourselves

Some Intimate Interviews with People of Interest



Before the fountains play. At dawn Trafalgar Square has a mystery of its own

By Ralph Stock

(Photographs by the author)

Then the flower-sellers bring their wares for an early-morning dip in the water

WHO *are* people of interest?

The answer is every one. We may have no notion of this ourselves. We may think we are leading a life of the dullest monotony, yet when we come to unburden ourselves to others, we find it has not been so dull after all.

Take Mr. A., for instance. He was quite unaware that his life held any interest for any one, yet he waxed almost enthusiastic as he described how he had carved a career for himself out of a dog, an old bedstead and a voice.

He makes anything from fourpence to three pounds a day, according to the mood of Dame Fortune, by peddling these tools of trade through London's by-ways, singing with a lilt of his own : "Any knives or scissors to grind; any chairs or china to mend?" His voice is the main attraction, but the dog does his bit by notifying his master with a bark when a customer appears in window or doorway, and the converted bedstead does the rest.

An American once hailed him : "Say, you're the first sign of life I've seen in this dead end. Sing that again!" And although he had no knives or scissors to grind, Mr. A. sang—to the return tune of ten dollars.

And there was the case of the old gentleman in an affluent neighbourhood : "Oh, so it's you!" he exclaimed. "I've been trying that tune in my bath for the last week, but can't get it right," and he offered sixpence for an encore. Mr. A. prefers "Yanks."

But Mr. A. is not a street singer. He spurns the suggestion. He is a craftsman, an artist who rejoices in his art. Grinding knives is hack work to him. Entirely self taught, he can make rivet holes in the most delicate china and glass with a foot-propelled diamond drill. He can "cane" or "rush" a chair in fourteen different ways according to the price paid, and the customer will see no difference between them. In picturesque but forceful parlance he will explain why he prefers riding a bicycle to work, with his dog on his shoulder, to patronising one of Lord ——'s omnibuses : why he detests the tribe of Italian knife grinders, with their flash motor car workshops crested with scissors and knives *rampant*, and their restaurant-owning compatriots who give them all their work at prices on which no Englishman could live : and why he, Mr. A., who has been in the Royal Navy, longs for another war so that he can go back to sea.

"Any knives or scissors to grind? . . . Any china or chairs to mend?" So sings Mr. A., with a lilt of his own. His tools of trade are a musical voice, a dog, and an old converted bedstead

MR. B. is in a very different category from Mr. A., but his main object in life is none the less interesting. He seems unconscious of the fact that he is one of the best players of "real tennis" in the world. He only knows that he loves the game just as it was played between Henry VIII and Francis I

(*Continued on page* 19)

Mr. C. is an escapologist. He can escape from almost anything except the necessity to live. Here he is commencing his performance before an enthusiastic audience of one. But in answer to the "busker's" flow of patter, a crowd soon gathers—unless it is dispersed by the police for causing an obstruction

HENRY IRVING

What better publicity could a showman have than to share the stage with Henry Irving? Chains are child's play to Mr. C.—sometimes

Mr. B. is a champion of real tennis—the ancestor of modern lawn tennis, though an entirely different game. Was played by Henry VIII in the backyard of his palaces—hence the replicas of shed roof and kitchen window. (Left) The Pigeon Man sells bags of corn for feeding the already overfed and fat pigeons

The three-card operator—and his confederates—demonstrate the old trick of "spotting the lady." (Left) Mr. D. has been driving a hansom cab for fifty years—and his horse looks like it

THIS IS REM
PORTRAITS EXECU

Self portrait of a street artist. "Rem" says there is no better studio than the open air, both for health and commissions

Mr. E. believes in day dreams. They save the price of a bed

(In circle) The life of the modern street photographer is a rapid one. He must select his victims, immortalize them, and hand out a mail order form almost simultaneously

THEATRE TICKETS

The old school of street photography may be slower, but it gets there just the same

The toy seller towers like Gulliver over his Lilliputian world. But he is not doing so well in these days when the public refuses to buy toys that are made either in Germany or Japan

Toby remains in aloof boredom while Mr. Punch engages in his eternal combat with the policeman

at Hampton Court Palace—a return of hospitality on Henry's part, by the way, for Francis's little party on "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Mr. B. has a veiled contempt for *lawn* tennis. He will tell you with quiet conviction that there is far more "in" *real* tennis, more skill and strength. He will explain that the court is fashioned after the palace back yards of those days with their penthouse roofs (along which the ball must be served), and their kitchen window (still called the grille) which, if hit with the ball, is accounted a winning shot. Then, the ball boys of the old days had to chase the balls that fell nearest the wall after a second bounce, and the score is consequently still kept in "chases."

Mr. B. will tell you a lot like this, but when he starts to expound the finer points of the game, it is best for the ignoramus to pretend understanding, and retire to the bar.

MR. C. is an escapologist. He manages to escape from almost anything but life itself. His pitch, as any great actor's should be, is in the shadow of Henry Irving's statue.

But Mr. C. will be very annoyed if you suggest that there is any acting in his "act." He says it is simply a matter of knowledge and skill. For instance, to get what is called "a start" when bound with chains, it is sometimes necessary to work them, link by link, up the vertebræ of your spine. As for these same chains, when wound tightly twice round your throat—not forgetting the Adam's apple—they are apt to cause some uncomfortable moments. Before now, Mr. C. has turned black in the face in his efforts to escape, and a sympathetic old lady once beat his assistant over the head with her umbrella to make him release the victim.

Then there was that knotty problem at Ascot. Two American sailors tied what the profession calls "Tom Fool" knots in the rope binding Mr. C., and bet him two pounds that he would never free himself. He never did. "The minute they tied those knots I knew I was sunk," he will tell you. "I prayed for the police to come and arrest me for obstruction, *anything* to get out of that fix. I made a show of struggling, though I knew it was no good. Every one (and there was a good 'house') thought it was a fake, and cleared off—every one, that is, except those American sailors. I felt myself passing out. I *did* pass out—and came to in the station. You can't pay a £2 bet when you're in the clink, can you? I couldn't even pay the 'obstruction' fine; so they kept me there until the court rose at five o'clock, then let me go. Oh, yes, the police have their uses. . . ."

MR. D. drives a cab, a real cab, a hansom cab. He is one of the two remaining cab-drivers of London. He still sports a horsy bowler, a buttonhole, a whip, a horse with sagging knees, and a little trap-door in the roof of his cab through which he has seen strange things.

He will bet you £1 that, unaided, you cannot hitch the horse to the chariot without damage of some sort, and he always wins. I tried it, and found the catch to be that it is impossible to attend to a glorified rabbit-hutch balanced on two wheels, and back a horse into its shafts at one and the same time. And these hutches have cost as much as £140 to build, and there is only one man left in the world who can build them.

When I first encountered Mr. D., he was seated on his precarious perch in the precincts of Piccadilly Circus. He told me he was in the habit (50 years ago) of picking up young army officers from their sprees in the West End, and conveying them at a canter to Aldershot (thirty miles away) in time for a 9.30 a.m parade. They were never late when they surrendered themselves to Mr. D.—even when a lady accompanied them to the gates. He drove on through the night, obeying the unwritten law of never opening the trap in the roof until summoned.

Mr. D. does not care for these days. He is comfortably independent. There are only two of them in the universe. The third died three months ago at the age of eighty-something, and he, Mr. D., has a nasty cold himself. Only last night he was given a pound note to wait for ten minutes outside the Criterion, and the "fare" never returned to claim money or transportation. Apparently he was satisfied to have *seen* his means of conveyance.

Even while I was engaging Mr. D. for photographs, two perfectly respectable people pleaded with him to drive them to Wimbledon. He refused their custom. No, they were not drunk. It was simply that he, Mr. D., did not like their faces.

Why does any one *want* to ride in his archaic vehicle? Mr. D. does not know, but he has a shrewd suspicion, backed by a lifetime of commercial success, that people will pay anything for the unusual—from diamonds to hansom cabs.

Between ourselves, I think he is right.

The visible invisible menders. They have a hard time of it compared with their dummy assistant on left

Miss Susan Bligh

Miss Patience Instone

Mrs. Charles Lincoln

Miss de Vries

Miss Bettie Browning

The WOMEN I MEET

A Month to Month Commentary

By

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

Miss Shirley Robins

LONDON'S streets are paved with gold so the old rhyme runs, although the cynical still insist that the gold is of a very synthetic quality and that Fortune dressed up in her town clothes is as elusive as ever; they may add that the coinage she supplies is apt to be very similar in value to that in the crock of gold at the foot of the rainbow. But it is a matter of opinion.

It cannot be denied that London is a city which offers great opportunities to those who have the determination to storm her intangible gates. Before and since Richard Whittington and his cat changed their minds, men, as he did, have found success, and, to-day, women do also. With modern progress they recognise new openings on all sides and as self-support is forced upon them, by necessity or their mentality, so they are availing themselves of the right to work, the fight for which, not so many years ago, seems so ludicrous to the girl or woman of the present time.

For work to-day does not mean scragged back hair, a shiny nose and a proclamation that all femininity has been thrown overboard. Charm and a pleasing appearance are much more a passport to success and the gaining of a reputation for competence and trustworthiness. Nor is work nowadays a life of dismal routine, of incarceration in cell-like walls, of browbeaten days and lonely evenings devoted to the consideration of thrift necessary to avoid a workhouse funeral.

The woman of 1939 is finding that "a job" is not only constructive for the future and interesting in the present, but, as well, fun, and capable of great variety.

For she has great possibilities of choice.

A new profession, for example, created in the years since the War, and becoming daily of increasing importance, is that of posing for commercial photography.

Advertising now is almost the life-blood of trade and photographs showing every product, in wear, use or displayed to the best advantage by a model are expected as a matter of course, in every printed publication, by the buying public. Marketing of whatever wares, otherwise, is almost impossible and, in consequence, girls and women of all types, age and character are in continual demand.

SUSAN BLIGH, the Hon. Mrs. Bligh's daughter, has been "modelling" as a career for several years now. She calls herself, laughingly, "the Jumper Queen" for from so many illustrated pages her pretty face smiles back to draw attention to one type of knitted sports wear after another.

She does not consider the work itself arduous, although she will admit that experience is as necessary as some preliminary training. A good model can adapt herself to a suitable pose and expression to enhance the spirit of the hat or dress or accessory with little suggestion from those who anxiously watch the camera at work and discuss technically the projected display. Self-consciousness must be eliminated. The model must know, automatically, her best points and adapt them to the necessity of the moment. She must be prepared to consider the value of the time used by the photographer, and be aware of details possibly astray, which a masculine eye might overlook.

A knowledge of "make-up" for the camera is most essential, for while some photographers require a yellow mask and reddened eyes, as elaborate as a created film face, others will demand a sheen on the skin or brown lips and artificial eyelashes. Hairdressing styles may be varied at a moment's notice. For one hat, low curls on the neck—for another, hair piled high, and there is no hairdresser in attendance, or available time to waste.

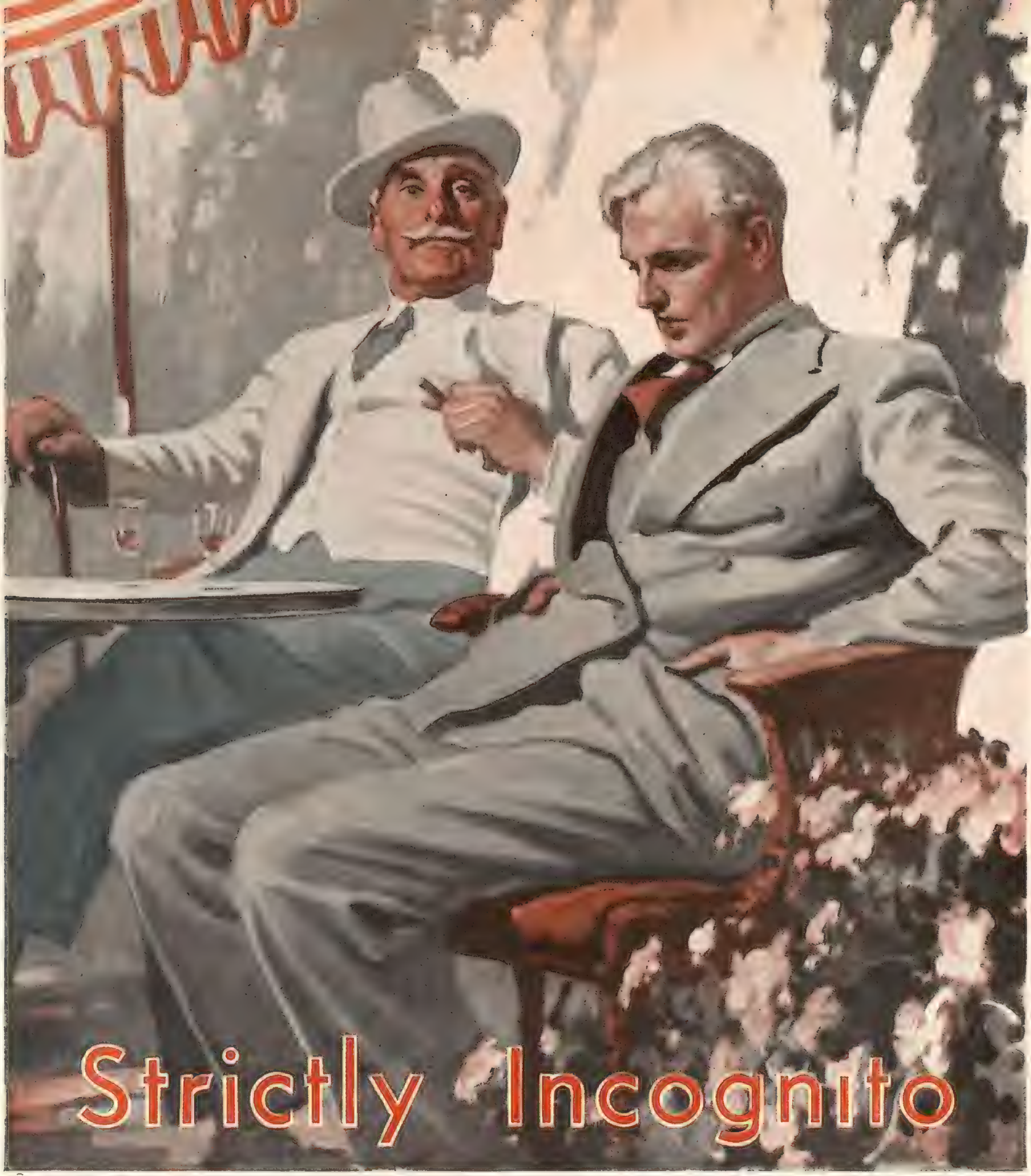
Susan Bligh specialises to a great extent in sports wear, for her "type" is very much simplicity as opposed to sophistication. She has very soft brown hair, with a gold streak across from her side parting, and it curls low on the nape of the neck. Her eyes are turquoise blue behind curly lashes, although in some lights they look grey; she has a mouth which curves easily into a smile. Very expressive her face is, and conveys frankness and a very English freshness, as attractive as it is genuine.

Susan Bligh does not find studio lighting trying to her eyes, nor does she mind irregular hours, the necessity of early rising on some days, the loss of a cocktail party when work clashes with social engagements. There are, she thinks, many compensations in her type of job. She has little monotony, for she may be sent at any moment to a golf course, a country house, or perhaps to the riverside, to be photographed in suitable surroundings. Such days in the country she loves, for an outdoor life appeals to her. Hunting, golf and fishing to her are far greater pleasures than the social life of London—last year, in Ross-shire, she had her first experience of stalking.

She laughs about that, congratulating herself that she did not get a stag, for, to her horror, after her third day of crag clambering in a stupor of exhaustion, she discovered that her first stag—according to convention—would have cost her the sum of five pounds. "Next time," she says, with a mischievous look in her blue eyes, "now I know—if I get a lucky shot, I'll insist that I've already paid my forfeit and the result is hanging in the hall!"

She is very keen on shooting and with a sixteen bore shotgun spends much of her spare time at the West London School of Shooting. One of these days she hopes to

(Continued on page 88)



Strictly Incognito

MUNGO lowered his bulk into a chair and ordered drinks. "Yeh look a bit down in the mouth this morning, m'lad," he said. "What's wrong with yeh? Eh?"

A greedy man generally comes off second best in a business transaction

By B. L. Jacot

IT was one of those perfect, breathless mornings, without a cloud in the sky. The bay beyond the long french windows of Colonel the Hon. Mungo Pauncefote-Hawkins's luxurious suite at the Ritz-Bristol at Cannes lay shimmering in the soft sunshine, stained its vivid, blue-bag blue, and there was a winey touch of pine and mimosa and springtime in the air that reflected itself in the old rascal's jauntiness as he pinned a red carnation in his buttonhole in front of the mirror.

"What yeh got there, eh?" he puffed good-humouredly, as a waiter entered on the heels of a discreet knock at the gilt-and-pastel double doors. "A note from an unknown admirer?"

The dark-eyed young Niçois grinned. "It is from the management, m'sr," he mentioned. "*Rien.*" He slipped the envelope into the desk apologetically.

"Management, eh?" The Colonel turned from admiring his sweeping handlebar moustaches. "A bill. Dash me! I must have forgotten to send down that cheque. Remind me when I come in, will you, m'lad?"

The *garçon* indicated that the whole matter had been forgotten. He had a great admiration for this elderly Englishman with his dashing clothes and lordly ways. Such a distinguished guest lent tone to the hotel, and such wealthy folk had not the habitude of bothering themselves about bills. This was now the third week that had passed since the distinguished Colonel's arrival at the hotel, and so far the bills had escaped his attention.

"My secretary," mentioned the Colonel, adjusting the snap brim of his white felt hat, "generally attends to these little details, of course. But he is not with me yet. I expect him at any moment."

"Of course, m'sr. Naturally!"

The Colonel beamed at him, puffing his moustache importantly, and squeezing his generous paunch to lie a little more comfortably under his laced waistband. Three weeks ago he had arrived in the hotel with a good deal of luggage and a handful of French francs amounting in all to a little over thirty shillings in English money. He had stretched the small change to last him over the period, and he still had a few francs left. Apart from these francs he had only his optimistic nature between himself and complete insolvency. But it took a lot to put Mungo out. He looked on the bright side of things. Anything might turn up—to his way of sizing up Life—if you held on and looked after your creature comforts.

"Well, m'lad? What now—eh?" he roared encouragingly. "What?"

The boy had discharged his special instructions to call attention to the note. "The young English monsieur waits for you in the foyer," he said. "Monsieur Andrews."

"Young Andrews, eh?" the Colonel echoed, picking up his cane and his yellow gloves. "He's always on to me about that bit o' property he wants to sell me, isn't he? Can't leave me alone, eh? Two million francs he wants."

Every one in the hotel from the manager down to the lift boys knew that the Colonel was toying with the idea of buying a tract of land beyond La Croisette on the other side of the bay. Once a millionaire's estate, since his bankruptcy it had lain waste, together with the spectacular mansion that went with it. Mungo was pointing now across the bay with his cane towards the bone-white outlines of La Croisette.

"What d'yeh think of it, eh?" he asked. "What would I want with an estate like that?"

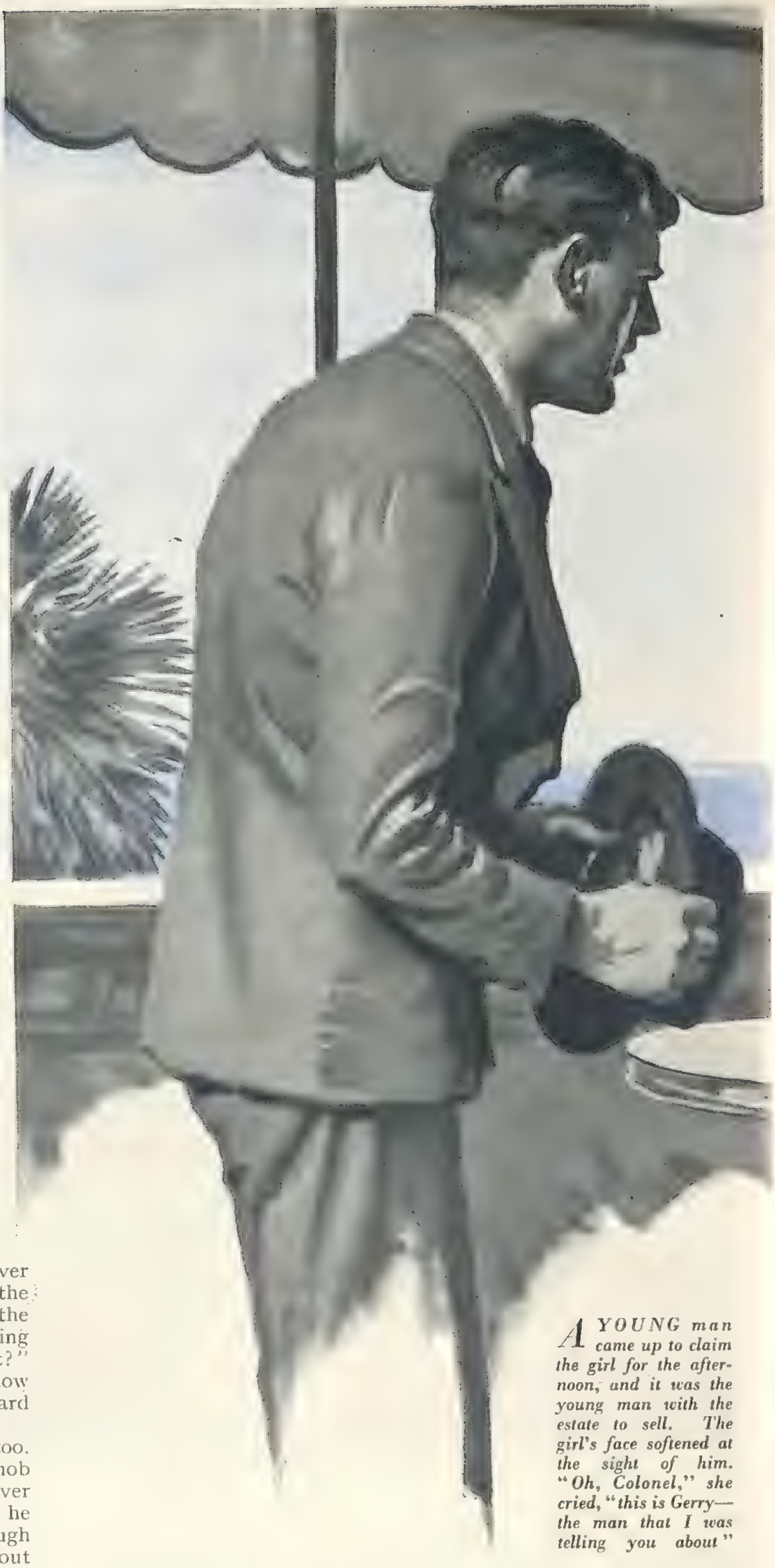
The waiter shrugged. These English with so much money they did not know what to do with it! "It is a large estate, monsieur," he admitted. "For a long time it has been for sale." This Niçois thought, as did most of the hotel staff, that the Colonel was only buying the land to do young Monsieur Andrews a bit of good. He jumped to hold the door open as Mungo swaggered out of the suite, smelling fragrantly of lavender water, generously applied.

A LANKY young man, with blond hair that dragged over his forehead, jumped out of a chair as Mungo entered the lounge, and placing an affectionate arm over his shoulder, the Colonel carried him along with him through the row of bowing servants. "Take a seat out in the sun this mornin', what?" Mungo suggested, beaming benevolently round. "Well, how are yeh this morning, eh? Still want to sell me that back yard place of yours?"

Gerry Andrews grinned. He liked this old buffer, too. In spite of his wealth this old boy was ready to hob-nob with any one, and that appealed to Gerry. "You'll never get another chance to buy an estate like this one, sir," he pointed out as the two of them picked their way through the palms and the awnings and the restaurant tables set out on the terrace in front of the palatial hotel. "Not unless there's another war to be got through. The estate cost nearer five million francs, and with the exchange in your favour—why, it's a gift!"

Mungo had heard all this before. In fact, he had been making his mind up finally about the Vaquier Estate now for some days: and it did not now seem to him that his young English friend was quite up to his usual enthusiastic sparkle this morning. There was, too, a worried look on his sun-stained face. "Sort of a thing," he mentioned apologetically, "that a fellah can't rush into y'know. I must take my time, what?"

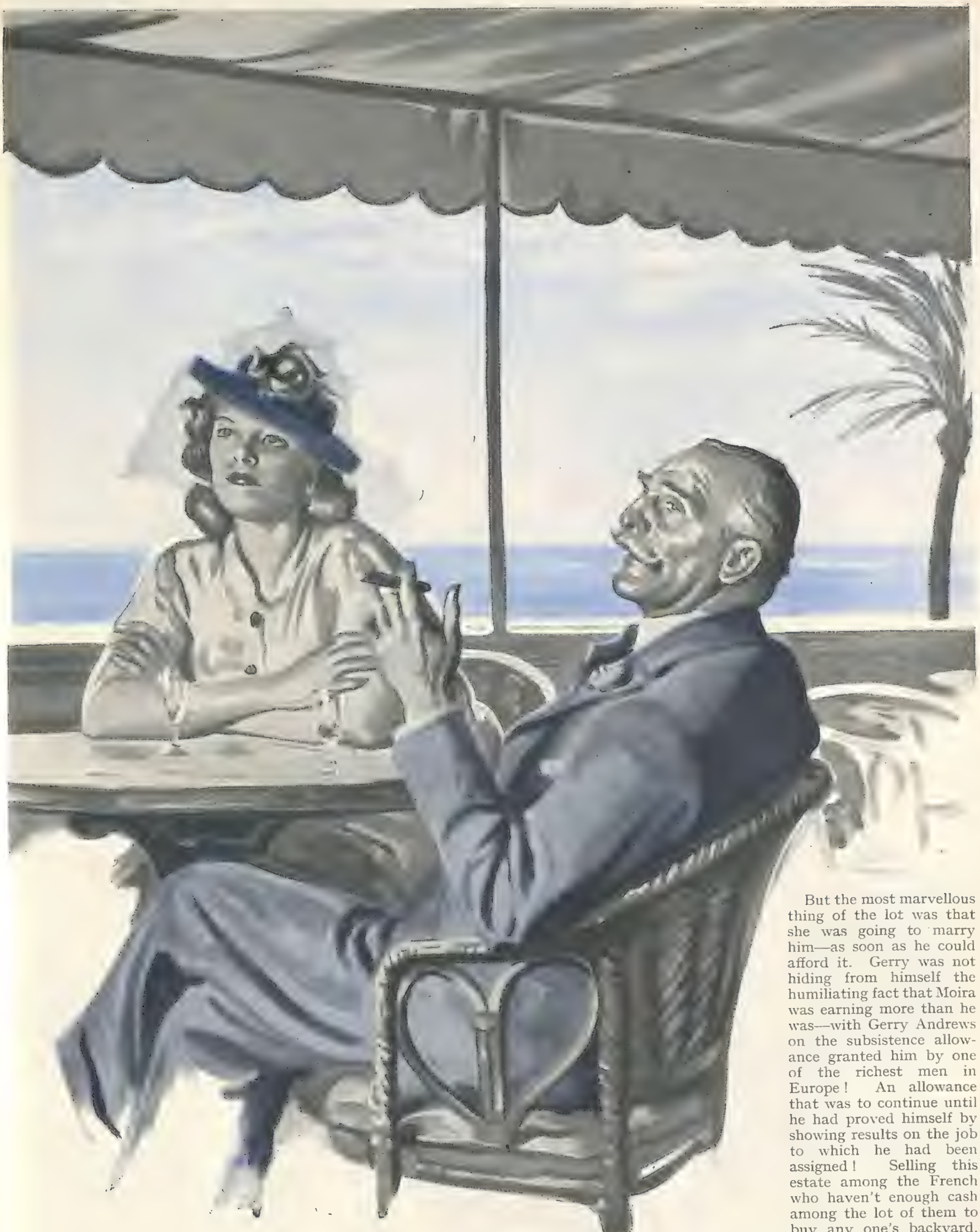
The young man forced a grin. "I don't want to rush you, sir," he said, and which ever way you look at it that was a lie. In the ordinary way Gerry Andrews hated rich men. He hated his uncle—one of the wealthiest men in Great Britain, with a chain of luxury hotels stretching over half Europe. For the last six months, Uncle Felix, besides being his guardian, had also been his employer, and looking back over his twenty-four years it seemed to Gerry that his uncle had done little except forbid him to do this and forbid him to do that. And when he took him into his business, what did he do except give him an absolutely impossible job?



A YOUNG man came up to claim the girl for the afternoon, and it was the young man with the estate to sell. The girl's face softened at the sight of him. "Oh, Colonel," she cried, "this is Gerry—the man that I was telling you about"

Mungo lowered his bulk into a chair and ordered drinks, stroking his moustache with affection as he glanced importantly about him. "Yeh look a bit down in the mouth, m'lad," he offered. "What's wrong with yeh? Eh?"

Gerry was thinking of Moira. Tall, slim, with an English figure that you simply could not help following with your eyes, she worked in a dress shop here in Cannes. Gerry had met her on the beach almost as soon as he arrived on the job his uncle had put him on. Her skin reminded him of velvety



nights pricked with stars, and there was something of moonlight in the blondness of her hair. The gentle way she had of smiling at Gerry as if she were surprised to find he still looked the same marvellous sort of person never failed to make him want to faint with sheer rapture, for Moira's eyes were grey as peat smoke against an early-morning sky coming up for Irish rain.

But the most marvellous thing of the lot was that she was going to marry him—as soon as he could afford it. Gerry was not hiding from himself the humiliating fact that Moira was earning more than he was—with Gerry Andrews on the subsistence allowance granted him by one of the richest men in Europe! An allowance that was to continue until he had proved himself by showing results on the job to which he had been assigned! Selling this estate among the French who haven't enough cash among the lot of them to buy any one's backyard, even! Meeting Mungo had certainly been a heaven-sent opportunity for taking Moira back to Paris with him as his wife.

Gerry was about to tell the old man that he was feeling fine, when suddenly he saw Mungo's face change, as a dark-skinned, prosperous citizen in a Panama hat passed by their table. The man nodded with an ingratiating smile. Mungo, with cold dignity, glared right through him. "That fellah's a snake!" the Colonel managed at length. "B'Jove I'd like t'horse-whip the hide off him."

Gerry knew by sight Monsieur Schmidt, who owned and ran a casino on a discreet street off the Boulevard Pasteur, very well indeed. Thanks to Monsieur Schmidt, he could no longer call his luggage his own. But he did not see how a man like Colonel Pauncefote-Hawkins could hate him for the same reason, or at all, except on general principles that every one hates a crook and a dance hall proprietor. "Lots of people round here would like a chance of doing him a bit of damage," he admitted. "But I was thinking, Colonel, if I got a wire off this morning to Paris making a close offer—say £17,800 in British money on your behalf——"

"Eh? What?" The Colonel's turkey-red colour was subsiding. "Oh—ah—that estate. M'm—yes. I could tell you a thing or two that would surprise you about that shark and robber of widows!"

"About Monsieur Schmidt, sir?"

Mungo nodded. He *could* have told his young friend. But he did not do so. Many years ago Mungo, after repeated commercial ventures which ended disastrously, had made over his finances entirely to his wife, a lady of an affectionate, but strong-minded nature. Within two days of arriving in Cannes Mungo had been cleaned out neatly and efficiently by Monsieur Schmidt at his crooked gaming tables. To be left with about thirty shillings and nowhere to go was no new thing to Mungo. He knew how to react. This time, smarting with rage, he had engaged the most expensive suite at the most expensive hotel, and fallen back on his appearance for the necessary credit. Sheer good nature had led him into the present predicament with Gerry Andrews. Good nature and a touch of swank, for he had his part to play in addition to his natural desire to cheer the boy up.

"Keep clear, m'lad, of vultures like Schmidt," he warned. "Take it from me as a man of—ah—some little substance, what? A crook."

Gerry nodded. He was building a lot on the Colonel, and for a moment revolved the idea of telling him about Moira and what this deal would mean to them both. But he resisted the temptation. "If you would prefer it, sir," he mentioned, "the matter of settlement could be left until you had made arrangements with your bankers in London. Say a nominal deposit and——"

Two girls in cartwheel straw sun hats and beach shorts had emerged from under the café awnings in the distance, and the Colonel's hawk-like eye had picked them up, following their trim figures with warm approval. "Tch! Tch!" he reproved. "There'd be no trouble about the bankers. Seventeen thousand! Neither here nor there, m'boy! Give you my cheque now, but—" he added hurriedly, "—dash it! I haven't made up my mind about the place. Did yeh try that fellow Schmidt? Owns a lot of land and hotels and things round here, what? Rich feller."

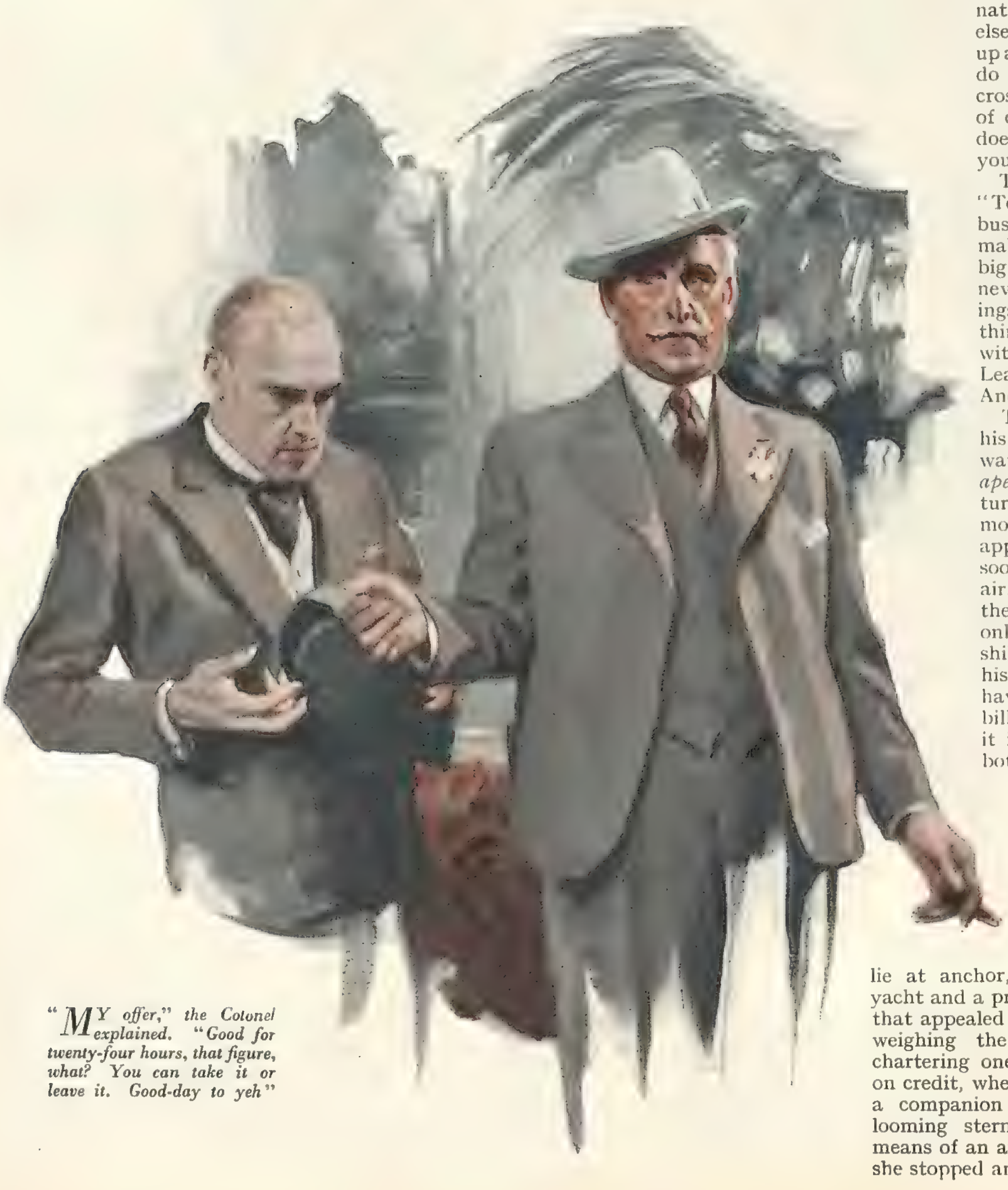
After practically living in the man's outer offices for a fortnight Gerry had at length been admitted to the night-club owner's presence, only to be kicked out again almost immediately in the most humiliating manner, as if he were selling silk stockings. "Monsieur Schmidt and I have been negotiating," he said. "He owns hotel property adjoining and is interested, naturally, since if any one else bought the land and put up a modern hotel it wouldn't do him much good." Gerry crossed his fingers. "The sort of offer he thinks of making doesn't interest me. Now if you——"

The Colonel waved it aside. "Too hot, m'boy to talk business now," he puffed. "I make it a rule with all the big deals I put through—never business in the mornings. Bad time to go into things, what? Senses dulled, wits not revived, and all that. Leave it till to-morrow, what? And I'll think it over."

The young man pushed to his feet, and with a cheery wave left his prospect to his *aperitif*. The Colonel, a picture of leisured opulence, was mopping it up with every appearance of satisfaction, soothed by the balmy spring air. If there was in his mind the thought that he could only now jingle about seven shillings' worth of francs in his pocket, you would never have suspected it. His hotel bill would be about £100, but it is doubtful if he had ever bothered to speculate upon the total. To-morrow, the next day, something might happen. Why worry?

Finishing his cigar, he signed a chit for the drinks and pottered off round the basin where the millionaires' yachts lie at anchor, sterns to the quay. A yacht and a pretty ankle were two things that appealed to the Colonel, and he was weighing the alluring possibilities of chartering one of these floating palaces on credit, when a girl came swiftly down a companion connecting one of these looming sterns with the quayside by means of an awning. Seeing the Colonel, she stopped and (*Continued on page 102*)

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead



"*MY offer," the Colonel explained. "Good for twenty-four hours, that figure, what? You can take it or leave it. Good-day to yeh*"

The Story of their Days
Frederick Niven
Miss Barrie
Tony Maloney
G. D. Woodman
Naomi Jacob's great new novel
The Porcelain Clay
John Barclay
Lamp of Heaven

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Alan Seymour*

THIS month the majority of our books are novels, but there are one or two important exceptions to this, notably "Before and After Stalin," by Cyril Ielita-Wilczkovski (Selwyn and Blount, 10s. 6d.).

Russian history does not begin nor end in 1917—such is the moral of this important work by a distinguished Russian journalist.

Despite the enormous output of journalistic matter purporting to deal authoritatively with modern Russia, the people of this country are really strangely in ignorance of the lives and manners of the teeming millions of their fellows in that vast land and this book is a valuable contribution to learning.

The influence of geography, the racial make-up of the peoples who inhabit the vast expanses of Russia, the inter-play of the cultural forces which moulded their development—all this is brought out with vivid clarity in the earlier chapters.

The author's attitude to the historic past of Russia is critical but constructive. Whilst giving her former rulers due credit for their achievements, he does not hold them responsible for lack of prophetic vision, but impartially points out the radical blunders committed under their regimes.

His study of Peter the Great will afford a valuable corrective to the many conflicting verdicts which have been passed on that great reformer in recent years.

The bulk of the book, however, is devoted not to the past, but to the present, and what is of even greater importance—the future.

In achieving his effects, the author, who is a trained journalist, indulges in accurate and interesting descriptions of the Russia of to-day, and his book is indeed a significant addition to the literature already existing on this important subject.

FROM an essentially foreign subject let us now turn to an essentially English book. This is "Daughters of Queen Victoria," by E. F. Benson (Cassell and Company, 12s. 6d.).

Here is an (*Continued on page* 93).

The Book of the Month

"Fastest on Earth" by Capt. G. E. T. Eyston (John Miles 7s. 6d.)

This is an age of speed and those of us who believe that life to-day is less enjoyable on account of it would probably change our views if we made a more academic study of the causes and effects of speed in relation to human existence.

A valuable contribution to this subject comes from the pen of the world's land speed record-holder, who has indeed made an especial study of every aspect of speed upon land.

Capt. Eyston may justly be regarded as the greatest living exponent of the art of breaking motor speed records as he has in fact, broken more records of this type than any other man has ever done. And it is an astonishing thing that it has been left to the French to accord high honour to an Englishman who has achieved such a remarkable number of outstanding successes.

"Fastest on Earth," is a thrilling and fascinating book. Not only does it examine the history of the land speed record from the earliest days, but it actually takes the reader into the cockpit of *Thunderbolt* as it flashes over the Bonneville Salt Flats at nearly six miles a minute.

It is commonly and fallaciously supposed that the men who perform these daring deeds are tough, callous, bull-necked adventurers. Nothing could be less accurate than the application of any of these adjectives to Capt. Eyston.

The fascination of these speed bids for him lie not so much in the physical thrill as in the scientific thrill.

He is a sensitive and painstaking engineer as well as probably the most highly skilled driver in the world.

The design and preparation of his cars is to him if anything more important than the actual handling of them at speed, while the subsequent analysis of his achievements and of the performance of every part of his car is what really sustains his passion for this exhilarating vocation which he has made so particularly his own.

Most of "Fastest on Earth" is devoted to other people's achievements. His own successes are dealt with—because they had to be to make the volume complete—at the end of the book, while all that which precedes this concluding portion tells of the feats of such men as Parry Thomas, Segrave, Eldridge and others whose names stand out prominently in the history of speed.

We married an Englishman
Before and After Stalin
Cyril Ielita-Wilczkovski
Fastest on Earth
Capt G. E. T. Eyston
Daughters of Queen Victoria
E. F. Benson
Spider's Silk
By Herself
Melina Rorke R.N.C.
Forbidden Ground

IF THAT 30,000-TO-ONE

The "golden" gates at Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer studio. These gates were recently removed owing to extensive additions, and Ann Rutherford is seen receiving the keys as a memento from veteran studio policeman Henry Keating

THE contract is on the table. Somebody puts a pen into the hand of Miss Mary Smith, remarking crisply: "Sign on the dotted line, please. . . . Thank you." Mary Smith rises to her feet, a little shakily; smiles at the big executive, the director, and the casting director sitting round the table, seeing them in a queer mist. Then walks out of the room, feeling as though a couple of steam rollers had squashed her flat, at the same time lifting her to an undreamed heaven of bliss. For that thirty thousand-to-one chance has come off!

It seems incredible, but the contract for which Mary Smith or John Brown waited, during weary months, is in their possession, signed and sealed. A studio has expressed its willingness to add them to its pay roll. They are, at long last, in the movies. And what happens then?

A well-known talent director in Hollywood (Oliver Hinsdell, of Paramount) told me that the odds against a would-be film player getting into the moving picture game are at least thirty thousand to one. He was talking of chances in Hollywood, where there are a hundred jobs going to one in the English studios. What the odds are, in this country, I would hate to work out.

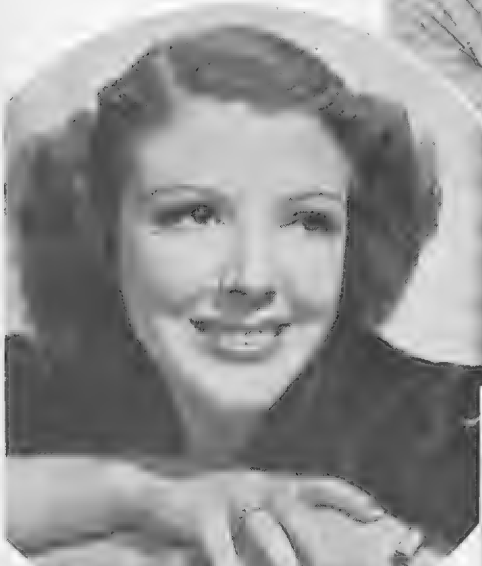
But the contract arrives, now and then; and when it does a string of busy, hard-working months stretch ahead, with often not even a glimpse of a set where a film is actually in production. It took Nelson Eddy nearly two years before he was considered sufficiently groomed to play a leading part in an important picture. When he did, he became a star overnight. If he had been rushed into a starring rôle, without all that boring preparation, he might have been a flop. To Militza Korjus, from Hungary, much the same thing happened. For nearly two years she lived in Hollywood, unknown, unseen.

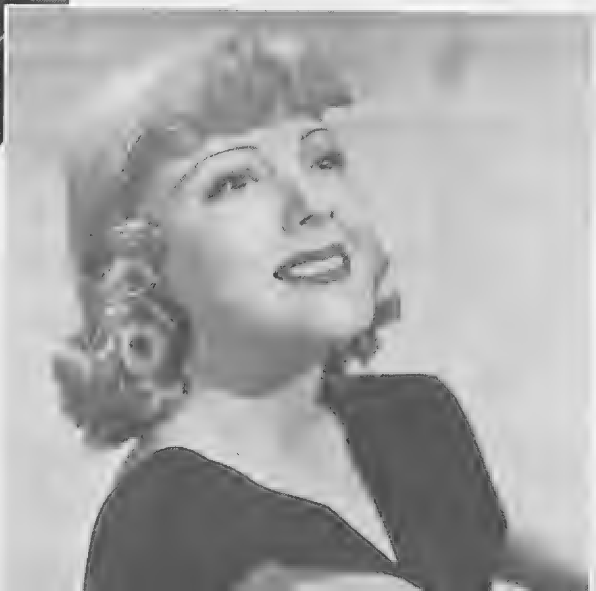
During that time she made hundreds of tests, both vocal and acting. I was shown one of her early tests, in the summer of 1937; the executive who took me to see it said he considered she was the best bet in the singing-actress line that the studio had ever known. Yet it was not until late in 1938 that Militza Korjus was seen in *The Great Waltz*. In the interval she had lost over forty-five pounds of flesh that the camera found too obtrusive; she had been "made over," and groomed, and altered. She had been put right through the amazing machine that turns out stars for the silver screens of the world.

HOLLYWOOD reckons that it costs at the very least £4,000 in advance advertising and preparation to introduce a new foreign player to the films. When

Hal Findlay, of the music department at R-K-O studios, plays for Eleanor Hansen, a new arrival at Hollywood

Leni Lynn has her hair dressed by a studio hairdresser. A thirteen-year-old youngster has been given a contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer





Sometimes it is necessary to transform a brunette into a blonde. Here is Dorothy Howe as she was when she signed up with Paramount and (on right) as she now appears on the screen

CHANCE CAME OFF

Thousands of men and girls are trying to break into the Film business every year: what happens when they succeed?

By Margaret Chute

Leni Lynn, the thirteen-year-old newcomer to Hollywood, commences her training by singing a duet with Judy Garland

Cecilia Parker being made up by Lillian Rosine, head of the women's make-up department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Eleanor Hansen, having signed her contract with R-K-O, has the correct size and fitting of her shoes registered

A newcomer to films on the test stage with a director and the actor who is to support her in the test. A hundred tests may be made

Simone Simon went to California from France, 25,000 posters with her name sprayed boldly across them were plastered all over America before she ever faced a camera in Hollywood. The minimum cost of each poster was £2. Samuel Goldwyn spent a quarter of a million dollars, spread over twelve months, to introduce Anna Sten to the film-going public. What has become of those players to-day, as far as Hollywood is concerned?

Isa Miranda from Italy, Danielle Darrieux from France, Franciska Gaal from Hungary, Annabella from France—all of them cost their respective studios staggering sums of money, directly contracts had been handed to them. That money was spent in publicity, coaching, tests, make-up, wardrobe, voice and dramatic coaching, gymnastic instruction; and the same programme is followed whether the thirty thousand to one chance comes the way of an already established foreign importation, or a completely unknown local product.

Fred Datig, one of Hollywood's best known casting directors, is of the opinion that it is ridiculous for any eager film player to start to rush the studios. Rather, they should stand in a prominent position, and wait for the studios to rush them. The strangest accidents bring contracts trailing behind them. There is the case of Ellen Drew, who is a star to-day because a film agent wanted to buy a box of candy for his sister.

So into a candy shop on Hollywood Boulevard walks the agent; and behind the counter stands a girl with glorious red-gold hair, grey-green eyes, and a ravishing figure. A sweet voice, too, makes itself heard when the girl hands a box of candy across the counter, and says, "That will be just one dollar even, please." Being the kind of agent who is always on his toes, the candy purchaser persuades the candy vendor to visit Paramount Studios, and indulge in a film test. Result: that thirty thousand to one chance comes off!

FLOODS visited California not so long ago; and when an assistant director was busy clearing away a lot of debris from his flooded back garden he discovered a youngster named Donald O'Connor doing the same thing in *his* flooded garden next door. Result: Donald gets his first film job in the Bing Crosby film called *Sing, You Sinners*, packs up the film and walks away with it under his arm. That kid was lucky, though; he stepped straight into a peach of a part, without all the wearisome months of preliminary toil. It happens very rarely; not once in ten thousand times, believe me.

The studios are turning away thousands of applicants every year because there is no spot in pictures for them. They are good-looking, bright, ambitious; they come from all over the world. Some look like already established stars; some are far better looking. But what's the use? There are not nearly enough pictures being turned out to provide jobs for even two per cent of those applicants. So when the dotted line is indicated, at last, it really means something.

Hollywood believes that Ellen Drew succeeded because she had the sound sense to place herself behind the counter of a candy shop, in the heart of Hollywood, where she knew she stood a chance of being seen by (*Continued on page* 128)

The Third Prisoner

who convinced a man and wife that "life was too short to quarrel"

By

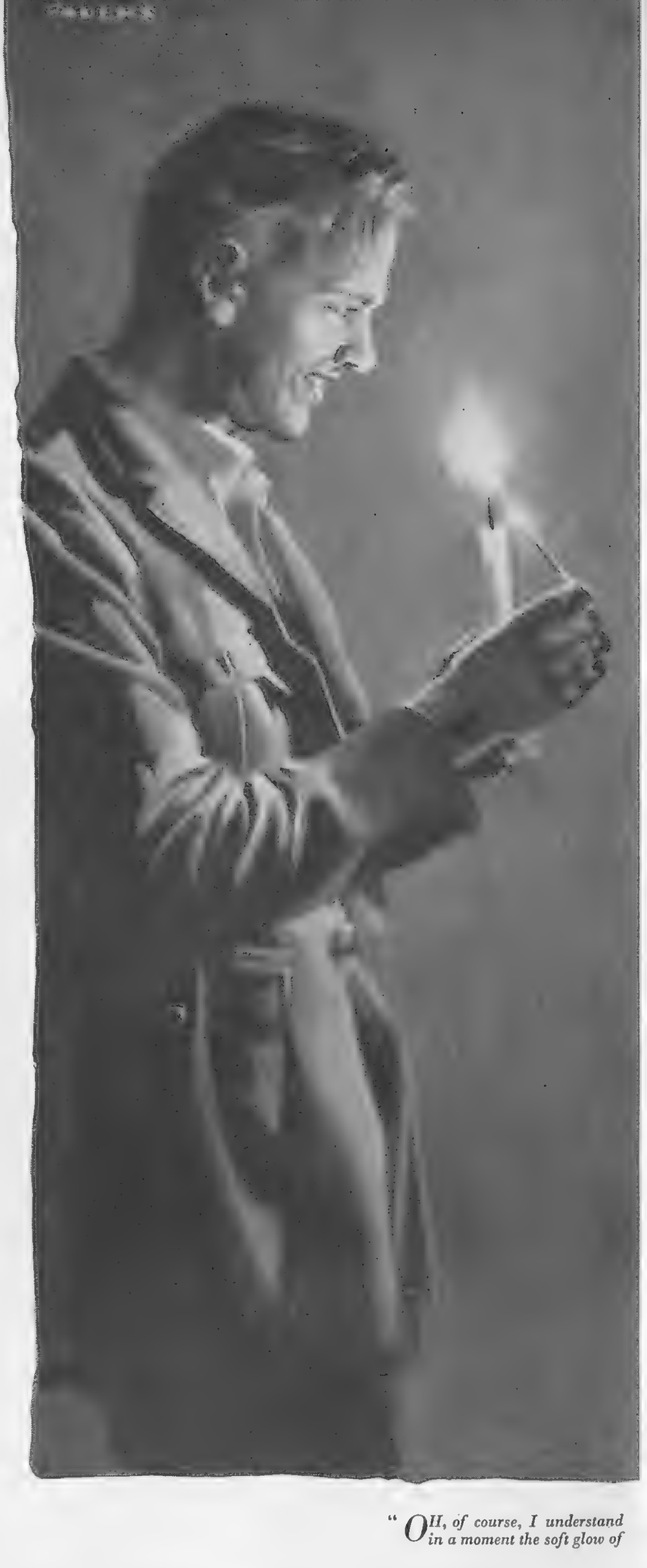
Dorothy Eden

AT sundown another man was pushed unceremoniously into the cell. That made three of them. The guard made a rapid utterance in Spanish, which was addressed to the first occupants of the cell. There was a smile on his dirty dark face as if he were exulting over the unintelligible remark he had made, but on Hugo's request that he translate his horrible language into English, he only gave his maddening derisive smile again and went out, locking the door.

It was almost dark now. Fifteen minutes ago the tiny high window had caught a square of hot gold sky. Then it had changed to a delicate clear green, like cool water, Marcia had thought, and now it was pale and remote and of no colour at all. (How dreadful, thought Marcia, how utterly incredible that they were to die before colour had come back into the sky again.)

The three occupants of the cell peered at one another in the gloom. Hugo Crystall and his wife, Marcia, had been there since noon. With paralysing suddenness they had found themselves involved in this insane war which had begun and spread like a fire, catching up to them before they could get out of Spain. Because Hugo had been drunk, and had slept too long, and they had missed the early train this morning; and after that the railway service had been completely disorganised and there had been no more trains, only the rebel soldiers pouring into the city, and a multitude of people fleeing, and the sun blazing on the great square which was first a scene of inextricable confusion, and then gradually became still, peopled only with inanimate huddles on the ground.

Marcia had been brave, saying that the rebels would not kill English people. One had only to wait until hostilities died down and a conveyance could be found to take them out of this ghastly sunlit city, out of this crazy country. But she had been wrong. For although the rebels did not especially wish to kill English people, they sometimes wished for English hostages. They took Marcia and Hugo as hostages. They threw them into a cell of the captured city prison, and left them with an explanation given first in Spanish, and then, at Hugo's frantic demand, in broken English. And at sundown the third prisoner arrived.



"OH, of course, I understand in a moment the soft glow of

MARCIA and Hugo, though distraught and dishevelled, still retained their air of refinement. Brushed and tidied up, they would have fitted admirably into the setting of an English country house. They were utterly incongruous in this dark, hot and airless cell, whose walls were being shaken continually by the bombardment of the rebel guns.

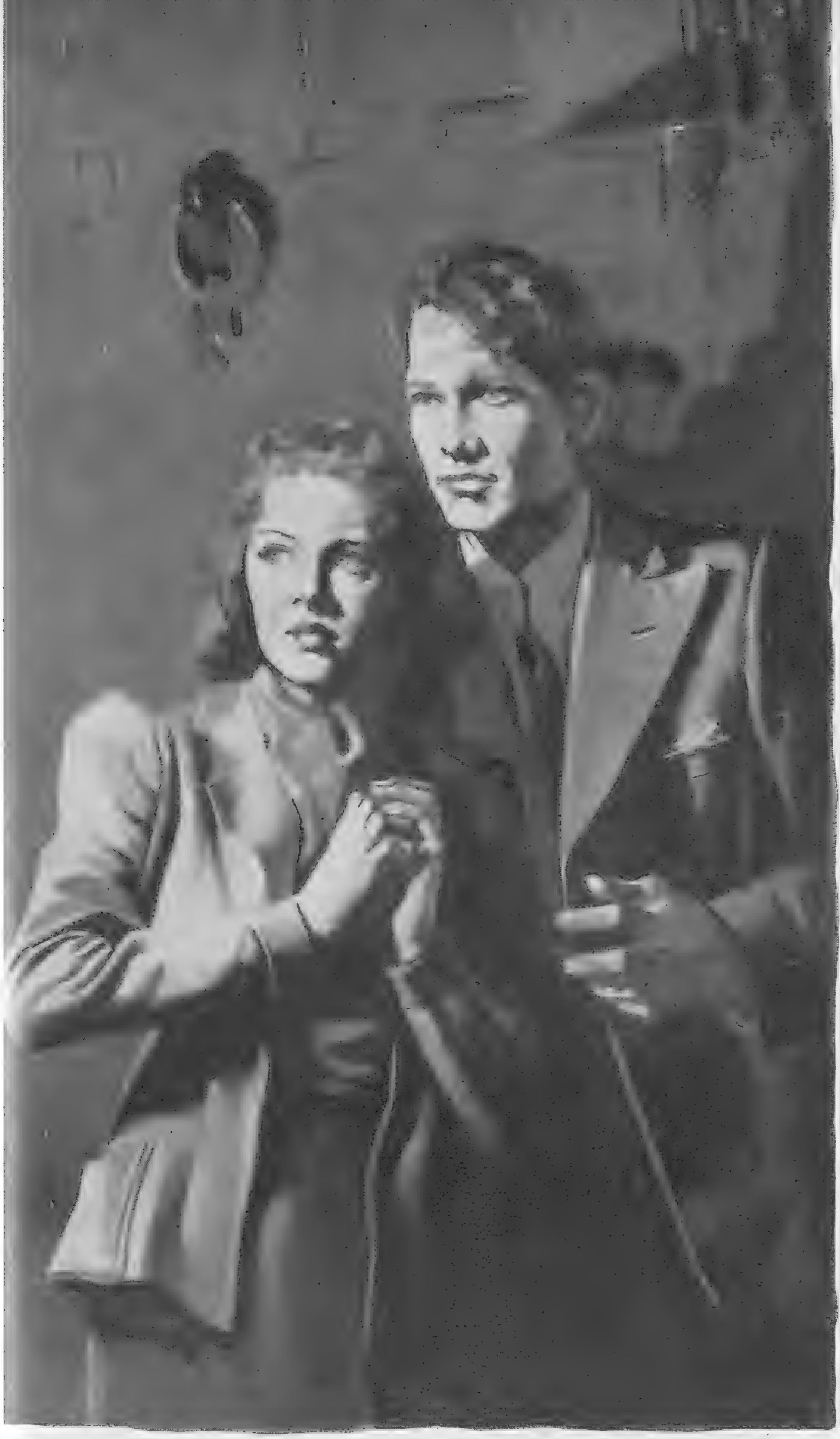
But the third prisoner, with his dirty, torn and blood-stained clothing, looked as if he might have been a part of the war. He was a giant of a fellow, with a blond head and an ugly good humoured face. He did not appear at all perturbed by his predicament, but was grinning affably, and saying, "So what?" in a drawling American voice.

"What did they say?" Hugo was demanding. "Did they tell you the same thing?"

"Say, I couldn't understand one word of those guys' jargon," drawled the cheerful stranger. "What did they tell you?"

"They said that we were to be held as hostages for John Mead, an English airman who's giving them a spot of bother. Information was being sent to John Mead that two English people were being held as hostages, and if he didn't surrender before dawn they were to be——." Hugo couldn't prevent his convulsive swallow. "Well, they were to be shot," he finished, with a peculiar defiant air, as if he were tossing his cap challengingly at death. Or trying to give the impression that he was.

"Of course," said Marcia quickly, "it doesn't matter about



absolutely," said the stranger. He struck a match and the candle had brought an illusive sunset into the room

Illustrated
by
Jack Faulks

us. I mean, we don't want to die, but we're not of any real importance, and John Mead's a brave man. It would be dreadful if he were shot because of us."

The stranger said in his slow unperturbed voice, "I shouldn't worry about that. I've heard of this fellow. I imagine he knows how to take care of himself."

"It's three of us to one of him," Hugo said. "It was only Marcia and me before, but now it's you, too. Are you of any importance in the world because it looks as if it's our duty to die for John Mead?"

That, thought Marcia, was merely Hugo's bravado. He never could bear for anybody, even his servants, to see him in an unfavourable light. Now he was adopting this young Galahad pose simply to impress a dirty, blood-stained stranger. But he was doing it extraordinarily well, and Marcia was on the point of telling him how much she admired him for it. But she checked herself at once, because that morning they had had their magnificent and absolutely final quarrel, and she couldn't go back on the sentiments expressed then, simply because Hugo was cool in the face of danger. So she said nothing, and listened to the third prisoner, who was saying:

"I? Oh, I'm a wanderer on the face of the earth. Gosh, no, I'm of no importance."

NOW it was so dark that they could scarcely see. The American walked about the cell, feeling the walls, looking at the tiny barred window.

"What have we here? Fifteenth century dungeon? Solid little place, eh? They've got nothing like this where I come from. You can't tell from here who's winning the war." He paused, listening. The big guns were keeping up an intermittent bombardment, and in between their rumbling there came the occasional rattle of machine-gun fire.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm dead sure they're bluffing. They've put us in here as bait, but if the bait doesn't catch anything I don't think they'll trouble about exterminating it. Not important enough, see. Not scared?"

Hugo laughed easily.

"It seems a tight corner. Scared? Oh, well, you know, a bit disturbed."

Again Marcia wanted to show how much she admired his self-control, but the eyes of the young giant were on her. She found herself saying, "It's going

to be dark. It's going to be a long night in here—or too short a one." Hysteria was in her voice. She forced herself to say calmly, "You're an American, aren't you? How did you get into this mess?"

The stranger, in his wandering about the cell, had discovered a blessed stump of candle which he held up triumphantly. "It'll last a couple of hours. Shall we have it now or later?"

"Oh, now," begged Marcia. "I shall be braver later. Just now, the dark—you see, we've been here all afternoon."

In the gloom she saw Hugo throw back his scornful head. She heard him saying in explanation.

"Marcia's the pluckiest woman alive. But there are limits, you know."

"Oh, of course, I understand absolutely," said the stranger. He struck a match and in a moment the soft glow of the candle had brought an illusive sunset into the room. It was strange how that cheerful young giant with his humorous grin had lessened Marcia's fear. Now the possibility of their death seemed remote, for surely death could not come near so carefree and vitally alive a person.

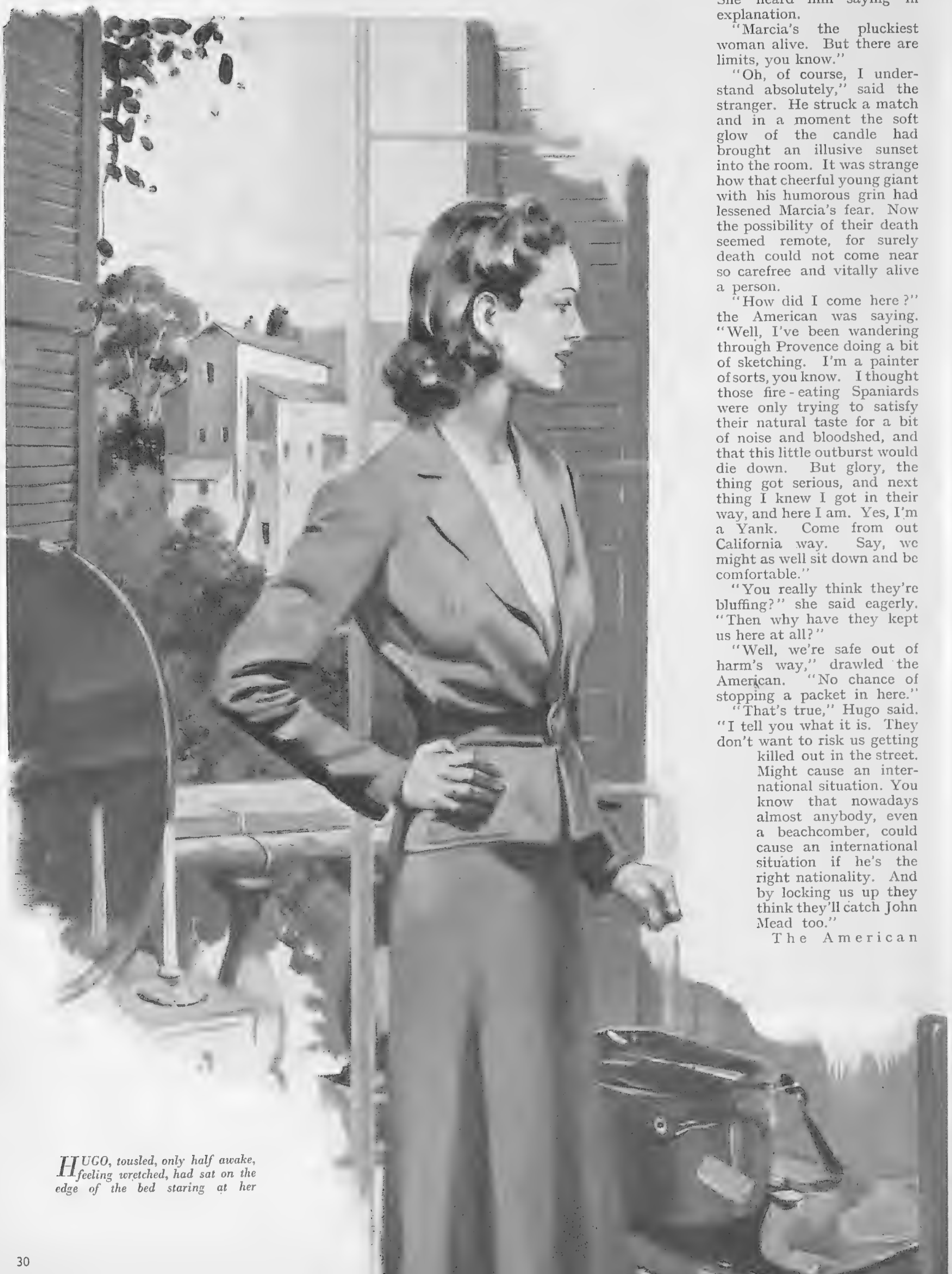
"How did I come here?" the American was saying. "Well, I've been wandering through Provence doing a bit of sketching. I'm a painter of sorts, you know. I thought those fire-eating Spaniards were only trying to satisfy their natural taste for a bit of noise and bloodshed, and that this little outburst would die down. But glory, the thing got serious, and next thing I knew I got in their way, and here I am. Yes, I'm a Yank. Come from out California way. Say, we might as well sit down and be comfortable."

"You really think they're bluffing?" she said eagerly. "Then why have they kept us here at all?"

"Well, we're safe out of harm's way," drawled the American. "No chance of stopping a packet in here."

"That's true," Hugo said. "I tell you what it is. They don't want to risk us getting killed out in the street. Might cause an international situation. You know that nowadays almost anybody, even a beachcomber, could cause an international situation if he's the right nationality. And by locking us up they think they'll catch John Mead too."

The American



HUGO, tousled, only half awake, feeling wretched, had sat on the edge of the bed staring at her stretched his huge body on the floor and sighed prodigiously.

"Ho—hum! That's about true, too. World's cranky enough nowadays to fix up almost anything as an international situation. Gosh, the refreshments ain't too good in these places. What I'd give for a good straight whisky. But I've been in tighter spots than this. Where do you hail from?"

"London," said Hugo, following the American's example and sliding to the floor. "But we travel a good deal."

"Married, I presoome?"

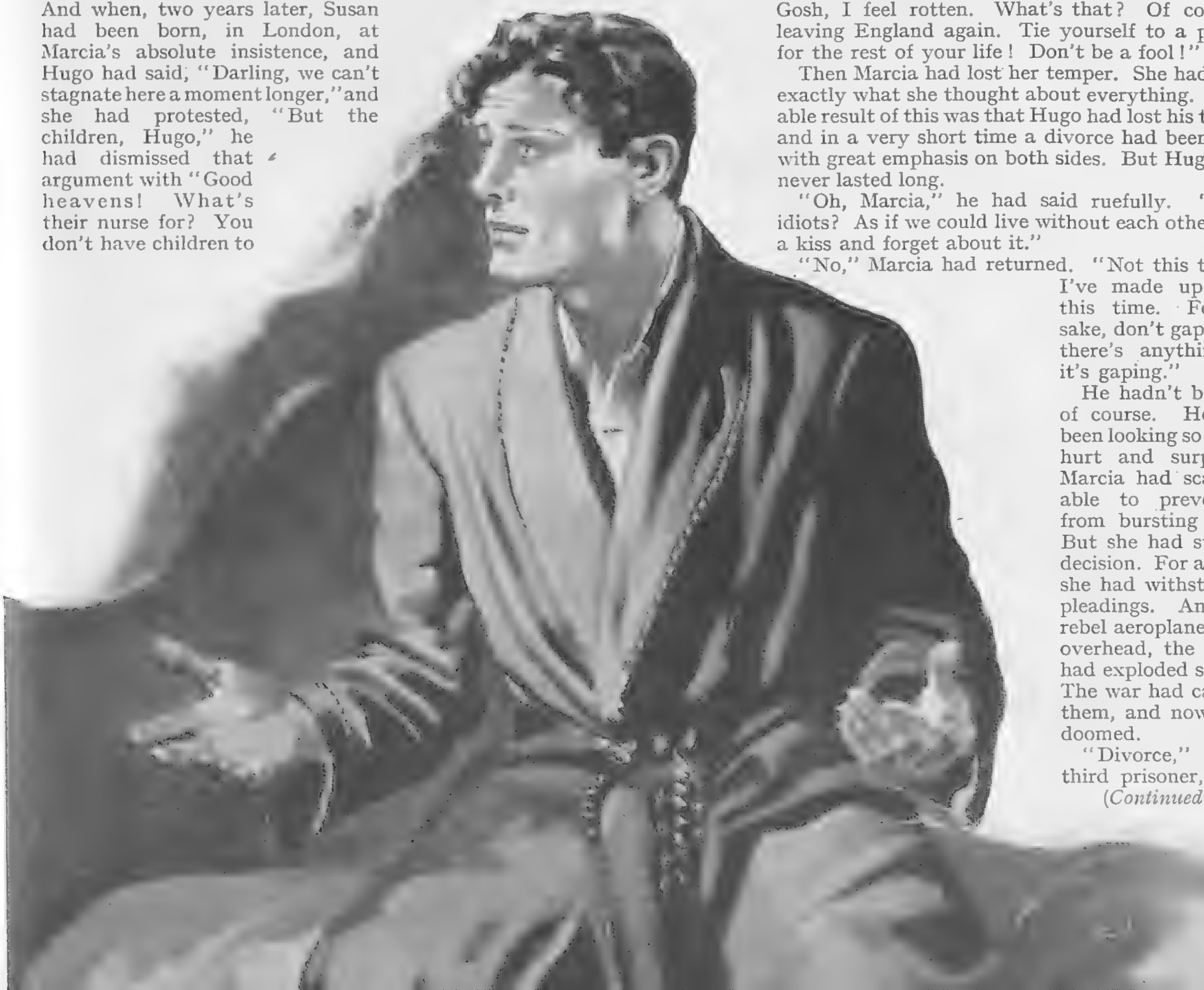
"Yes," said Marcia, surprised at her cool voice. "We're married. We've got two children. We've been married seven years and we're going to be divorced." (Funny how one couldn't realise that now perhaps there would be no need for divorce, that in the morning they would have died as man and wife.)

"Oh, that's bad," said the blond young man.

"*Dear* Marcia!" murmured Hugo beseechingly, his beautiful mouth drooping.

Yes, thought Marcia, that was what Hugo had been doing for the last seven years, saying "*Dear* Marcia!" wheedlingly, and pouting his lips like a spoilt but attractive child. At first it had been enchanting. When Marcia had married him (in face of the opposition of her family and friends, all of whom said that Hugo was charming and good-looking and wealthy, but frightfully unstable, Marcia darling!), and he had been drunk on their honeymoon, the wonderful sweetness of their reconciliation had been a hundred times worth the unpleasantness. And when she had discovered that Hugo was possessed of a demon of restlessness that drove him from one end of Europe to the other, that kept him perpetually in search of new places and people, his entreaties, his charm, his protestations that he could not travel one inch without her, had made the continual fatigue of packing and moving on well worth while.

BEFORE Nigel had been born, when Hugo had insisted that the London fogs were killing, that Marcia must go to the South of France ("And have a French baby!" she had protested weakly), and Nigel had been born at Cannes in a strange nursing home, with hateful French nurses and doctors, and Marcia had been desperately ill, Hugo's voice, "Marcia, darling, darling! We've got the cutest son. You've no idea. Marcia, I love you!" had pulled her back out of the shadows. And when, two years later, Susan had been born, in London, at Marcia's absolute insistence, and Hugo had said, "Darling, we can't stagnate here a moment longer," and she had protested, "But the children, Hugo," he had dismissed that argument with "Good heavens! What's their nurse for? You don't have children to be tied to them all your life. I've booked our passages to the States. I'll die if I stay here." And she had gone, but her heart had ached all the time for baby Susan's coppery head that was so like the coppery head of her charming, unstable husband. Some day, she had thought, she would live just for the children. Some day. . . .



DURING the three years that had followed, the day had grown perceptibly nearer. For with each new move, each new craze of Hugo's, her gaiety had become more strained. (Gosh, could they spend the whole of their lives chasing an elusive gaiety which perhaps didn't even exist?) And with each new quarrel her patience had grown less, Hugo's charming repentance (Marcia, honest and truly, I'm sorry! Marcia, don't scold! I must have got hold of some bad gin somewhere. It's the last time. Promise you it's absolutely the last time. *Dear* Marcia!") had tugged less at her heart-strings.

Hugo needed her, of course. His need of her and his love for her were the only genuine emotions in his restless wayward life. But the children needed her, too. They wanted a mother who didn't spend nine months of the year chasing gaiety in all the fashionable hotels of Europe. And Hugo was doomed by his own unresting spirit to roam for ever from place to place. There would have to be a break some time, and with each fresh quarrel Marcia realised it more clearly. The choice would have to be made between Hugo and the children. Hugo she would love for ever, but his life was shaped unalterably. Nothing now could change him from the undependable, unexpected, utterly charming person that he was. The children could still be guided and moulded. It was her job.

So this morning, when Hugo, regardless of the danger they were in, and having discovered the previous evening that the wine was excellent, had stumbled up to their hotel bedroom, asleep even before he had reached the bed, and had slept on and on in that familiar stupor from which Marcia knew that there was no waking him, until long after that fateful last train had gone, she had at last made the final choice.

"I just can't stand this any longer," she had said. "If ever we get out of this country, I'm not leaving England again. I'm staying home with the children."

Hugo, tousled, only half awake, feeling wretched, had sat on the edge of the bed staring at her.

"We'll get out of the country, all right. I'll hire a plane. Gosh, I feel rotten. What's that? Of course you're leaving England again. Tie yourself to a pair of kids for the rest of your life! Don't be a fool!"

Then Marcia had lost her temper. She had told Hugo exactly what she thought about everything. The inevitable result of this was that Hugo had lost his temper, too, and in a very short time a divorce had been agreed to, with great emphasis on both sides. But Hugo's tempers never lasted long.

"Oh, Marcia," he had said ruefully. "Aren't we idiots? As if we could live without each other. Give me a kiss and forget about it."

"No," Marcia had returned. "Not this time, Hugo. I've made up my mind this time. For heavens sake, don't gape at me! If there's anything I hate, it's gaping."

He hadn't been gaping, of course. He had only been looking so desperately hurt and surprised that Marcia had scarcely been able to prevent herself from bursting into tears. But she had stuck to her decision. For a whole hour she had withstood Hugo's pleadings. And then the rebel aeroplanes had flown overhead, the first bombs had exploded shatteringly. The war had caught up to them, and now they were doomed.

"Divorce," said the third prisoner, "is pretty

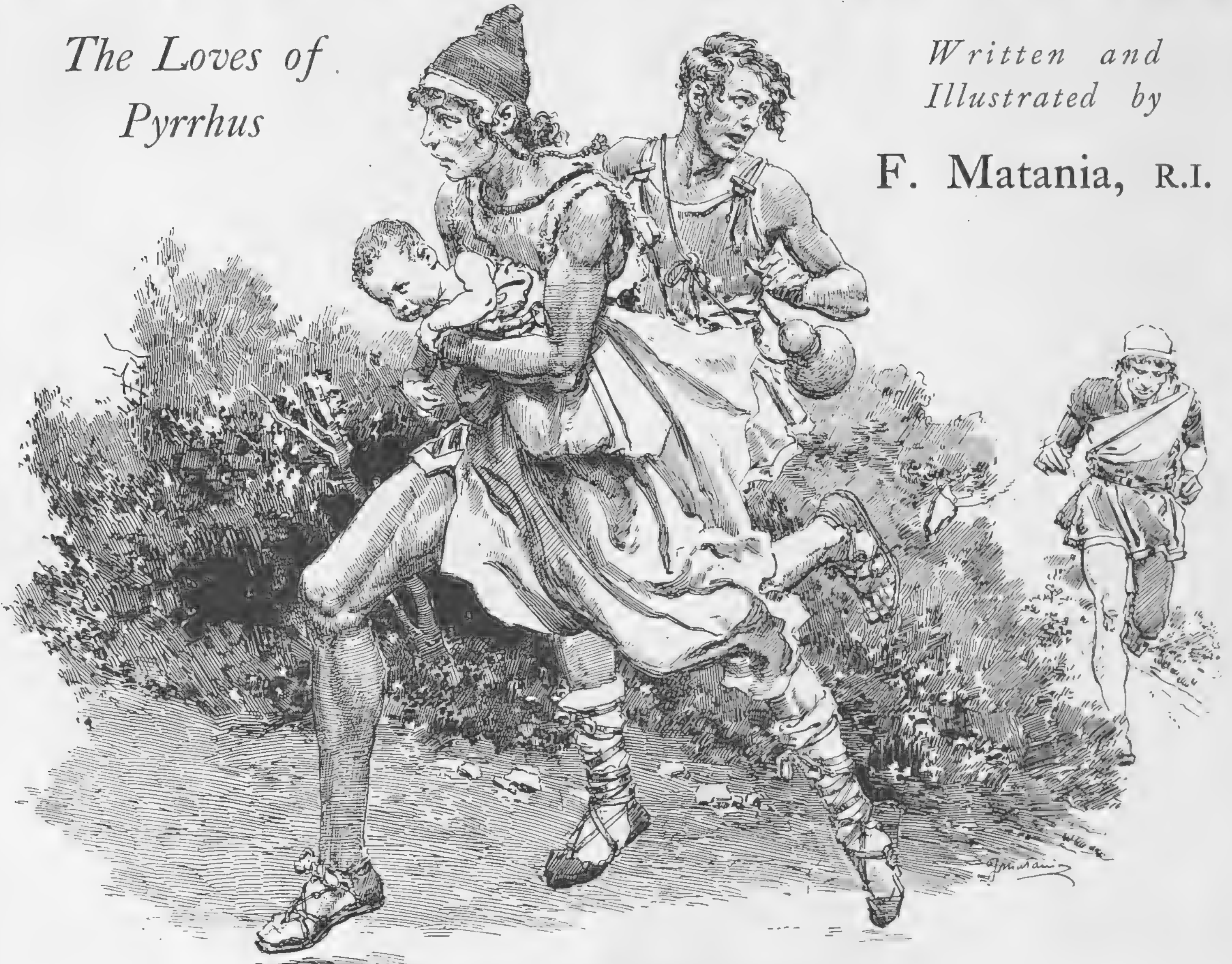
(*Continued on page* 98)

Old Tales Re-told

The Loves of Pyrrhus

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.



ANDROCLIDES and Angelus escaping from the Molossians with the infant Pyrrhus

MANY heroes of the remote ages astonished their world so much with their deeds that a hero-worshipping public was often impelled to attribute to them an ancestry resounding with glorious names. Such a one was Pyrrhus, and it was actually said of him that he was a direct descendant of the great Achilles.

It was about the year 300 B.C. that saw the birth of our hero, Pyrrhus, King of Epeirus.

His life started rather dramatically, for, when Pyrrhus was still an infant, his father, King Æacides, was dethroned by the invading Molossians. The family, composed of the queen, two little daughters and the infant Pyrrhus, was about to fall into the hands of the enemy when two men, faithful to the family, Androclides and Angelus, succeeded in escaping with Pyrrhus just before the palace was stormed. The rescuers' task was made more difficult by the fact that the region invaded by the Molossians was extensive, and they had a long journey before they could consider themselves out of danger. In addition, they were confronted by the difficult problem of feeding the baby, which was still young enough to need its mother's milk. Eventually, the help was secured of several women, amongst whom were two or three mothers who, having young children of their own, were able to consent to act as wet-nurses for the little royal fugitive. This was the last proof of devotion they could give to the family of their beloved king.

The heroic party hastened with all speed, but the pursuers, having discovered the direction taken by the fugitives, were soon at their heels.

As soon as the fugitives perceived the nearness of the enemy, they realised how hopeless their position really was. There was no time to lose, so they decided to trust the baby to three young and able fellows, Androcleon, Hippias and Neander. Free from any other burden, the young men took Pyrrhus and fled, whilst the other men decided to remain and engage the pursuers, delaying them for as long as possible. At the same time they sought a place of safety for the womenfolk.

After the three young men had travelled some considerable distance undisturbed, their objective being Megara across the Macedonian frontier, they slowed down their pace, and judge of their surprise when in a short while they were rejoined by Androclides and the main party who had got the better of their pursuers.

So all together and all safe and sound they proceeded towards Megara, where there would be nothing more to fear.

It was almost dark when the party reached the outskirts of Megara, but they could not enter the town without crossing the river. Normally, it would have been quite easy; but they found that, owing to recent heavy rains, the river had overflowed its banks and its course was so rapid that without help from the other side the attempt to cross would have been well-nigh suicidal. Eventually, they perceived some shepherds and country people on the opposite bank. Holding the baby high up, they succeeded in attracting due attention, but the roar of the river deadened their shouts and the people on the other side were unable to understand what was the meaning of the frantic gesticulations.

One of Androclides' party detached a piece of bark from a tree, and with the pointed tongue of a buckle wrote down in brief what vainly they had been calling out. Then, rolling it round a stone, he threw the message across the river. Only then did the country folk understand how hardly matters stood, and bravely they gave their help.

The manœuvre was not a little exciting; neither was it devoid of peril, but one by one the fugitives succeeded in getting across the river.

Strangely enough, the man to whom the baby was handed was called Achilles. In these days of superstition, coincidences like that were considered unmistakable omens establishing the destiny of heroes.

Later, the child was brought to Glaucius, then the King of the Illyrians, with the request that he would take care of him. With the Queen he listened to the story with keen interest, but at the end of its narration displayed very little enthusiasm.

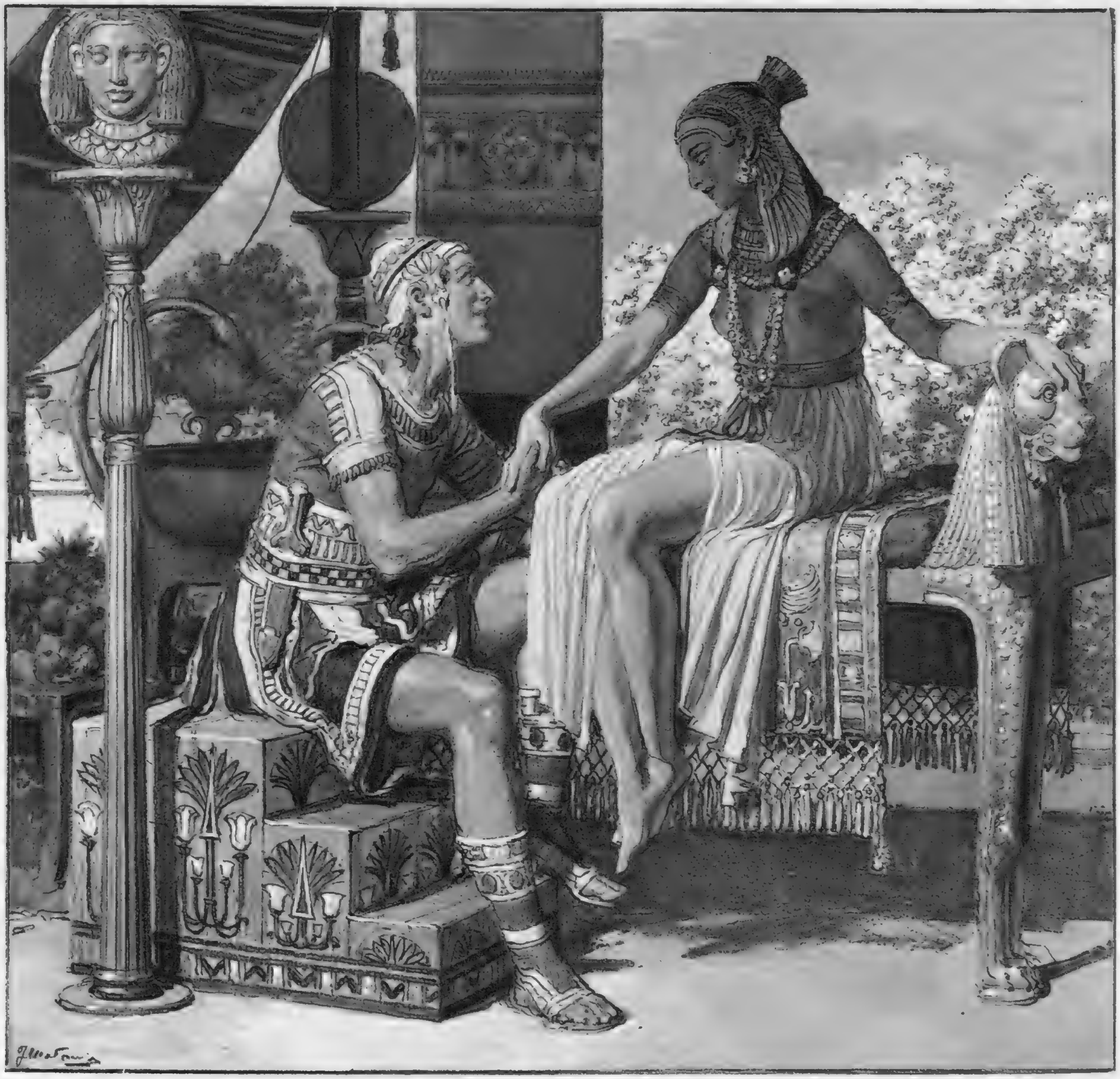
PYRRHUS' family had many powerful enemies, and in harbouring the child the King knew too well that he would involve himself in endless trouble.

Whilst the postulants were doubling their efforts, Pyrrhus was laid on the floor at the feet of the royal couple. At a certain moment he crawled nearer and grasped the King's mantle, pulling at it with all his might. His big bright eyes looked up as though inciting the King to make up his mind. This unrehearsed episode touched the heart of Glaucius. He lifted the child from the ground, and when the King felt the contact of the little hands tugging at his beard he did not resist any longer, but consented to take charge of him. Tenderness and gratitude dimmed many eyes, and, when the proud rescuers took their leave, Pyrrhus joined the royal nursery.

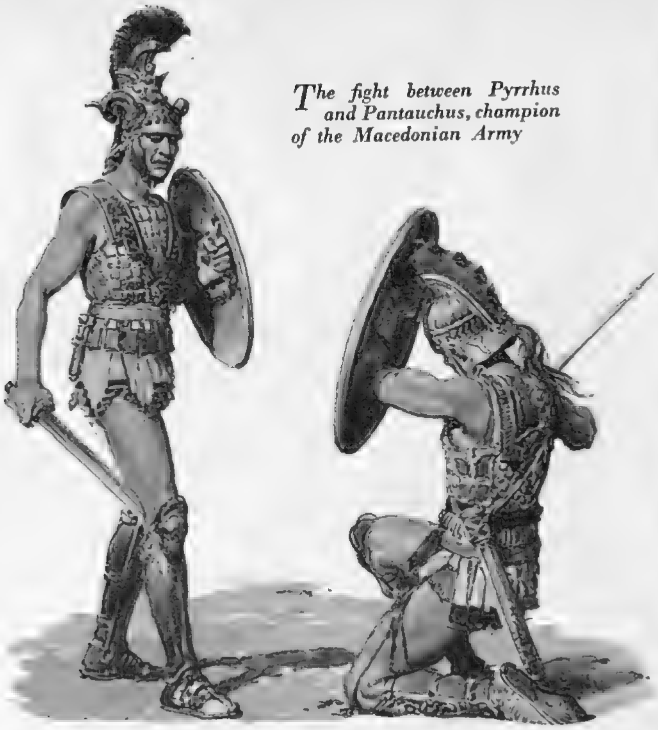
The Molossians proved to be very appropriately named, Molossian in Latin meaning mastiff dog. As such they behaved, for they tried every means to get the little boy away from the generous Glaucius. The all-powerful Cassander of Macedonia even went to the extent of offering the fabulous sum of two hundred talents, but his bribe only met with an indignant refusal. In fact, Glaucius was determined to protect Pyrrhus not only while still so young, but also when the time should come to restore him to the throne of Epeirus.

A long and steady preparation at length enabled the King to put together a powerful army, with which he invaded Epeirus, overcame every resistance, and put Pyrrhus, then only twelve years old, on the throne.

For five years all went well, and the young King, in spite of his tender age,



Pyrrhus with Antigone, the daughter of Berenice. Their marriage was celebrated with all the magnificence of the Egyptian Court, and the happiness of the young couple could not have been greater



The fight between Pyrrhus and Pantauchus, champion of the Macedonian Army

gave proof of the most extraordinary intelligence and energy. So strong and secure did he feel that, only for the sake of attending the marriage of one of his beloved playmates, son of Glaucius, he left Epeirus bound for a short trip to Illyria.

His absence was enough for his enemies to rise and overrun the country, robbing the capital, burning, sacking, and establishing another king. Thus in the course of a few days Pyrrhus had lost all he had gained in years of strenuous effort.

Destitute of everything he did not seek the abode of his childhood, but joined the great Demetrius, a mighty Asiatic ruler and indefatigable warrior, who had married one of Pyrrhus' sisters. There he had many opportunities of displaying his valour, but a time came when in a struggle with the Egyptian army Demetrius was beaten and it was arranged that Pyrrhus should be sent as a hostage to the court of Ptolemy.

HERE, our hero, in the flower of his youth, found himself in that fascinating country where the colourful brightness of the East proved such striking contrast to the sober austerity of Greece. Pyrrhus' charm and affability soon made him the agreeable companion of every daring young prince and the Adonis of many Egyptian women more sensitive than sensible. He did not neglect to nurse the maternal fondness shown to him by Ptolemy's wife, Berenice, whose remarkable ability in affairs of state, together with many other virtues, had made of her a woman of the highest esteem amongst the women of Ptolemy's household.

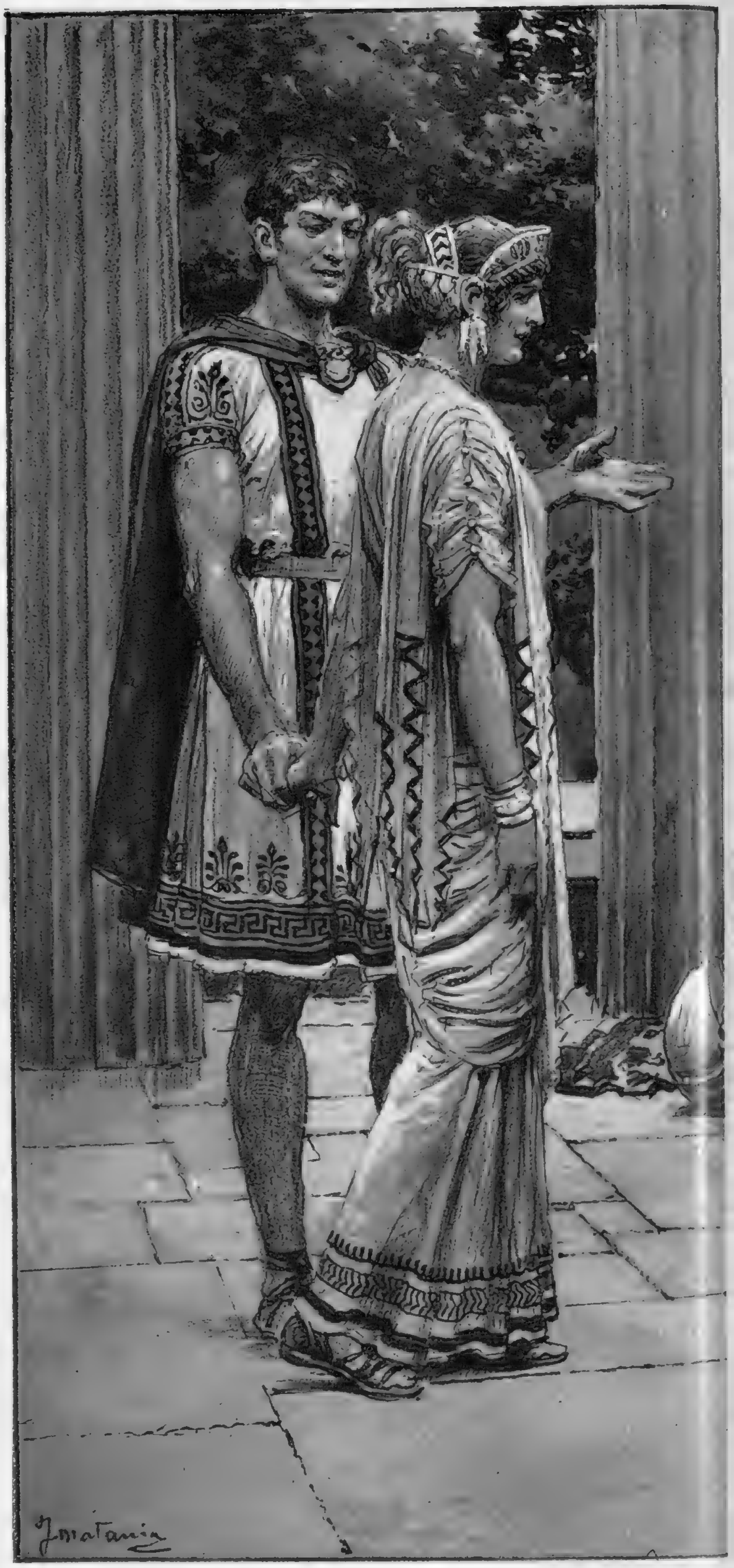
Through a previous marriage Berenice had a beautiful daughter called Antigone. She, too, showed a marked preference for the handsome youth, though, of course, in her case the feelings inspired were not so maternal.

Antigone was just at that stage of life when it is difficult to decide whether a daughter of Eve is still a blossom or the fruit ready to be plucked.

The Egyptian dress that royal custom prescribed for a young princess was composed only of a few veils kept together by a belt clasped beneath the breast. This was worn only at the age of ten to twelve years, for earlier than this, besides jewellery, only the well-known Egyptian collar and a narrow belt around the loins composed the attire of the royal children.

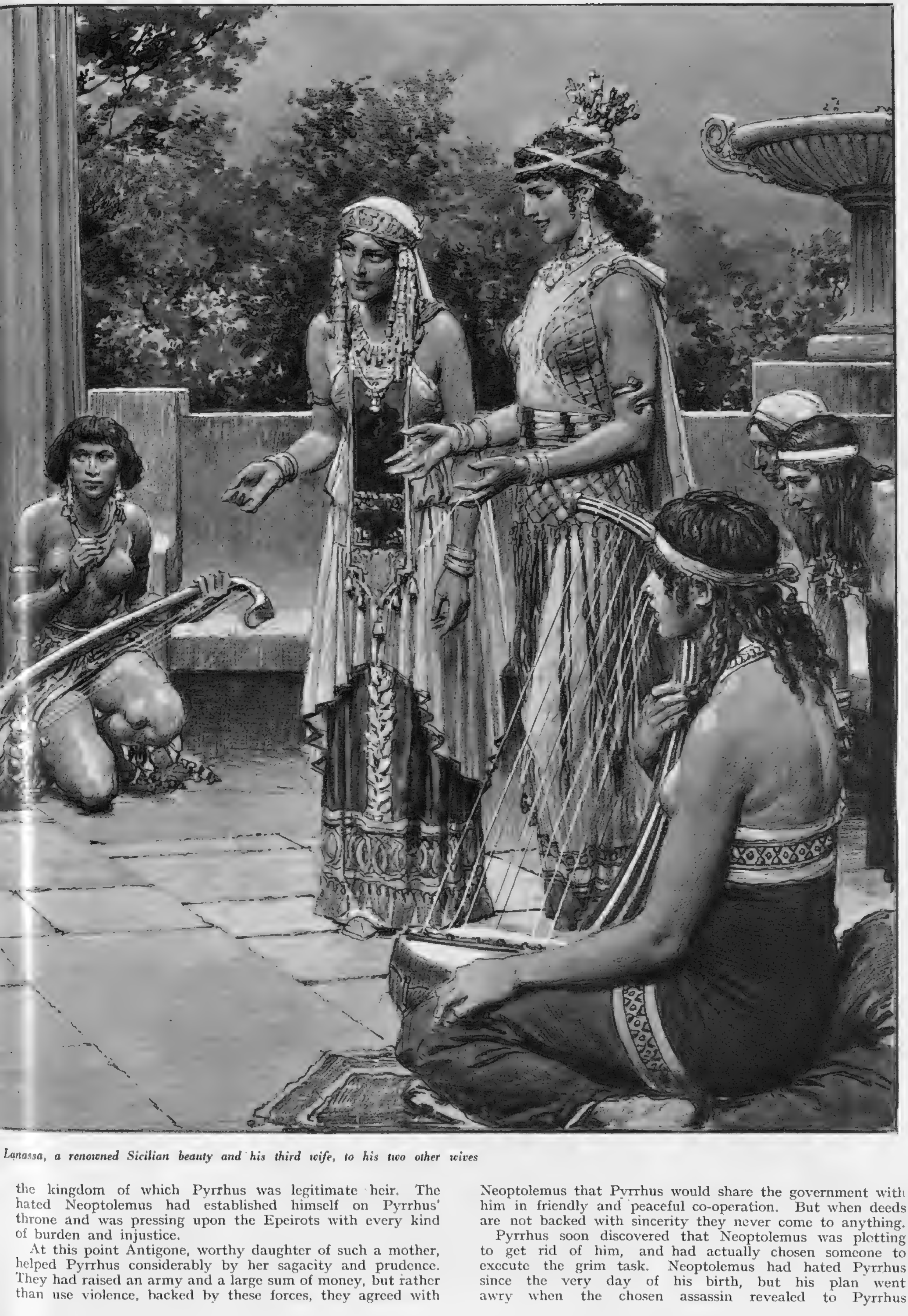
As time went on, every glance that the fervent Pyrrhus exchanged with the long, dark and dreamy eyes of Antigone, was a step towards the unavoidable. In reality, except for the many disappointed candidates for the high privilege of Antigone's hand, no one else tried to discourage the match, least of all Berenice, whose keen perception anticipated for the young man the most promising future.

With all the magnificence of the Egyptian court, the nuptials were celebrated. The happiness of the young couple could not have been greater, whether in the seclusion of the dimly lighted apartments or under the luminous sky of the silent Egyptian nights, or protected by the embroidered tents warmed by the dominating sun; life for them was nothing short of heaven upon earth.



Pyrrhus introduces

In due time the birth of a prince increased the happiness of the Royal family, and, as a sign of gratitude towards his benefactors, Pyrrhus gave to his son the name of Ptolemy. As the private life of Antigone and Pyrrhus was so gloriously settled, Berenice turned her mind towards the recovery of

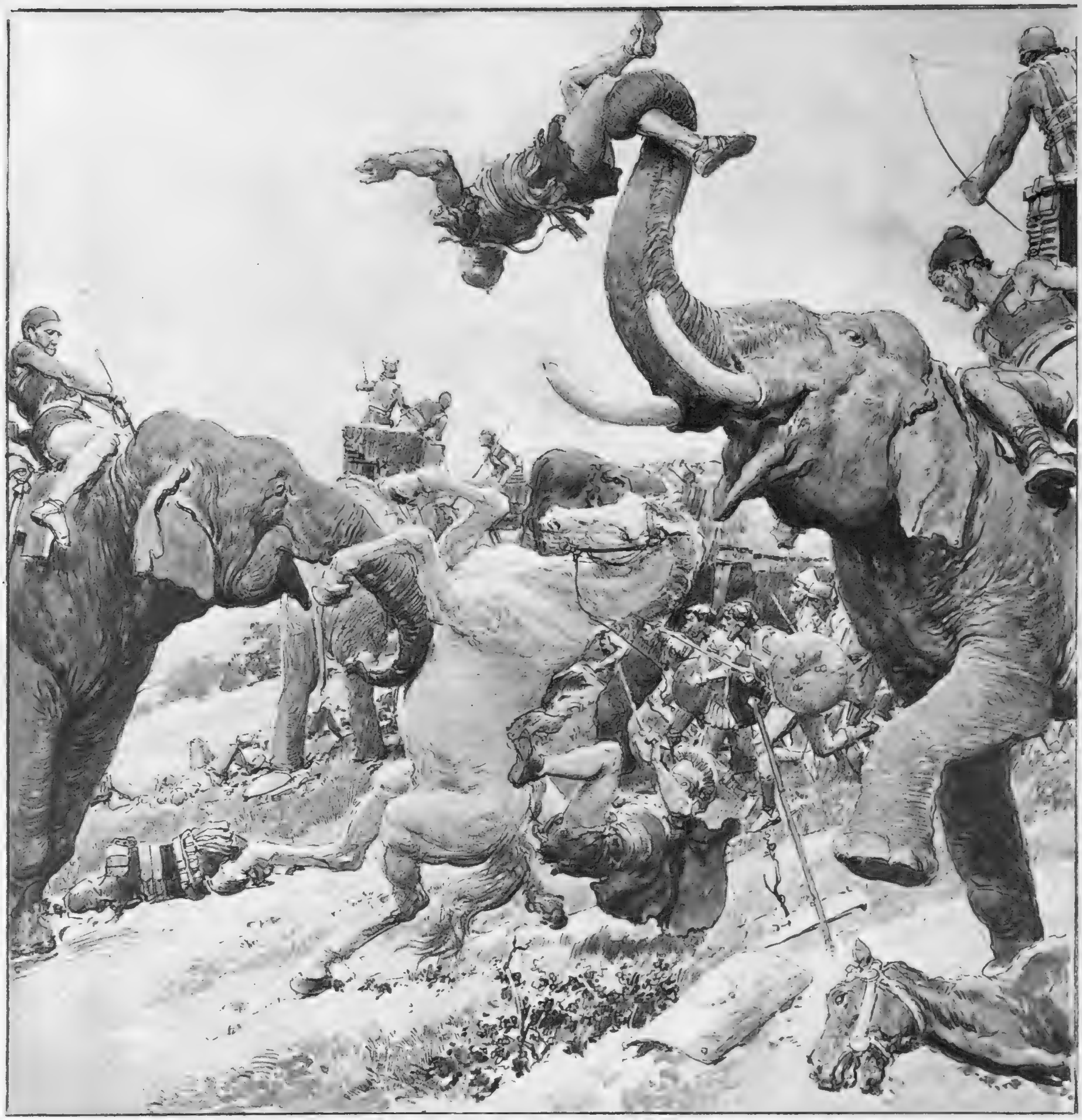


Lanassa, a renowned Sicilian beauty and his third wife, to his two other wives

the kingdom of which Pyrrhus was legitimate heir. The hated Neoptolemus had established himself on Pyrrhus' throne and was pressing upon the Epeirots with every kind of burden and injustice.

At this point Antigone, worthy daughter of such a mother, helped Pyrrhus considerably by her sagacity and prudence. They had raised an army and a large sum of money, but rather than use violence, backed by these forces, they agreed with Neoptolemus that Pyrrhus would share the government with him in friendly and peaceful co-operation. But when deeds are not backed with sincerity they never come to anything.

Pyrrhus soon discovered that Neoptolemus was plotting to get rid of him, and had actually chosen someone to execute the grim task. Neoptolemus had hated Pyrrhus since the very day of his birth, but his plan went awry when the chosen assassin revealed to Pyrrhus



Pyrrhus made a bold expedition into Italy, where he won many victories over the Romans and, for the first time in history, used a new weapon. He pitted against them elephants trained for warfare, and the slaughter was terrible to behold

Neoptolemus' murderous intention. With an admirable sense of justice Pyrrhus wanted more tangible proof, and before taking any step he waited patiently without disclosing anything to Neoptolemus.

Meanwhile Neoptolemus, thinking that all was proceeding according to plan, revealed his intentions to his sister. In doing so he at first failed to notice that on a couch in a corner of the room a woman was sleeping with her face turned towards the wall. When he did discover it he prudently said nothing more. Still more prudently, the woman went on sleeping.

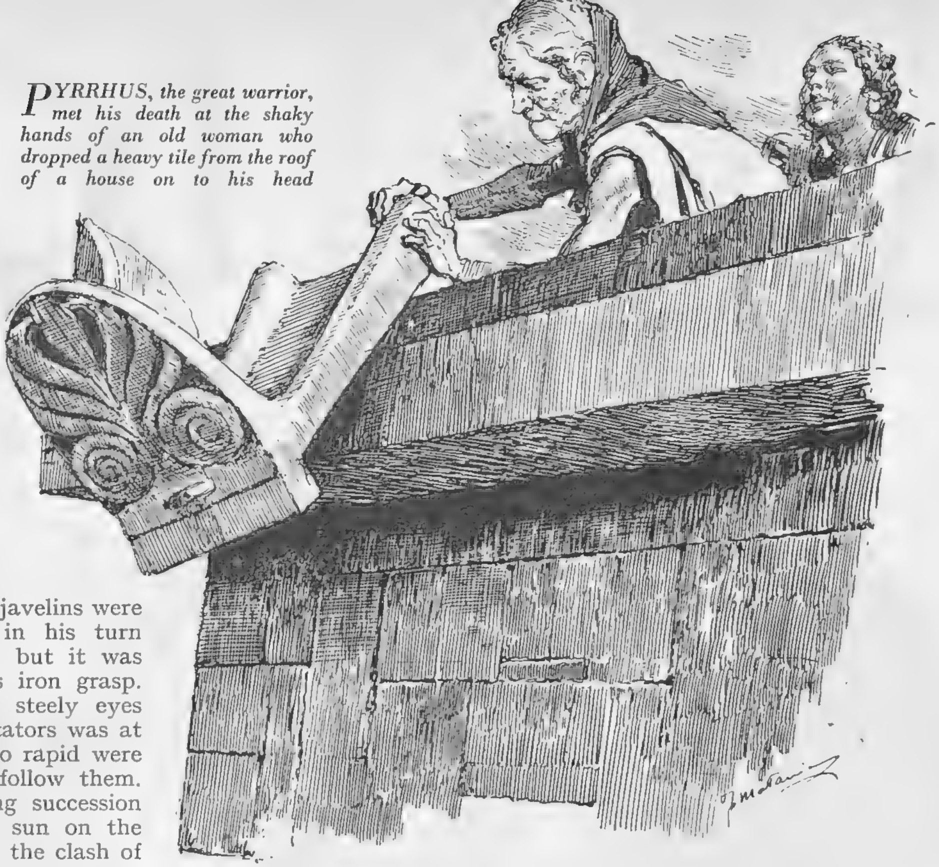
The next day this very same person was kneeling before Antigone repeating every word she had overheard. So the plot really existed, and the unsolicited evidence was the undeniable proof of it. Terror-struck at the thought that anyone would hurt her beloved husband, Antigone implored him to safeguard himself. Pyrrhus, without explaining, promised to take action.

Accordingly he invited Neoptolemus to attend a festivity and some sacrifices. The victim who fell in front of the altar was none other than Neoptolemus, struck by the very sword of Pyrrhus. This drastic step scattered the supporters of Neoptolemus as if by magic.

The leisurely life of a peace-loving king was not for the restless spirit of Pyrrhus. His ambition involved him in one enterprise after another. Pages and pages of history there are describing his battles and expeditions, and among these there is one episode that, compared with the present conception of war, is quite refreshing to relate. It makes us regret that we were not born twenty-three centuries earlier.

The turn of events had brought Pyrrhus against his brother-in-law Demetrius. The family tie had been interrupted by the death of Demetrius' wife. Their two armies were marching against each other. False information caused the two armies to pass each other by, but when they did manage eventually to come face to face the encounter was of the fiercest.

At a certain moment the signal to stop was given. When the confusion was somewhat abated, one of the commanding officers stepped forward. His imposing stature and the magnificent way in which he was armed gave him all the appearance



PYRRHUS, the great warrior, met his death at the shaky hands of an old woman who dropped a heavy tile from the roof of a house on to his head

of a god of extermination. He raised his right arm signifying that he wanted to speak. He was Pantauchus, a champion of the Macedonian Army. He challenged Pyrrhus to come forward and prove in single combat that he was really the worthy descendant of Achilles.

Pyrrhus, already making his way through a crowd of warriors, came to the front. With haughty words he replied, emphasizing the fact that what made him the true descendant of Achilles was his valour much more than his blood.

Never before had fate put together two champions of such classic perfection; one the personification of mature strength, the other slim and beautifully proportioned, with panther-like agility. They were both armed with a long lance, two javelins and a sword. Almost simultaneously the lances were thrown, but they both dodged them. A shout of admiration broke from the ranks for the amazing distance they had travelled. In no time, both Pyrrhus's javelins were pinned on Pantauchus's shield. Pantauchus in his turn threw his first and missed, threw the second, but it was warded off by Pyrrhus's sword already in his iron grasp. Cautiously they approached each other, their steely eyes fixed on one another. The tension of the spectators was at its height. When they sprang at each other, so rapid were the sword strokes that it was impossible to follow them. The human eye could only perceive a lightning succession of blinding flashes from the reflection of the sun on the burnished blades. All that could be heard was the clash of steel upon steel. For a moment the antagonists stepped back. Every one was wondering how they could be still unhurt after such an encounter. If only one cutting blow delivered by Pantauchus had struck home it would have cut a man in two, but the agile Pyrrhus escaped each time. By sheer strength one of those blows eventually overcame the parry, touching Pyrrhus's body, bending the metal of his mail, cutting the leather of his tunic and the flesh of the warrior, but it was only a superficial wound.

The appearance of blood roused the enthusiasm of the Macedonians, whilst the Epeiorts incited Pyrrhus to quick action before loss of blood could weaken him. But Pyrrhus was unperturbed. Swiftly he attacked his opponent, and Pantauchus was seen stepping back with a terrible gash on the thigh, but he hesitated only for a second. With all his might, he plunged on Pyrrhus only to be stopped by the prompt pointing of Pyrrhus's sword at his throat. A slight deviation in Pantauchus's advance made the latter dodge the point of the sword, but not the edge which caused a cruel cut on the neck. He covered himself with his shield, staggered, and fell on one knee.

An infernal uproar burst from both sides. A voice shouted, "Save Pantauchus!" At the same time the Macedonians invaded the ground and forcibly carried off the vanquished warrior.

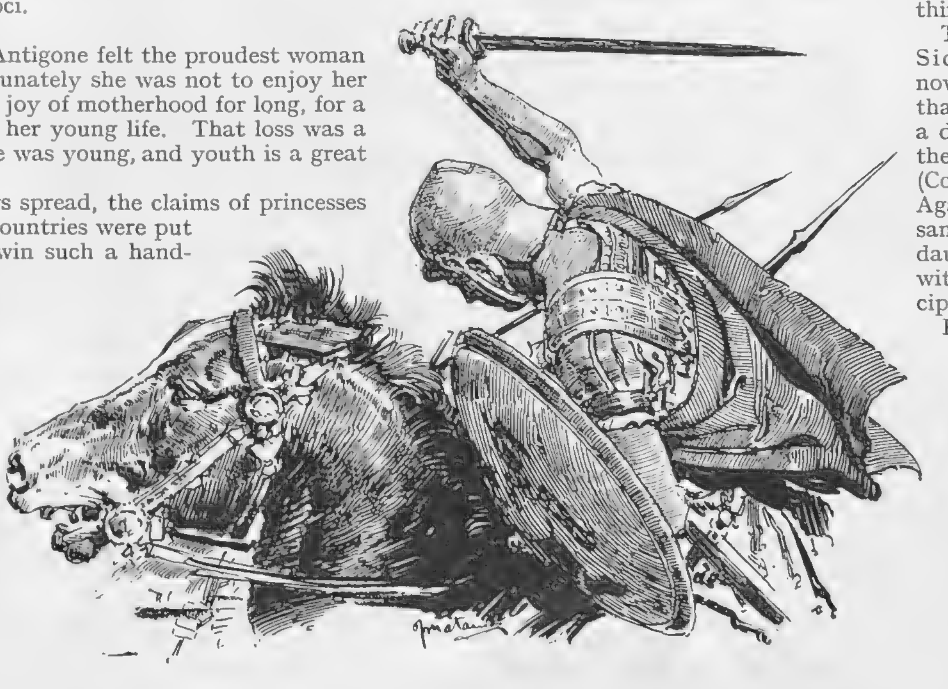
Both sides hailed Pyrrhus enthusiastically as the worthy descendant of Achilles. So ended one of the most famous duels of the Tempi Eroci.

AFTER this victory Antigone felt the proudest woman on earth, but unfortunately she was not to enjoy her happy marriage and the joy of motherhood for long, for a sudden illness cut short her young life. That loss was a blow to Pyrrhus; but he was young, and youth is a great healer.

Naturally, as the news spread, the claims of princesses from several adjoining countries were put forward, all hoping to win such a handsome and brave king.

Pyrrhus reflected that through wisely-planned marriages a number of his predecessors had enlarged their domains without violence.

Before long, he married the statuesque daughter of King Autolion, ruler of Pæonia (Bulgaria). As we shall see later, this princess had a strong physical attraction for Pyrrhus. This new wife arrived in Epeirus not only proud of the victory she had scored over her sister candidates, but jubilant to become the queen of a country that under such leadership could not fail to have the brightest future.



But how many women have succeeded for long in monopolising the heart of a man who is not only master of his actions but master of the law as well?

When he was in Illyria, Pyrrhus had known a delightful creature, delicate and sentimental, daughter of the wealthy Bardyllis. Bircenna was her name. Every one had thought that she would succeed Antigone, but the impetuous Pyrrhus had become infatuated with the Pæonian princess, and had married her instead.

Bircenna's disillusionment was soon discounted, however, for Pyrrhus, without displacing his second wife, celebrated another marriage, Bircenna becoming wife number three.

For a time, Pyrrhus seemed quite satisfied to pass from the sweet dreamy caresses of Bircenna to the strong sensuous arms of the Pæonian beauty. History does not give us any definite information regarding the adaptability of the two women to their positions, but it appears that the partnership proved quite successful. It is also evident that Pyrrhus, instead of ascribing such harmony between two women to the most astounding miracle, considered it as something quite normal.

Under this rather fallacious impression, and with the most amazing optimism, he showed a marked inclination towards a third charmer.

This was Lanassa, a Sicilian beauty renowned through the fact that she received as a dowry from her father the town of Corcyra (Corfu). Her father, Agathocles the Syracusan, had brought up his daughter in accordance with all the rigid principles of Greek education.

Pyrrhus's demand for Lanassa's hand met with ready acceptance. Festivities, sacrifices and games were celebrated at the marriage and the slow journey to Epeirus was one prolonged triumph.

When Lanassa came face to face with Pyrrhus's other two wives, she accepted their greeting with a

(*Continued on page* 96)

HOLIDAYS

SNAPSHOT ALBUM
"having a wonderful time"
"and lovely weather"

SEA-CHANTY Do you get a thrill from watching the cut of a prow or from following the foam-line in the wake of ships? Do names of ports—*Messina, Rab, Venice, Hvar, Dubrovnik, Naples*—cascade into irresistible cadences for you, and draw you wander-doped towards sailing offices?

Then, you're for a cruise, a sea change, deck sports, deck lounging, laughter, romance, far horizons, a peep of those same ports twinkling like diamonds in rows of sharp white houses against the sun-blurred hills.

You can either plunge south into short but hectic sunshine, or north to the paler but unceasing midnight sun and magnificent scenery.

From the beginning of June to the end of July there are fortnightly cruises to Bergen, the North Cape and Norwegian Fjords—from 30 gns. Longer tours can be taken, as also tours in the Baltic on the *Arandora Star*—from 22 gns. From May to the end of August there are regular P. and O., Royal Mail Line and Ellerman Line twenty-one-day cruises, on ships averaging from 16,000 to 23,000 tons.

Thomas Cook will furnish you with more dates on sailings than this page could hold.

Clothes for the North : Light tweed suit; warm travel coat; slacks; jumpers, woollies; three to four evening and dinner dresses; scarves for neck and hair; tennis shoes, deck sandals, brogues, and evening sandals; one felt hat for going ashore, and two shirt-waisty frocks.

Clothes for the South : Have two sun suits with coats or over-dresses, and at least two bathing suits and a bathing wrap; sports socks. In other respects, your attire should be the same as for the North.

GO PRIMITIVE If you're a nomad, then as soon as skies go blue you'll wish to be out and moving, to peg your tent into tough downland, or park your Eccles caravan beside deep woods, to linger by streams, or perch on mountain ledges above clouds.

From these out-of-the-world nooks you'll have to descend on merry-making crowds or never see a soul. No life is quite so free to make it what you choose, as soon as you have done the washing-up.

Details : Hire of caravans varies from £4 a week in June for a three-berth caravan, to £5 in August and £3 in September. (For a four-berth caravan add 10s. to all prices.) Car and caravan sites at seaside beauty spots are rarely less than 2s. a night or 12s. a week. At non-bathing spots they are cheaper.

Bell tents to accommodate four people, pails, hurricane lamps, mattresses and *everything*, can be hired for camping. Bell tents are 6s. 6d. a week. After the second week, hire goes down half.

Charges for tent sites are never higher than 1s. a night or 5s. a week. The finest bathing, fishing and sailing, are available for that price, as well as the finest breeze to flatten out your tent, unless you are an expert in putting it up. You should also be certain you understand a Primus stove.

Clothes : You could do with two of everything. Shorts, slacks, sweaters, blouses, shoes, socks, bathing and sun suits, warm coats. Add day or evening gowns according

to whether you intend dropping in at towns. Don't neglect to slip in some woolly underclothes, as a touch of nature can be very raw.

SIGHT-SEEING This is the year to do it. Visit the New York World Fair. Thirty million pounds have been spent on exhibits from the brains of the finest craftsmen in the world.

It is the achievement of the century. Nothing has ever come near it. And going round you'll be protected from temptation as nothing can be bought. The tonic to tired brains will be dynamic.

Ocean and excursion fares up till July by Cunard White Star *Queen Mary, New Mauretania* and fifteen other giant liners, are from £27 10s.

You can proceed from New York to California and Hollywood, to the Niagara Falls or to Canada, at reduced terms. It is the opportunity of a lifetime to see America on fares that are pre-eminently reasonable; don't miss it.

Or you may be one of those people who have always longed for a holiday in London at the height of the season. Ascot, the theatres, cabarets, even the British Museum. You certainly won't find it dull.

Paris would be cheap, and give you races, as well as the Bois, Versailles and the Louvre. Also an education in fashion.

Then there is Florence, with the favourable Italian rate of exchange towards visitors; sunbaked in summer, yet cool in those long picture galleries from which the great visions of Old Masters look down upon the world.

Clothes: Dress as for a Mediterranean cruise on the Atlantic trip, and as for tropics in New York—printed frocks and uncrushable linen suits. Leave room in your bag to bring back American dresses, for they are a revelation.

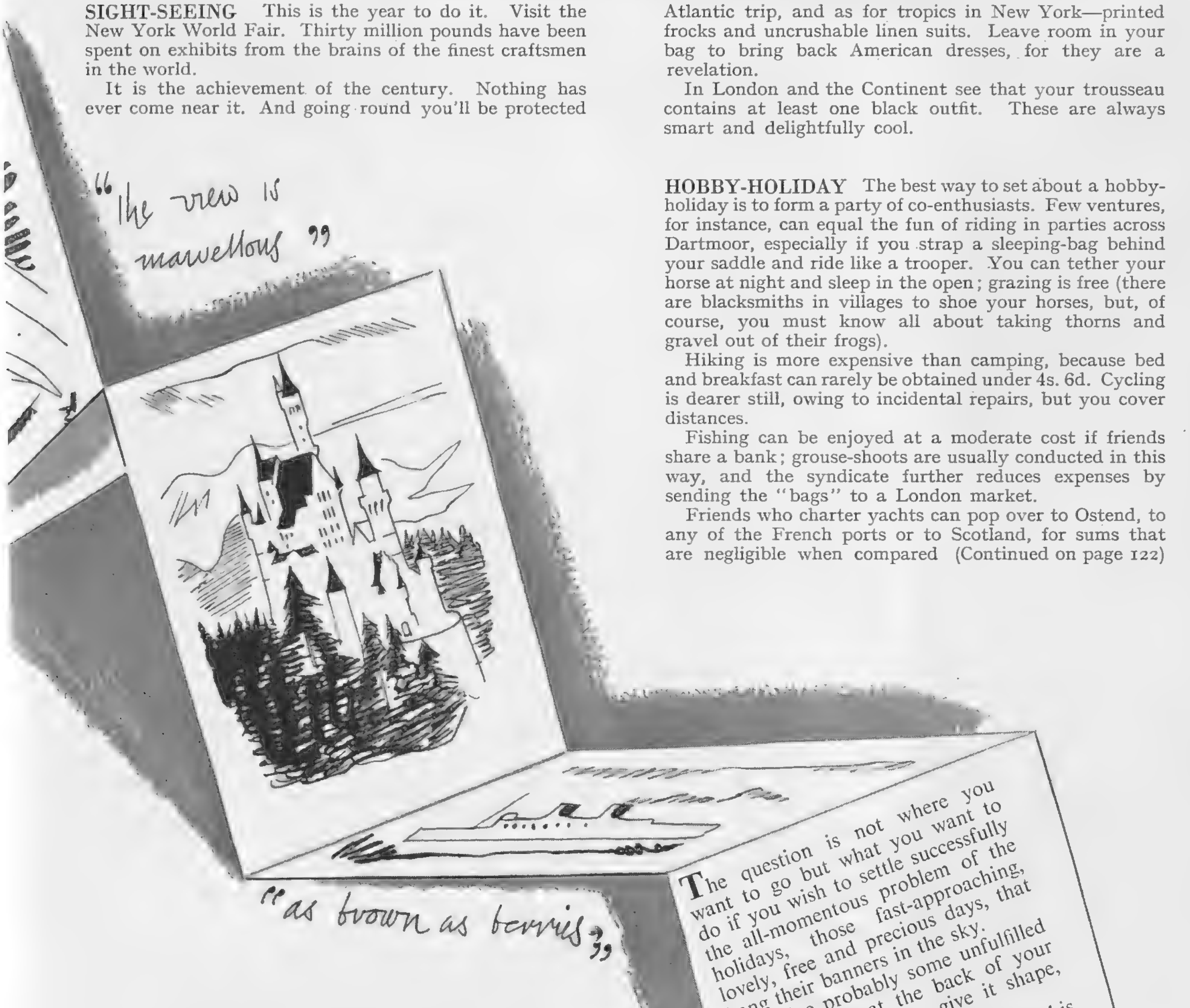
In London and the Continent see that your trousseau contains at least one black outfit. These are always smart and delightfully cool.

HOBBY-HOLIDAY The best way to set about a hobby-holiday is to form a party of co-enthusiasts. Few ventures, for instance, can equal the fun of riding in parties across Dartmoor, especially if you strap a sleeping-bag behind your saddle and ride like a trooper. You can tether your horse at night and sleep in the open; grazing is free (there are blacksmiths in villages to shoe your horses, but, of course, you must know all about taking thorns and gravel out of their frogs).

Hiking is more expensive than camping, because bed and breakfast can rarely be obtained under 4s. 6d. Cycling is dearer still, owing to incidental repairs, but you cover distances.

Fishing can be enjoyed at a moderate cost if friends share a bank; grouse-shoots are usually conducted in this way, and the syndicate further reduces expenses by sending the "bags" to a London market.

Friends who charter yachts can pop over to Ostend, to any of the French ports or to Scotland, for sums that are negligible when compared (Continued on page 122)



The question is not where you want to go but what you want to do if you wish to settle successfully the all-momentous problem of the holidays, those fast-approaching, lovely, free and precious days, that hang their banners in the sky.

You've probably some unfulfilled plan or wish at the back of your mind. Bring it out, give it shape, let it slip into action.

If you've no plan, perhaps this page will help you. While your eye slips through it, remember that no rest quite equals the one to be obtained from completely changing your mode of living.

Always take as much money again for incidentals as you have laid aside for board and fares. This not only applies to a cruise when shore visits can knock a budget cock-eyed, but is a precaution which gives ease to any holiday.

"We'd like to stay here for ever"

The MAN on your
How to

I suppose you've been brought up in the tradition that men are lovable but unpredictable. Most women have. This and other things have undoubtedly led you at times to think that if you could only master the occult processes of mind reading you and the Man of the Moment would make a much better team.

Well, and why shouldn't you? Mind reading isn't one of the Black Arts. It is quite simple. The method is something like this:

You take a large quantity of woman's instinct, leaven it with some intelligent observation, add a dash of experience, season with common sense and what have you? The complete Masculine Thought Detector. Well, practically.

You think that is a bit far-fetched, but why?

The truth is that in all essentials—and tradition can say what it likes—the male thinking machine is like any other piece of mechanism, understandable to a good engineer.

Don't tell me you are not good at engineering. If you're not, it's your own fault because you've been fooling around when you ought to have been studying. This is your career, don't forget.

It is quite true that the mental processes of one man seem to differ from those of another's. But don't be confused because common impulses express themselves in individual forms.

You may think your masculine preoccupation of the moment is absolutely a Man Apart, but I deny that.

I assure you that behind a smoke screen of individual mannerisms you have the mixture as before. He is made on the same general pattern as the rest of his species, and whether or not he talks their language with an intonation of his own, the meaning is the same.

Don't think I'm demeaning him. Far from it. It is a simple truth that applies also to ourselves and if men understood the fact there would be less to-do about Mysterious Woman.

About mind reading. You must remember, you Thought Detectors, that consistency is a stronger factor in his mental make-up than in your own. That should be a great help to your calculations.

With slight variations you can depend upon his acting again and again in the same way to a given stimulus.

If you know him well, your past experience will be an aid, if he is a newcomer in your life you must handle him like a new piece of machinery, remembering that its basic construction makes certain manifestations inevitable and that individual peculiarities can be mastered in good time.

For a start, you will want to know just what sort of impression you've made on him and if he is likely to think of you as a serious factor in his affairs or as just another wayside flower.

In all cases you may entertain hopes if, after the first shyness has worn off, he is ready to talk as much or more about you than about himself.

A man has two ways of presenting himself to a woman. One is as a potential guardian. This way is for the woman he would like to marry. The other is as a creature of irresistible fascination and is for the women he wouldn't like to marry.

If a man tells you of his past experiences with women, you can practically give up hope of his serious intentions towards you, but if you can keep him at arm's length for a whole evening, alone with you, and be certain that it's not your last evening, he is in love for sure, or you are already married.

There is another time when an X-ray of his mind would save you a lot of heart-burning. This is when he is showing interest in another woman and you positively cannot be sure if he is indulging a little harmless dalliance or contemplating leaving you flat.

Now, of course, you must draw upon your knowledge of his ability to analyse his own emotions and, if necessary, to keep them to himself.

In any case you must take pains to conceal your interest in the situation and discuss her as casually as you can, but with motives, of course.

If he talks of her easily, without embarrassment, even with enthusiasm, you may take

MIND,

read the mind of

heart. On the other hand, if he is cagey or shows elaborate pains to express his lack of interest in that quarter, there is probably trouble brewing.

Perhaps you still think that mind reading is just a lot of guess work. Well, in some cases it may be, though I prefer to call it deduction.

For instance, there are those occasions when you've been out and had a pretty good evening together.

At your front door you feel the friendly and pleasant thing to round the evening off and to return his hospitality would be to ask him in for a drink. Your motives are strictly platonic, but you don't know him very well and you can't be sure what is in his mind about what is in yours.

This, I admit, is an occasion for astute calculation, but you are still safe in referring to the rules.

If he accepts the suggestion with confident alacrity, he has probably misjudged you, whereas if he shows even the most unconvincing hesitance, you can depend upon his taking his cue from you.

In any case, this is a good test of your ability as a mind reader, so when you ask him in, look him full in the eyes and if you can't read your fortune there, you ought not to be out so late anyway.

Bear in mind that, so far as dilemmas of this and other kinds are concerned a man's mind is very apt to be a reflection of your own. There *is* something in telepathy.

Put it this way :

You ask him up for a drink. He is a predatory example of his sex and wonders if the situation has possibilities.

In such a moment of doubt it is not for you to ask yourself. "What is he thinking?" but to frame a policy and let him do the mind reading for once. Of course, if you haven't got a policy you can't expect him to be very accurate.

It is the very firmness, shall I say the co-ordination, of masculine thinking that makes it more simple to anticipate than the feminine variety. The average man knows what he wants and what he thinks and there is no indecision, no dithering about it. As a pilot, that gives you a firm basis for navigation, whereas on his side of the situation the feminine capacity for indecision calls for a certain amount of blind flying.

And now, what about the man who tells you in all the accepted ways that you understand him and his wife doesn't? How are you to penetrate those soft assurances, and to discover exactly to what extent he is sincere and to what he is using this form of flattery, for base purposes?

This is practically the simplest of all exercises in mind reading. First, base your calculations on the extent to which he discusses his wife with you.

If he does so freely and is active in pointing out her faults, you can suspect him of the worst. No man who is sincere or worthy, or for that matter in the least difficult to mind read, utterly discards loyalty to the woman he has married.

If he shows as much regard for your interests as for his own, then you may assume, with strict reservations, that what's going on in his mind is something worth giving a second thought to.

So, you see, you can read the minds of many men with tolerable accuracy by bearing in mind that, basically, men think alike.

You can read the mind of a particular man and keep it up for a lifetime by studying the outlines of his philosophy, by treating him as a piece of mechanism upon the understanding of which your happiness depends.

After all, anything so vital and so intricate as the understanding of another human being is well worth the studying.

Look at it this way. You can drive a car, but if you are totally ignorant of the mechanism of your machine, some time or other it will break down and you will be left sitting beside the road.

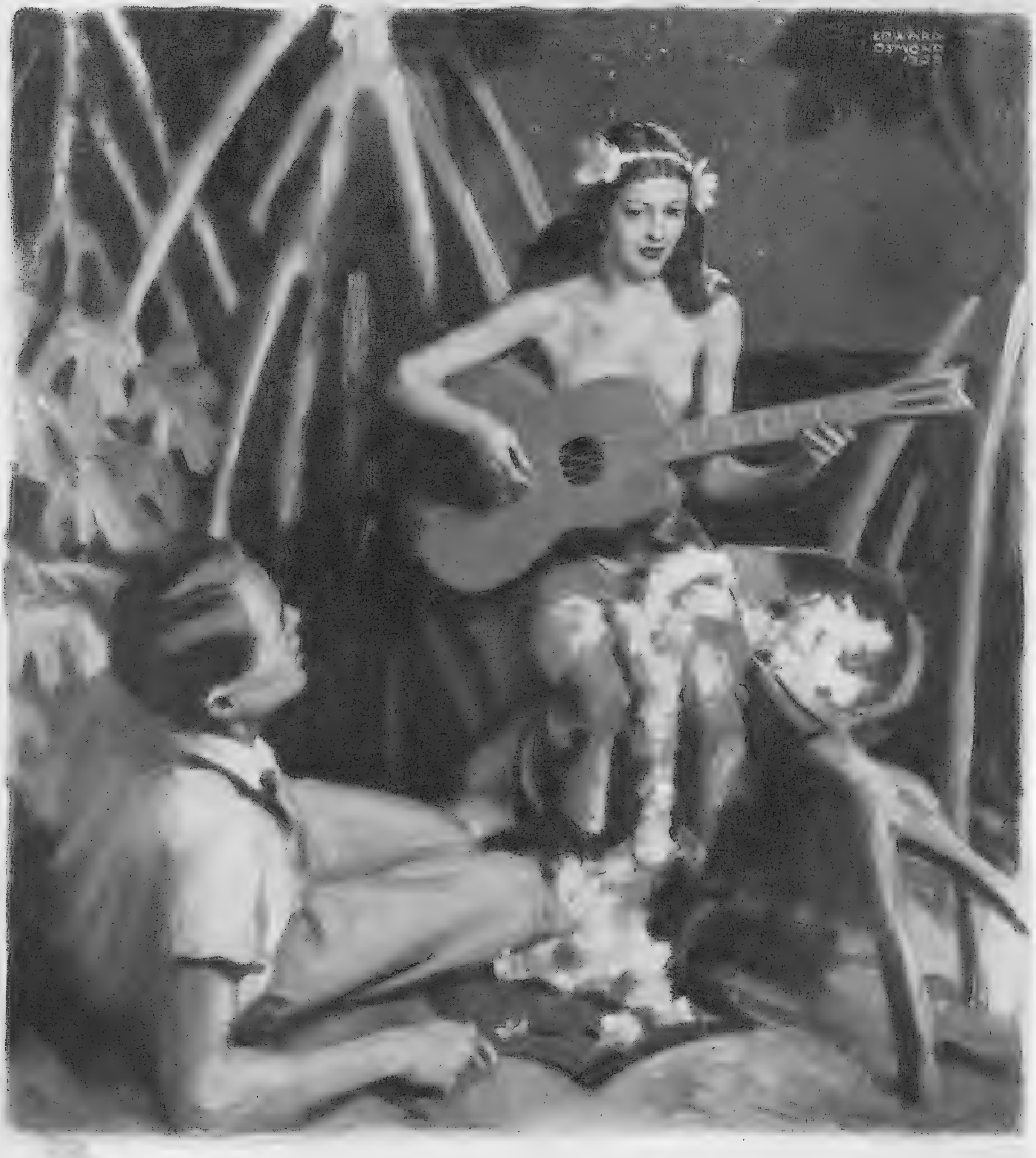
So, study your subject—and remember—mind readers are not magicians, but they are shrewd.

By Winifred Lewis

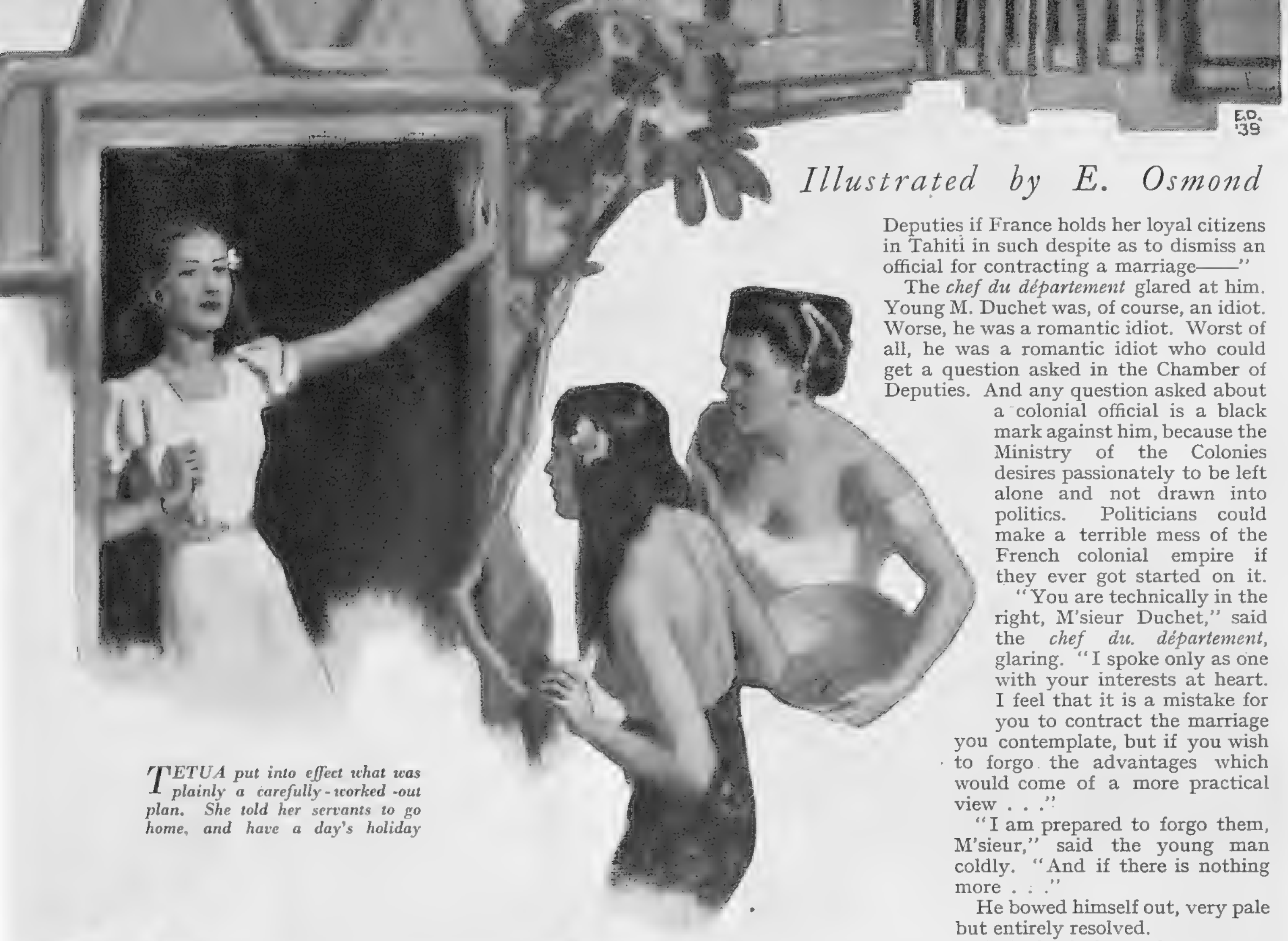
THIS happened in Papeete, where the sky is bluer than is seemly, and the green things greener than is suitable, and the flowers are both larger and more colourful than is anyhow respectable. Also there is tropic moonlight and a perpetual distant sound of surf, and the stimulating scent of frangipane upon dusky-skinned, smiling girls. And there are other things, too, which are detrimental to the morals and discretion of young Gauls in the service of their country, and which ought to be considered extenuating circumstances. But there must have been something personal to young M. Duchet to make him pattern his life in a fashion the rest of his world regarded with combined amusement and irritation.

He came out young, a good many years ago. He was the perfect type of conscientious young Frenchman who does come out to clerk in colonial administrative offices, and had he done the normal sort of thing to be expected of him, there would be no story. He should have come to have a vast respect, if not affection, for red tape. He should have drunk heavily until his liver warned him, and he should have had a certain number of conscientiously frivolous love affairs with the more attractive *Tahitiennes,* and finally he should have established a comfortable *ménage à Tahiti* to serve until he went back to France with a tiny pension and an incurable nostalgia.

Unfortunately, he did otherwise. In fact, he met Tetua, who was then seventeen and utterly desirable. Her father,



YOUNG M. Duchet was new in Tahiti and filled with dreams and the urgencies peculiar to dreaming. He saw Tetua and was seen by Tetua. Their dreams merged tumultuously and they saw vast happiness before them



TETUA put into effect what was plainly a carefully-worked-out plan. She told her servants to go home, and have a day's holiday

Illustrated by E. Osmond

Monsieur Duchet

The Man who Lived Alone

By Will. F. Jenkins

it was said, had deserted from a warship because of love for her mother, and had died in the prison to which he was sent for that fault of love. Her mother had been the most beautiful girl on Vairao. Young M. Duchet was new in Tahiti and filled with dreams and the urgencies peculiar to dreaming. He saw Tetua and was seen by Tetua. Their dreams merged tumultuously and they saw vast happiness before them.

Then young M. Duchet received a fatherly warning from his immediate official superior.

"*Mon cher M. Duchet,*" said the *chef du département* vexedly, "I regret that I must ask you to deny a very stupid rumour."

"Yes, M'sieur ?" said the young man politely.

"It is that you are about to contract a marriage with a young lady. A charming young lady, no doubt, but—er——"

"I cannot deny it, M'sieur," said the young man still more politely, "because it is quite true. Ma'mselle Tetua has done me the honour to——"

The *chef du département* swore at him peevishly. He expressed his opinion of a Colonial Ministry which sent out to the colonies young imbeciles who did not understand conditions and would have to be shipped back again.

"M'sieur," said young M. Duchet most politely of all, "do the regulations of the Ministry of Colonies outline matrimonial arrangements I must not make?"

"*Peste !*" snapped his superior. "They do not, but if my subordinates make fools of themselves, I can see to it that they are dismissed !"

THE young man's eyes narrowed. This was in his chief's private office, but the windows were necessarily open and the town lay luridly colourful below and beyond. It was not at all a plausible landscape. Palms and bougainvillæa filled the eye up to the mountains, and from there improbable colourings led up to the sky which was bluer than blue. It was not at all a suitable setting for discussions of official careers or anything so unromantic as bread and butter.

"M'sieur," said young Duchet very quietly, "should that happen, the same influence which secured me my appointment will assuredly ask in the Chamber of Deputies if France holds her loyal citizens in Tahiti in such despite as to dismiss an official for contracting a marriage——"

The *chef du département* glared at him. Young M. Duchet was, of course, an idiot. Worse, he was a romantic idiot. Worst of all, he was a romantic idiot who could get a question asked in the Chamber of Deputies. And any question asked about a colonial official is a black mark against him, because the Ministry of the Colonies desires passionately to be left alone and not drawn into politics. Politicians could make a terrible mess of the French colonial empire if they ever got started on it.

"You are technically in the right, M'sieur Duchet," said the *chef du. département*, glaring. "I spoke only as one with your interests at heart. I feel that it is a mistake for you to contract the marriage you contemplate, but if you wish to forgo the advantages which would come of a more practical view . . ."

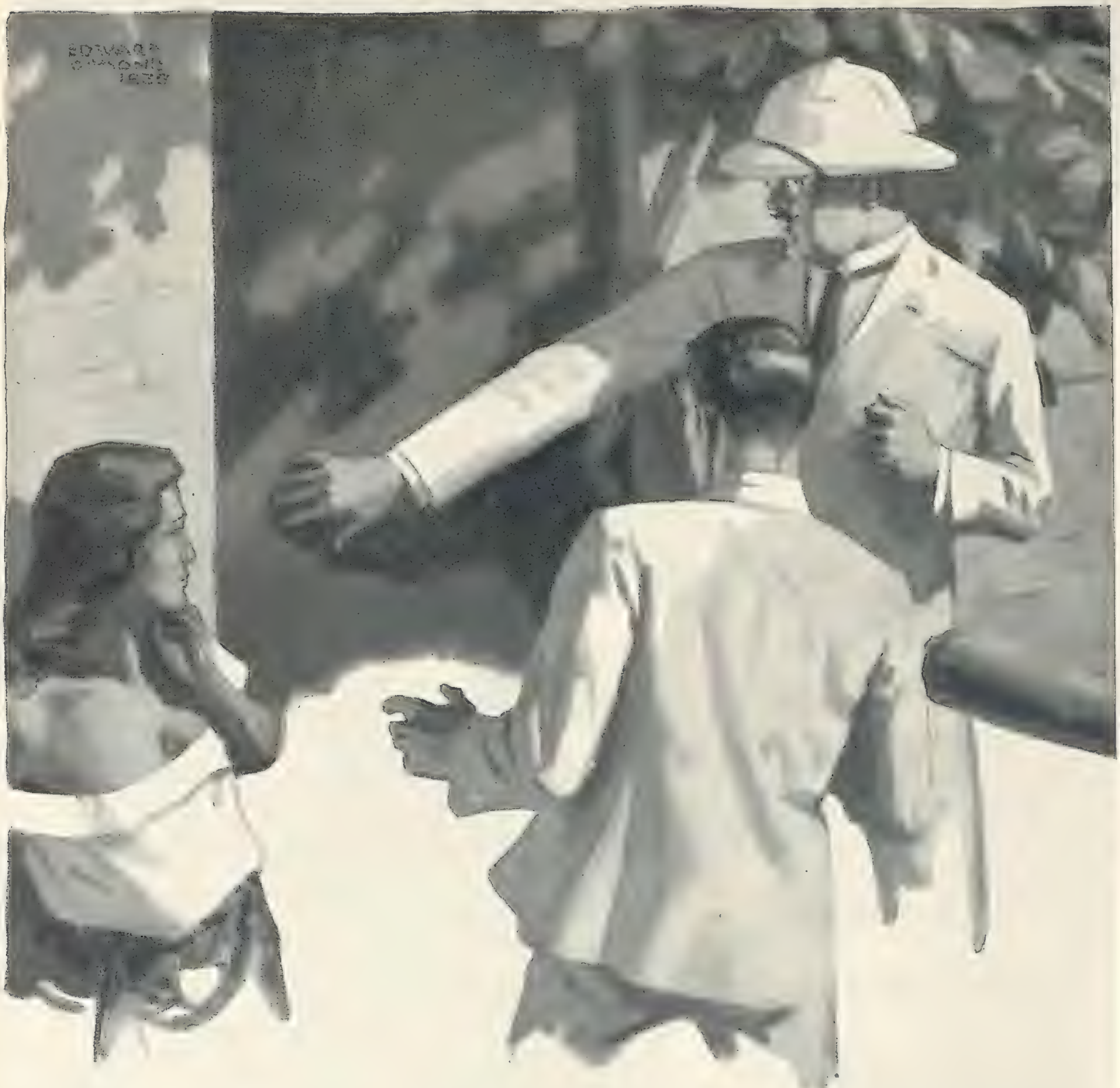
"I am prepared to forgo them, M'sieur," said the young man coldly. "And if there is nothing more . . ."

He bowed himself out, very pale but entirely resolved.

He had, of course, thrown away for pure romance such promotions as would normally come of a placid pre-occupation with red tape throughout the years. Before his retirement, he would have lost a small fortune in salary, and his pension would be infinitesimal, and he might even lose the ribbon for his buttonhole which a benevolent Government gives to its colonial servants who are never detected in wrongdoing.

THAT was the price he paid for romance. What he received was something else. He married Tetua four days later, in the cathedral, with an almost exclusively brown-skinned congregation as witnesses. He and Tetua went to live in a tiny house up on the hills behind the city. And this was Tahiti, and they had soft warm moonlit nights in which to be happy together, and wide coral beaches on which to walk in that moonlight, and blue sea and bluer sky, and a riotous *mélange* of tropic beauty all about them. Also, Tetua was just seventeen and utterly desirable, with warm and luminous eyes and delectable curvings. Her skin was only slightly dusky, and she spoke French with the adorably infantile accent she had learned at the Sisters' school at Maraa. Oh, decidedly, young M. Duchet had every reason in the world to be quite insane with happiness—as long as he did not use his common sense.

He avoided that depressing exercise for a long time. When their marriage had lasted perhaps six or seven months, somebody died back in France and young M. Duchet came into some money. Not enormously much. Not enough to retire on, certainly. But it would have made him a much more desirable husband for



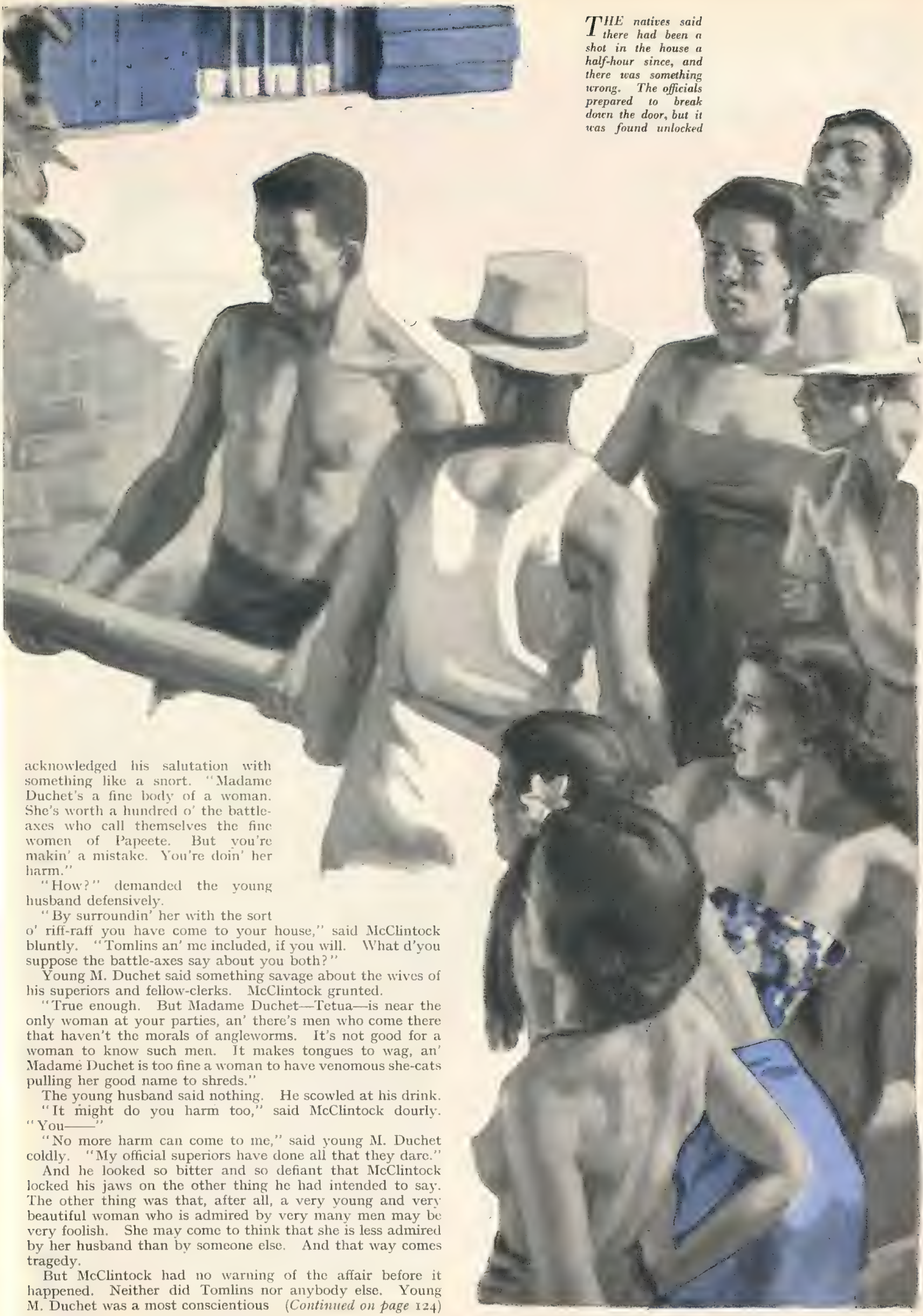
one of the white virgins of Papeete. Apparently somebody regretfully mentioned the fact to him. And he immediately proved that he did not regret his marriage. He could have put the money into speculation, or a little polite usury, or a share in some reasonably prosperous plantation. These things would have been wise, against his return to France. But instead, he bought a house for Tetua to live in. It was made of stone, in defiant symbolism of the permanency of their union. It had a walled garden and shutters, and it would have been a great social advantage to the average governmental clerk. As a *ménage* for a girl whose ancestors had been high chiefs of Vairao, however, it was almost a slap in the face to official society.

To make it worse, young M. Duchet and his dark-eyed wife actually began to entertain. They were desperately gay and desperately in love with each other. And the young husband was proud of his wife with the fierce pride of a man who had flung away his career for her. By bureaucratic society the pair was, of course, ignored. And therefore they defiantly gave gay entertainments for what other and lesser society was to be found. Some foreigners, with those French who were either rich enough to ignore or not reputable enough to matter to the wives of M. Duchet's superiors and fellow-clerks.

They were rather pathetic, those parties though. There was a little French priest who came sometimes. He was chaplain to the leper colony on Pehoa, and if not forcibly prevented he would talk shop—which was ghastly. There is leprosy on Tahiti, though the authorities try to ignore it. But that is no reason for talking, at a supposedly gay party, of the tragic things that happen when a discovered leper is torn from his home to suffer heartbreak in the isolation colony. But there were other guests who were less tedious. There were a couple of foreigners—McClintock for one, of Polynesian Trading, and Tomlins for another, who had something to do with oil. They were even respectable business men. But most of the Duchet's guests were riff-raff and human oddities. There were copra-schooner skippers and plantation owners and overseers and fly-by-night independent traders and promoters of dubious ventures. There were very few women—very few. The young husband was proud, you see. He barred the dusky mistresses of his guests, and there were not many girls from the Sisters' school at Maraa who were married to white men. Tetua shone at her small receptions almost alone. And she was very young, and she was very beautiful, and if the guests of her husband found her lovely and said so, or charming and let the fact be seen—why, Tetua glowed with an adorable pride that she did such credit to her husband.

That was young M. Duchet's viewpoint, anyhow. He was desperately, really terribly in love with Tetua, but McClintock and Tomlins thought it almost a pity. McClintock lectured him once.

"Mon, you're a fool," said McClintock sourly, as they sipped at a drink before the Hotel Tahitien. The young clerk's immediate superior had passed them and



THE natives said there had been a shot in the house a half-hour since, and there was something wrong. The officials prepared to break down the door, but it was found unlocked

acknowledged his salutation with something like a snort. "Madame Duchet's a fine body of a woman. She's worth a hundred o' the battle-axes who call themselves the fine women of Papeete. But you're makin' a mistake. You're doin' her harm."

"How?" demanded the young husband defensively.

"By surroundin' her with the sort o' riff-raff you have come to your house," said McClintock bluntly. "Tomlins an' me included, if you will. What d'you suppose the battle-axes say about you both?"

Young M. Duchet said something savage about the wives of his superiors and fellow-clerks. McClintock grunted.

"True enough. But Madame Duchet—Tetua—is near the only woman at your parties, an' there's men who come there that haven't the morals of angleworms. It's not good for a woman to know such men. It makes tongues to wag, an' Madame Duchet is too fine a woman to have venomous she-cats pulling her good name to shreds."

The young husband said nothing. He scowled at his drink.

"It might do you harm too," said McClintock dourly. "You——"

"No more harm can come to me," said young M. Duchet coldly. "My official superiors have done all that they dare."

And he looked so bitter and so defiant that McClintock locked his jaws on the other thing he had intended to say. The other thing was that, after all, a very young and very beautiful woman who is admired by very many men may be very foolish. She may come to think that she is less admired by her husband than by someone else. And that way comes tragedy.

But McClintock had no warning of the affair before it happened. Neither did Tomlins nor anybody else. Young M. Duchet was a most conscientious

(*Continued on page* 124)

COUNTRY COUSIN, WIFE AND SISTER, COME TO TOWN

Let us suppose you have a week in London—a week that reduces itself to five and a half working days, each of which you could probably fill a dozen times over.

There is so much you want to do. There is your hair to be fixed, for that is the thing all women rush for first when they come to London or go to Paris. There are new and exciting beauty treatments you want to try. There is all the shopping you have promised yourself to do, not in a rush at the last minute, but methodically and in good time.

Knowing what you want is the easiest part of your campaign. Knowing where to get it is the thing that matters most, especially when time is an unalterable factor.

So here are the new and the special things that London can offer you, the amenities that will simplify your tasks and heighten the pleasures of your visit.

HAIR. For a really exciting hair-do, the sort that puts you on top of the world and provides you with lots of fun while you are getting there, go to Antoine, in Dover Street. He is a supreme hair-stylist and is always bursting with brilliant ideas.

For the sort of permanent wave that will fulfil your fondest hopes, make an appointment with Truefitt & Hill, in Bond Street. They have a painless and really miraculous system which brings softness and brightness even to cruelly overbleached hair and which does not in the slightest degree discolour white hair. Imagine how good it is for normal, well-behaved hair.

If you wear your hair short, or if it is badly out of shape, go to see Francis, in Hanover Square. They have a special flair for cutting, and for making heads look astonishingly neat and distinguished. If you like to keep your own hair looking good, they are the people to set you off on the right track.

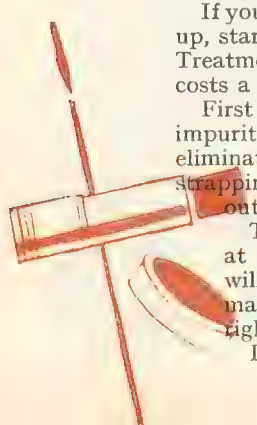
BEAUTY. Decide, before you come up to town, exactly what you need in the way of beauty culture.

If your skin is tired and dull and badly needs waking up, start your week with the new Cyclax Three-Step Treatment. It takes an hour and a half, and it costs a guinea.

First there is a special mask which draws out impurities, after which hand massage completes their elimination. Then comes skin toning and chin strapping, and finally a make-up that will send you out triumphant.

Their make-up service is a thing to remember at the end of a heavy day. For 7s. 6d. they will give you a quick cleansing treatment and a make-up which will remain radiantly unimpaired right through the evening.

If you are too tired to go to their salons in South Molton Street, they will send somebody to your house or hotel.



The new summer Cyclax make-up is called English rose. It runs through rouge, powder, foundation, lipstick, nail varnish, and has quality.

If you want your legs to be beautiful now that summer is here, ask about the Cyclax wax treatment. It is quick and it removes all hair and keeps the legs smooth for a long time, for it discourages regrowth.

Helena Rubinstein gives an Oxylation Treatment at her Mayfair salon which achieves wonderful results in the shortest space of time. It takes an hour and a half. It makes clogged pores breathe again and gives vitality to the skin.

By a special process, live oxygen is forced through a herbal lotion which is sprayed on the face.

Afterwards, a nourishing cream is applied, followed by a special mask. The treatment finishes with another oxylation and a luxurious make-up. Just one treatment will make a tremendous difference, but you could have two or three during the week if you wanted them.

The new Aquarelle make-up is divine.

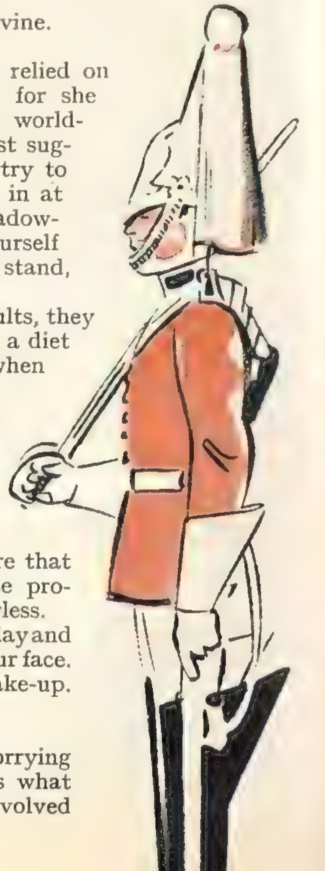
Elizabeth Arden can always be relied on to produce really practical ideas, for she works in close collaboration with world-famous dress designers. Her newest suggestion is that before you buy or try to wear new clothes you should drop in at 25 Old Bond Street to have your shadowgraph taken. This will show you yourself as you *think* you stand, as you *do* stand, and as you *should* stand.

Having discovered your figure faults, they can work out a set of exercises and a diet sheet which can be sent on to you when you get home.

Their demonstration treatments are another excellent idea. The treatment takes one hour, costs one guinea, and shows you step by step every movement of the Arden home beauty treatment so that you may afterwards be sure that you are always treating your face professionally and your make-up is flawless.

An Elizabeth Arden facial is a holiday and a tonic for your spirits as well as your face. Ask to see the new Stop Red make-up. It is something.

If the contours of your face are worrying you, the new Innoxa treatment is what you want. It is a French method evolved



by the famous Dr. Debat. It takes only an hour.

First the skin is diagnosed and an individual treatment worked out. Then comes an exceptionally deep massage for which a special powder is used instead of a cream to facilitate the picking up of the muscles, one by one.

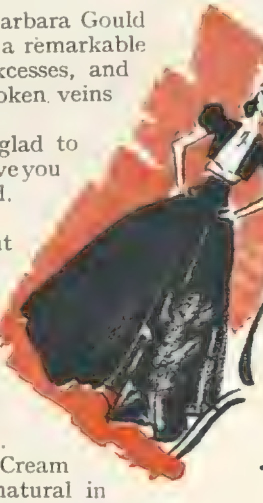
This so effectively works up the circulation that it even slightly raises the temperature.

While you are there, ask them to show you their facial exercises which should be done at home. They counteract bad habits and prevent sagging.

Their new lipsticks are something you can write home about. They contain a special ingredient which makes them smooth as silk, yet not greasy. The ten new colours are fascinating.

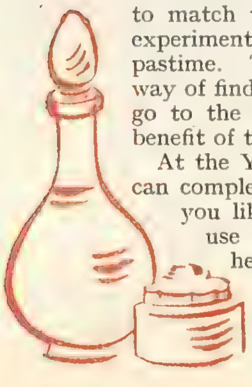
If your skin is too dry or too oily, Barbara Gould has an Irradiated Skin Cream which is a remarkable normaliser. It rids the skin of all excesses, and they claim that it is good for small broken veins which show beneath the surface.

At 2 Old Bond Street they will be glad to advise you about your make-up, or will give you a make-up blending treatment for 3s. 6d.



At the Leichner salon at 89 Regent Street, their experts, who for years have made a close study of make-up—most of the stage stars use Leichner products—will give you a clean-up and a make-up that is matched to your personality for 5s. 6d. It is a stimulating experiment, and they will not press you to buy anything, which is pleasant.

They have an excellent new Liquid Cream Foundation which is very light and natural in effect and which holds make-up perfectly through a whole day. It costs 4s. 6d., and really helps to fine the texture of the skin.



New shades in make-up come out each season to match the colours of the new clothes, but experimenting with them can prove a costly pastime. The most economical and satisfying way of finding out which will best suit you is to go to the makers, so that you may have the benefit of their advice.

At the Yardley shop in Old Bond Street you can completely change your make-up whenever you like, for they are delighted to let you use their preparations and to give you helpful suggestions without charge.

Alternatively you can have a half-hour cleanse, massage, and make-up treatment for 5s. 6d. They also do a particularly good neck and shoulder massage treatment for 10s. 6d. For this you should allow three-quarters of an hour. It is well worth the time and money.

Coty's half-hour make-up treatment, which includes a thorough cleansing and a quick massage, costs 5s. 6d., or, if you can spare an hour at their Bond Street shop, they have a treatment which includes the neck and a toning mask. Their new Parisian Foundation Cream is proving a sensational success.

If you like an absolutely natural make-up you will be thrilled with Adelaide Grey's scientific massage treatment. Go to 27 Old Bond Street, prepared to spend half an hour and three and sixpence. During that time you have a cleanse and massage specially worked out for either dry or greasy skins. Marvellous value.

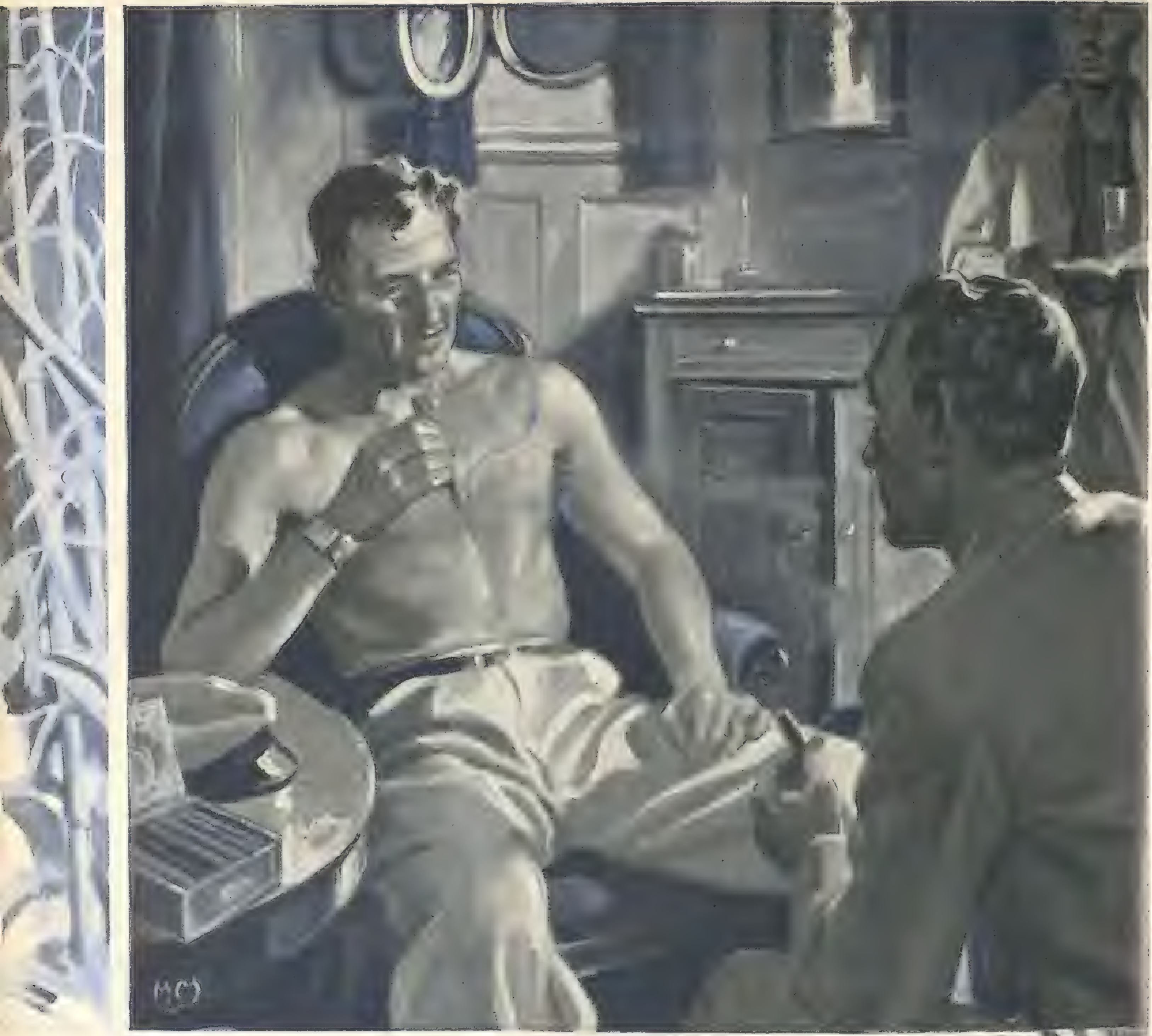
In Boots "Number Seven" Beauty Salon at 182 Regent Street, they specialise in a course of treatments for the woman who has only a week at her disposal.

Each massage treatment takes an hour and is followed by an ice mask. The cost is one guinea for three treatments.

Single treatments are 7s. 6d. They also do an effective arm and back massage for 5s. This takes half an hour. Their star turn is a manicure, for which they use Revlon polish, and which costs 2s.

One luxury you should certainly indulge in while you are in London is a Peggy Sage manicure and pedicure. If you have not yet seen the colours of her new varnishes they will come as an absolute revelation,

(Continued on page 83)



WE were in his stuffy little cabin. A Malay boy came in with tall lime drinks. In the tropic night, Horn was bare from the belt up, wearing only white pants and sandals

ANCHORED there with the ship rolling gently, I could look out and see the lights of Suva alternately rise and dip from sight. It was hot, that night, with the trades a month overdue. From open hatches came the rancid smell of copra.

"It's not for sale," Captain Horn said. He spoke quietly, as always, for Horn was none of your roaring shipmasters. He came from New Bedford, and the sea was in his blood, yet I'd never heard him swear at even a deck swabber.

"You'd better put a few braces on it, then," I retorted, "before it falls to pieces." We were in his stuffy little cabin, where for the past hour I'd been trying to wheedle him out of an old brass-bound sea chest by the wall there. The chest's metal was tarnished and its oak was rotting, while many of its rivets had corroded completely away.

Horn nodded. "Aye, I reckon it won't stand much handling. That's why I've never touched it since I fetched it aboard just a year ago."

A Malay boy came in with tall lime drinks—liquorless, for Horn again broke precedents by being a total abstainer. There was more ice in his glass, I noticed, than in mine. Nor had the drinks been ordered. It was simply that the cabin boy fairly worshiped his captain. The rest of the crew were the same way. And no wonder. Where else could they find the same fare in the fo'c'stle as in the master's mess, or stand watch under discipline that didn't sting?

Big and weathered, Horn was, but gentle; a strong man with mild and sky-blue eyes. In the stickiness of this smothering, tropic night he was bare from the belt up, wearing only white pants and sandals. And yet even so he carried a dignity at which I, his roving passenger for the past three months, had often wondered. Maybe the answer came from clean Yankee lineage which went back, I knew, all the way to Bunker Hill. Or from books which lined his cabin walls. Thackeray, Dickens, Walter Scott, Stevenson—the very best of prose was there.

"It looks," I said now, meaning the brass-bound chest, "like it might have been underground a long time."

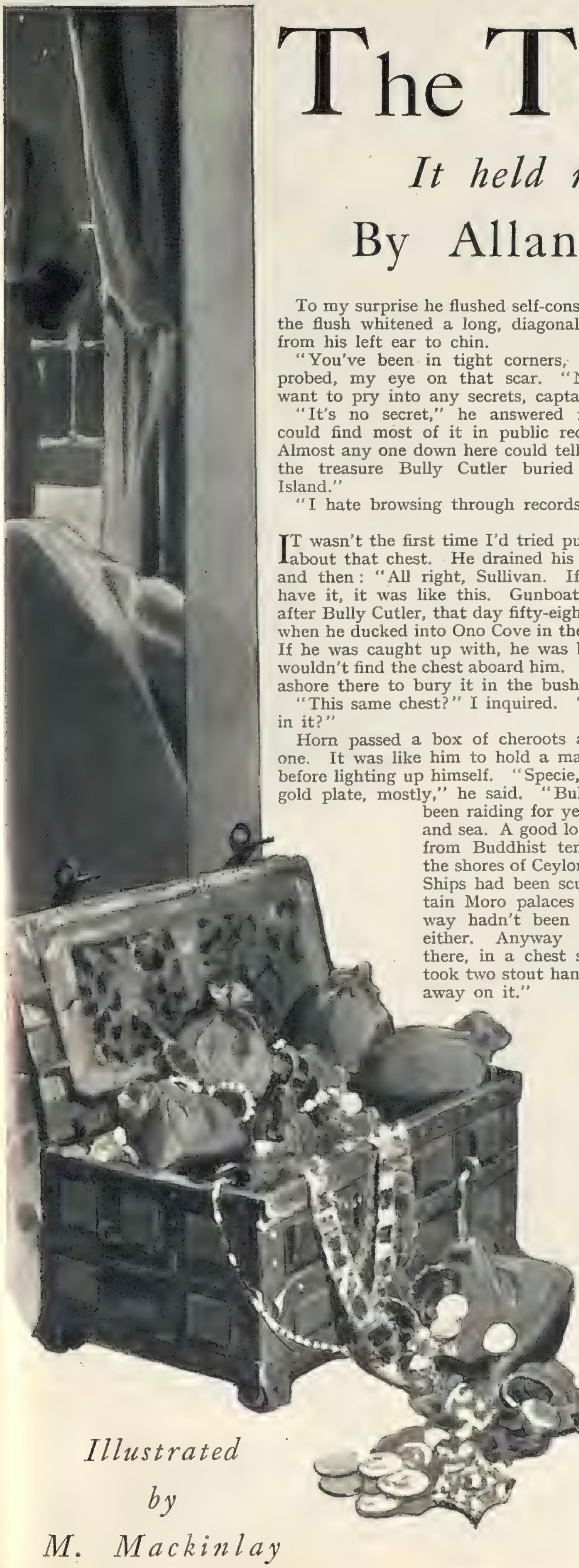
He smiled faintly. "For fifty-seven years," he said, "it was buried on Snark Island, in the Solomons."

"Then *you*," I laughed, "couldn't have been the bold pirate who buried it there." For Horn appeared to be not more than forty years old.

The Treasure Chest

It held more than pirate loot

By Allan Vaughan Elston



Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

To my surprise he flushed self-consciously and the flush whitened a long, diagonal knife scar from his left ear to chin.

"You've been in tight corners, though," I probed, my eye on that scar. "Not that I want to pry into any secrets, captain."

"It's no secret," he answered me. "You could find most of it in public records, now. Almost any one down here could tell you about the treasure Bully Cutler buried on Snark Island."

"I hate browsing through records, captain."

IT wasn't the first time I'd tried pumping him about that chest. He drained his glass, now, and then: "All right, Sullivan. If you must have it, it was like this. Gunboats were hot after Bully Cutler, that day fifty-eight years ago when he ducked into Ono Cove in the Solomons. If he was caught up with, he was bound they wouldn't find the chest aboard him. So he went ashore there to bury it in the bush."

"This same chest?" I inquired. "What was in it?"

Horn passed a box of cheroots and I took one. It was like him to hold a match for me before lighting up himself. "Specie, jewels and gold plate, mostly," he said. "Bully Cutler'd been raiding for years on land and sea. A good lot of it came from Buddhist temples along the shores of Ceylon and Siam. Ships had been scuttled. Certain Moro palaces down Sulu way hadn't been overlooked, either. Anyway it was all there, in a chest so heavy it took two stout hands to heave away on it."

"Did the whole crew go ashore," I asked, "when they buried it?"

"All but a Chinese cook and a few roustabouts," Horn told me. "These saw the shore party disappear into the bush with the chest. From facts that came out later we know just what happened. Bully buried the chest and started back to the beach. But he never got there."

"No?"

"Cannibals," he explained. "They closed in with spears. Massacred every man jack of them."

"The devil!" And yet it was quite credible. Fifty-eight years ago, I knew, the Solomon Islands had not yet been tamed by British rule.

"From a deck half a mile offshore," Horn went on, "the Chinese cook and a few roustabouts saw the whole thing. So they upped anchor and ran out to sea. Being short-handed, they made a lubberly cruise of it. First land they sighted was New Caledonia, where the Chinese cook deserted. The rest of them limped into an Australian port a month later and were arrested there, prompt enough, and charged with piracy on the high seas. In court, one of those roustabouts turned Crown's evidence to save his neck. He told everything he knew about Bully Cutler."

"Even about the treasure on Snark Island?"

"Even about that. But the man who turned Crown's evidence hadn't seen the chest buried. All he knew was that Cutler disappeared into the bush with it. He couldn't even be sure the wild men hadn't made off with it to the hills. So the chest wasn't found. Yet all the while one man could have gone right to it."

"Who was that?"

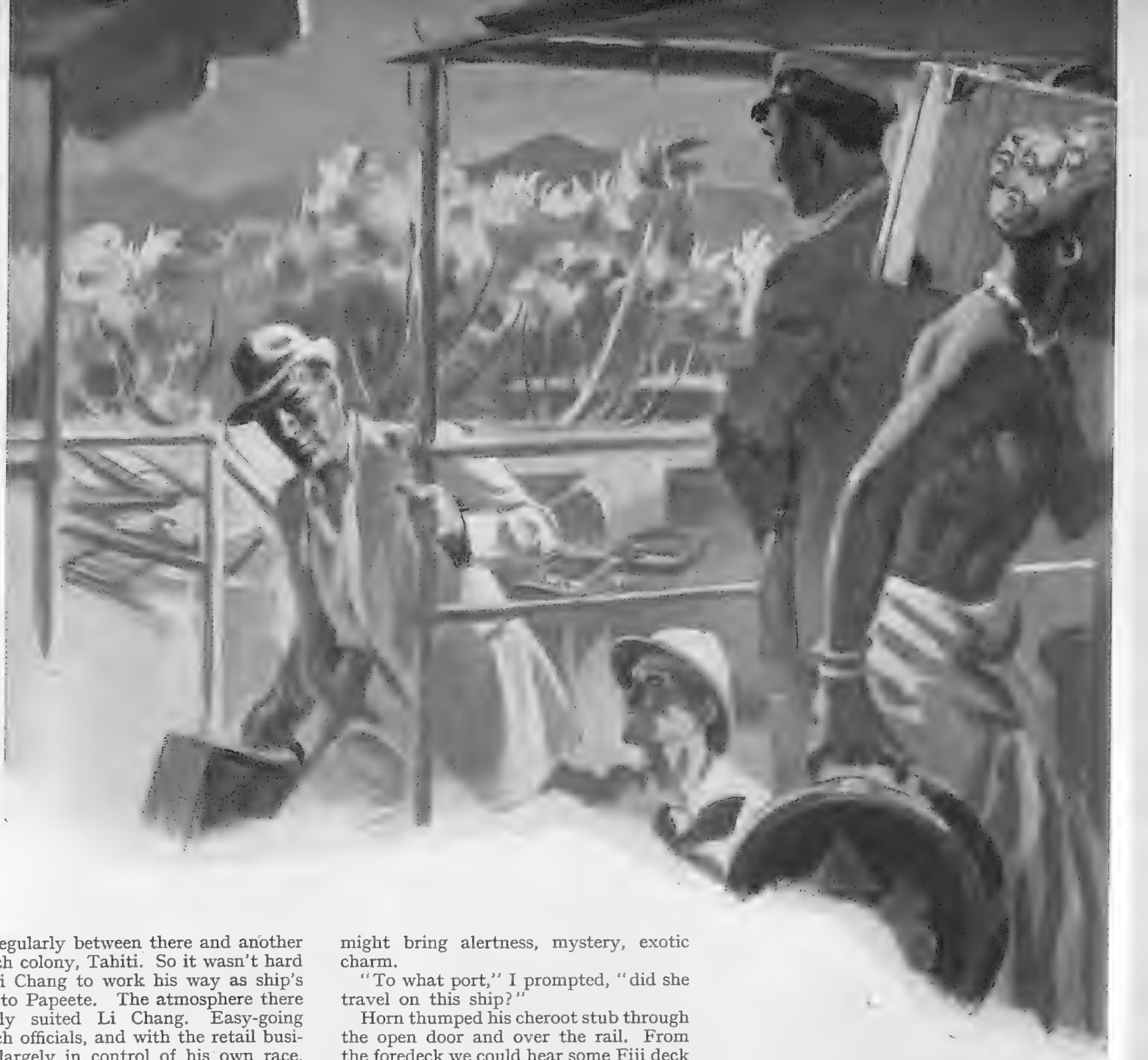
"The Chinese cook. He was a smart youngster, that cook, so he'd taken out some insurance against being cheated. What he did was this: being a Chinese sailor, he kept on hand certain herbs and oily seeds for medicinal purposes; from these he produced a handful of seeds of the Javanese bamboo. Here was a species of bamboo, he knew, which doesn't grow in the Solomons.

"So while Bully Cutler was getting ready to go ashore with the chest, the cook used molasses to make these seeds sticky. Spades and digging tools were being brought from the hold. The Chinese cook, pretending to help carry spades to the rail, managed to plaster sticky seeds by the score all over the spade blades.

"The idea being that when these tools were plunged into moist earth, the seeds would rub off. Some of 'em would be lost or wasted. Some would get planted too deep, some too shallow. But a few could be counted on to take root and sprout. So years later, the island's only growth of Javanese bamboo should mark the spot of buried treasure."

My cheroot went out and I stared. Only a Chinese, I conceded, would think of a thing like that. "But how," I asked, "did this ever come out?"

"It didn't," Horn said, "for fifty-seven years. Now let's follow this clever young Chinese cook after he deserted in New Caledonia. That's a French colony, you understand. French boats



run regularly between there and another French colony, Tahiti. So it wasn't hard for Li Chang to work his way as ship's cook to Papeete. The atmosphere there exactly suited Li Chang. Easy-going French officials, and with the retail business largely in control of his own race, the Chinese. Li Chang started a small shop himself. He made his position even more secure by marriage with a native girl."

This last didn't surprise me. I'd been in the islands long enough to know that Chinese colonists have little trouble winning Polynesian wives. The reason, I've been told, is that Chinese husbands are considered exceptionally good providers and do most of the housework themselves.

"But wasn't Australian law looking for Li Chang?"

"If so," said Horn, "it didn't find him. Maybe it was because one Chinese looks too much like all others. Anyway Li Chang wasn't disturbed at Papeete. A half-caste daughter was born to his wife. She grew up and married a Frenchman. A daughter by this marriage, named Suzanne Andres, just a year ago was a passenger on my ship."

"The granddaughter of a Chinese pirate!" I exclaimed. "What did she look like, captain?"

"An artist's model." Horn said it with such conviction that I knew he'd been considerably impressed.

Nor did it seem unlikely that a mixture of Chinese, Polynesian and French bloods would produce beauty. To the round, soft perfection of Tahitian features the French would add delicacy and intelligence; while to these a Chinese strain might bring alertness, mystery, exotic charm.

"To what port," I prompted, "did she travel on this ship?"

Horn thumped his cheroot stub through the open door and over the rail. From the foredeck we could hear some Fiji deck hands singing, and a guitar strumming. And I heard paddles in the bay, aport of us. Outrigger canoes, piled high with nets, were gliding out toward the reefs.

Still not answering me, Horn fixed his gaze on the old brass-bound chest and again his cheek flushed. "Did you ever meet her grandfather, Li Chang?" I probed.

"No," he said. "But I know that Li Chang was a respected merchant of Papeete for fifty-seven years. He was two thousand miles from the Solomons, but occasionally he learned from some seafaring man what was going on there. About treasure hunters knocking through the bush for Cutler's chest—and never finding it. About missionaries and British colonists moving in there, until finally the cannibals of Snark Island were tamed.

"After twenty years at Papeete, Li Chang took passage on a copra boat to the Solomons. He found trading stores at Ono Cove, on Snark Island, and a Roman Catholic mission. Li Chang was too canny to try settling there: he had no passport which would admit him as a permanent colonist; also the Britishers might connect him with Cutler's old crew and send him to prison.

"But it was safe enough to go ashore as a tourist, apparently just to stretch his legs. Li Chang did stretch his legs ashore, taking a walk through the bush and looking for Javanese bamboo"

"He could begin," I suggested, "right where he'd seen Cutler disappear into the trees."

"Aye, he did just that, and in a few hours he found Javanese bamboo. The only growth of it on that island. The sprouts had spread, these last twenty years, until the bamboo patch covered nearly an acre.

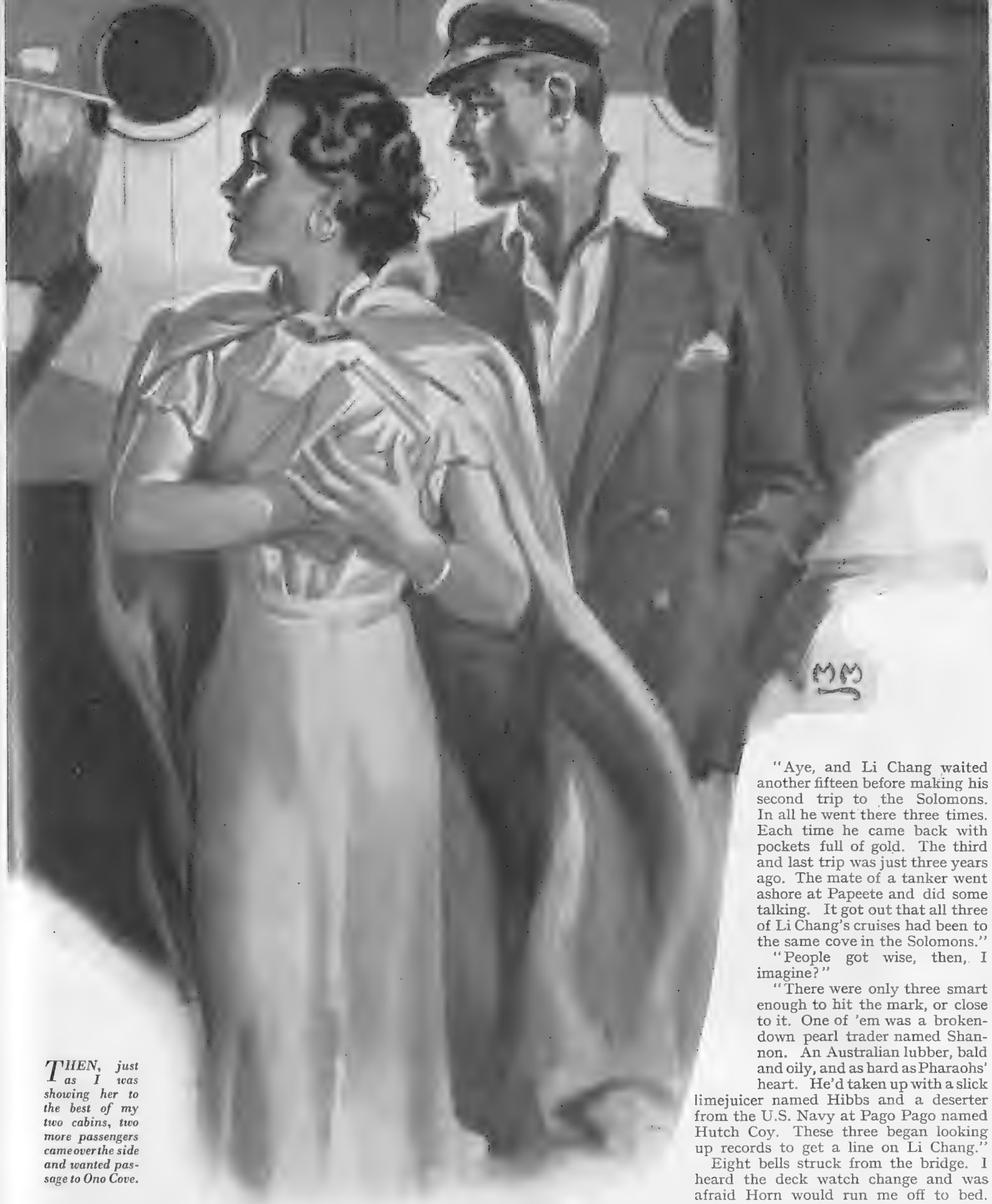
"His ship would be there three days, taking cargo, so Li Chang had just that long to work. The first night he got himself a cane knife, a spade and a lantern. The second night he began cutting into that bamboo."

I said that if the thicket covered an acre, it would take Li Chang months to find the right spot.

"No," Horn parried, "because he could see where the growth was oldest. The first bamboos to sprout were the tallest and had the fattest boles. Li Chang hacked his way to this spot late in his third night on Snark Island. Here he dug and his spade struck the buried chest."

"But even then," I wondered, "how could he get away with it?"

"He couldn't, and had sense enough to know it. It would need two strong men to carry that chest to the beach. And if Li Chang exposed the chest, the British Government might confiscate it.



THEN, just as I was showing her to the best of my two cabins, two more passengers came over the side and wanted passage to Ono Cove.

Or ruffians on the beach would take it away from him. Not one chance in a million could he smuggle it to his cabin on the ship.

"So Li Chang did the only safe thing. He helped himself to as many gold coins as his loose blouse shirt would hold. Then he closed the chest and spaded dirt back into the hole. Leaving the bulk of the treasure still buried there, he sailed home to Papeete."

"Didn't the Snark Islanders," I asked, "find the swath he'd hacked through the bamboo?"

"Maybe, but it wouldn't seem to mean anything. Somebody might have been chopping some poles for the fence of a compound. In that climate it would only take a little while for new shoots to close up the swath. No suspicion on Snark Island. Folks at Papeete were a little curious when Li Chang got home and began spending gold coin to enlarge his shop."

"That was thirty-seven years ago?"

"Aye, and Li Chang waited another fifteen before making his second trip to the Solomons. In all he went there three times. Each time he came back with pockets full of gold. The third and last trip was just three years ago. The mate of a tanker went ashore at Papeete and did some talking. It got out that all three of Li Chang's cruises had been to the same cove in the Solomons."

"People got wise, then, I imagine?"

"There were only three smart enough to hit the mark, or close to it. One of 'em was a broken-down pearl trader named Shannon. An Australian lubber, bald and oily, and as hard as Pharaohs' heart. He'd taken up with a slick limejuicer named Hibbs and a deserter from the U.S. Navy at Pago Pago named Hutch Coy. These three began looking up records to get a line on Li Chang."

Eight bells struck from the bridge. I heard the deck watch change and was afraid Horn would run me off to bed. He kept sober hours, as a rule. When he now went to his bunk and dropped the mosquito tent there I protested, "It's too blamed hot to sleep, captain."

"It's too late to sit up yarning, Sullivan," he argued.

"All right, run me out. But if you do, I'll scuttle the ship."

With a grin he sat down and lighted another cheroot. "I mean," he went on, "that Shannon, being an Australian, had a headful o' facts about the trial of certain pirates long time ago. There'd been mention

(*Continued on page* 132)

SLEEP

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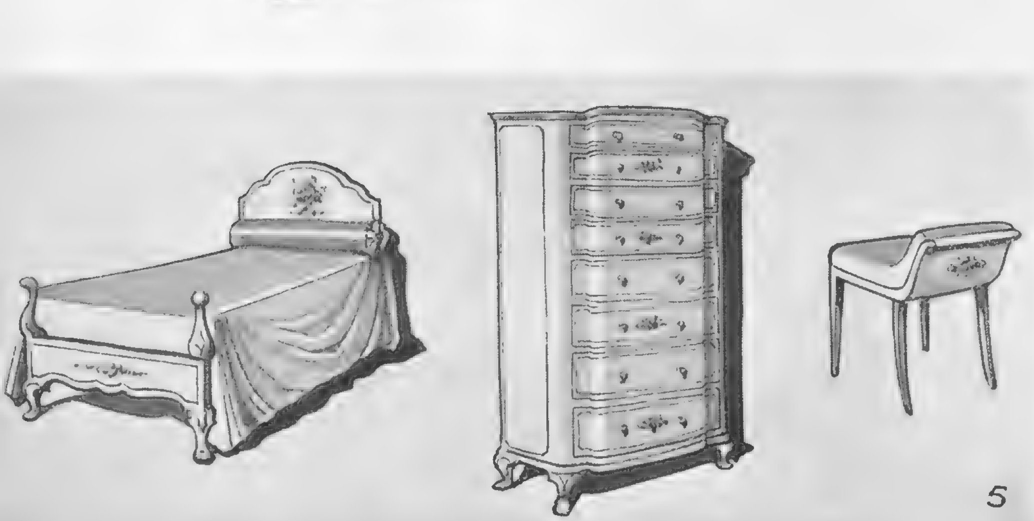
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IN BEAUTY

It is hard to understand why people regard the planning of a bedroom scheme as one of the simple tasks of decorating. It is not.

"But," you say, "the room is planned for you. You have to have a bed and a wardrobe and a dressing-table and a pretty colour scheme, and the thing's done." But is it?

Just think what you have to get into a bedroom beside just furniture, if you're going to make a good job of it.

First of all there is your own comfort and ease to think of. For that reason the room must be intimate, informal, homely. Then at the same time, because it is something of a background for you and a place your visitors see, it must have a certain impressiveness, too. People judge you more by intimate glimpses of your background than by the carefully edited version of your character which you present in public.

So there are two distinct characters to be embodied in your bedroom for a start. In addition it must be a place where you escape from people. Where you can shut out the family and sit in comfort to write letters or talk secrets on the telephone or try out your latest beauty treatment.

It must be large enough to do your exercises in and small enough to retain its comfortable intimacy. It must be stimulating to the eye so that you are never bored with it, and it must avoid any suggestion of eccentricity, because homeliness is its greatest virtue.

That is only a summary of the characteristics which every bedroom should have, whether it is simple or grand, for one or two people to share.

So, after all, it takes planning.

On the whole, perhaps the many purposes which the average modern bedroom is required to serve are best fulfilled when the furnishing scheme is built up with unrelated pieces rather than with the conventional suite.

In the first place, there is a certain monotony about the wardrobe, dressing-table and bed of a pattern. Moreover, these pieces are uncompromising in adapting themselves to the space available.

A mixture of styles and colourings can be very charming in the bedroom. For instance, a divan bed with a painted tallboy chest and a graceful mahogany period dressing-table will live in perfect harmony together without having any special similarity beyond that of good taste.

The advantage, particularly in connexion with the smaller room, of building up a scheme in this way is that each separate piece of furniture can be of exactly

(Continued on page 108)

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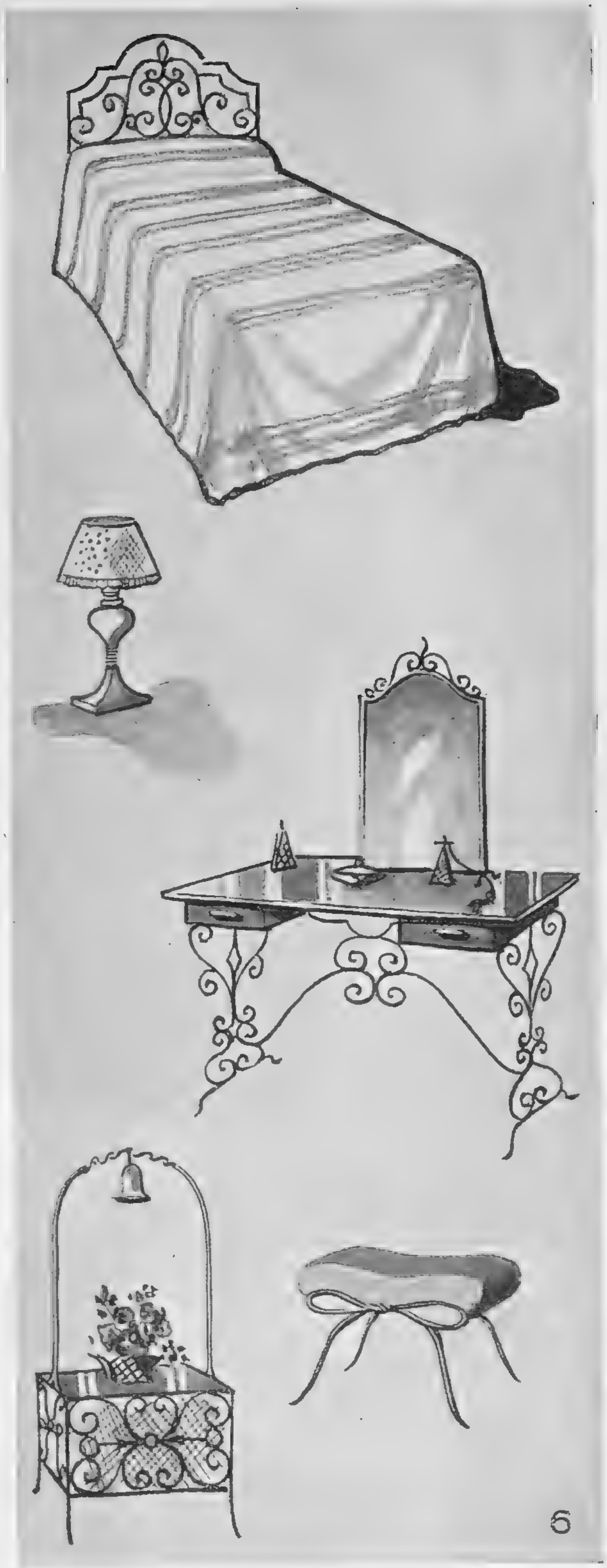

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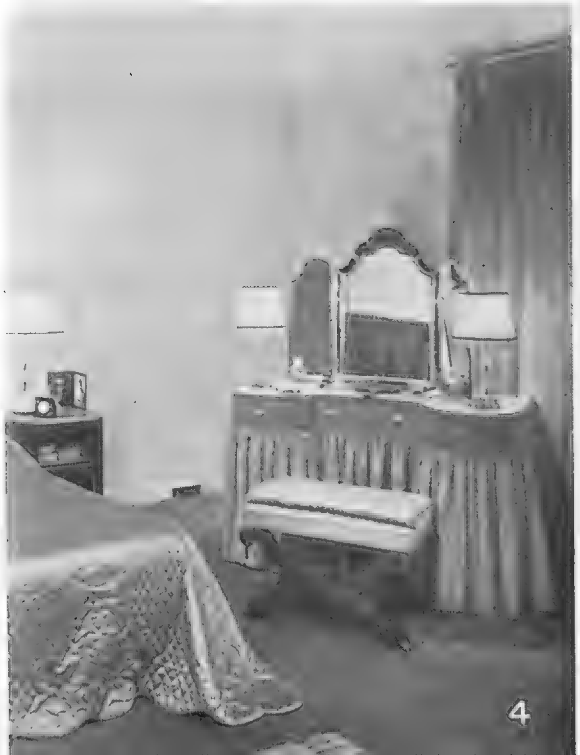

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1. The bed is the focal point of this lovely country house bedroom. Looking at it you know that the sheets will be lavender-scented and that there are lilacs outside the window. **2.** Pink, blue and oatmeal form the basic colours of the scheme by Doris Howard Robertson on the extreme left. The window draperies are in two colours and two materials; the original bedhead is of padded satin. **3.** Pastel colourings for a divinely simple, yet distinguished ensemble. Wallpaper is canary yellow with a faint blue motif. The Vantona bedspread has a natural ground with blue relief and the matching curtains are draped over canary yellow ninon. **4.** A padded bedhead is luxurious to look at but practical for all that. This one is in nigger brown satin, which is dramatic against the peach walls. The quilted satin spread is also peach. **5** and **6.** The pencil sketches on the facing page show some charming and not over-costly painted bedroom furniture; those above show that wrought iron is a feminine as well as a practical medium for furniture.

"I PICKED IT

"I picked it up for a song" is one of the proudest boasts that the collector of treasures knows.

Perhaps you don't know the thrill of coming upon an antique or even a junk shop in some by-way and digging around in it for some old piece you want, or even some old piece you don't want. I can't describe it to you. The most I can say is that it's adventure and enterprise and romance all rolled into one.

You may always have wanted to collect antiques. I have. Thousands of people have. The love of beautiful old things that breathe the romance of history and of customs gone past is born in us and nothing can eradicate it.

But there's the little matter of money to impede us in our taste for the more costly form of collecting, so we solace ourselves with lovely little oddments of china, glass, pewter and brass, exquisite prints, quaint trays and boxes.

Mind you, these trifles have a decorative value beyond their own intrinsic charm. Most of them are as happy in modern schemes as in those for which they were designed. Modern backgrounds serve especially well to display the intricate workmanship and ornate colouring of Victorian and slightly earlier pieces. Besides, it adds to the interest of the hunt, if your selection is made with a decorative scheme in view.

This is the best way to collect, of course. A haphazard method of gathering in any piece, whether you have a place for it in the home or not, is undoubtedly good fun, but it can lead to an embarrassing overplus of extraneous ornamentation. Restraint in collecting is a good thing to have.

There is not much need to be a connoisseur when your collecting is confined to quaint and pretty rather than rare pieces. The kind of treasures you, as an amateur, will specialise in are more interesting than valuable, but there is always the possibility that the little thing you pick up to-day for five shillings may become a collector's piece in a few years' time.

China pieces are fascinating. Chelsea figures, Staffordshire ceramics, bits of Worcester and Crown Derby can often be picked up for a few shillings a piece.

The best modellers of all the early figures of this kind were a father and son called Wood—both were closely copied by other potters; the figures of a man called John Walton are also much prized. A proportion of these have "Walton" impressed on the base of them, so if you come across this you are in luck.

The tree background is a distinguishing feature of good early Staffordshire figures, though it was to some extent reproduced by later comers.

Josiah Wedgwood made numerous figures between 1730 and 1795, but comparatively few of them are marked, though nearly all are brilliantly coloured in enamels.

The Battersea enamels may attract you. Among these are snuff boxes, bottle labels, enamelled pictures, and other most exquisite trifles. There are many forgeries of Battersea enamels, but they are easy to detect since the colouring is too bright and lacks the delicate tone of the real thing.

Prints and silhouettes are another delight, and have lost not a fraction of their decorative value in relation to present-day schemes.

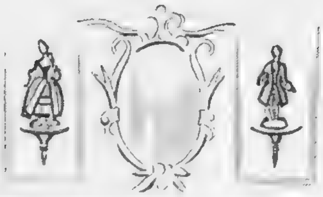
Bleak profile portraits are all rather indiscriminately dubbed silhouettes nowadays, when actually the essentials of a silhouette is that the subject should be shown in one tint against the ground work of another. The black cut-paper profile is one of the commonest, but the more artistically interesting specimens are embellished with brush work and touches of gold.

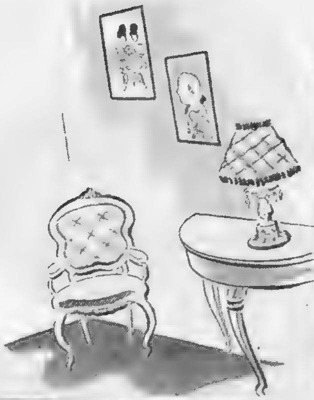
Needlework pictures can often be found wasting their sweetness in some dusty shop. Reframed, they make the most delightful wall decoration.

There are two kinds, tapestry pictures and silk stitchery on silk grounds. For the *petit point* and *gros point* work biblical subjects were greatly favoured, whereas in the canvas work pictures of the late seventeenth century the subjects were slightly more sophisticated.

There was a revival of interest in needlework at the end of the eighteenth century, and this period brought

UP FOR A SONG”





These Chelsea figures with their delicate colouring look well on painted brackets with a plain pastel-colour wall background

Old prints hung in well-balanced groups are a delightful wall decoration in either modern or a period scheme of decoration

along a fresh batch of needlework pictures. The "Young Ladies Seminary" shows its influence both in the workmanship and the subject matter of these pictures.

Brass and old silver, pewter and glass are all fascinating to collect. Don't be discouraged from enjoying the thrill of it because you have no experience and little to spend. Let your own good taste and your personal fancy be your guide, and even if your collection should prove of no cash value yet it will afford you many thrills.

These things will be the aristocrats of your collections, the finds about which you will show off to your friends, but there are many other even less costly things, full of charm and interest that will engage your attention once you get the collecting fever.

It is fun thinking up ways of putting your discoveries to practical uses, or of some means of displaying them in the home so that they acquire a decorative importance.

Original receptacles for flowers give a grand excuse for bringing home pieces that you could not otherwise justify. An old tarnished silver wine cooler, polished up, makes a wonderful flower vase. The larger varieties of flowers—lilies, roses, rhododendrons—look grand in it.

Even an old vegetable dish salvaged from the remains of a good service and restored to a place of honour on the table, this time as a flower holder, makes a charming and original *motif*.

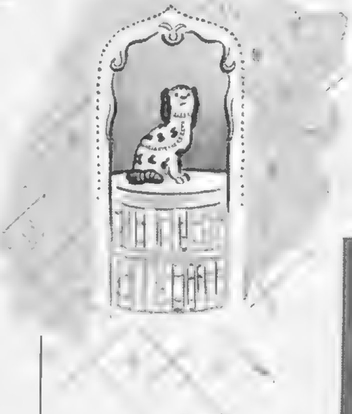
Pewter and brass vessels, too, make good flower holders, and so do the pretty and brightly coloured conch shells which the Victorians used to strew around the house for decoration.

Old clocks are things you can often pick up for a song, and they have an irresistible charm for the curio hunter. Notably, there are those Victorian examples of oblong shape in walnut or mahogany cases with a picture in flamboyant colouring painted on glass below the face. Cleaned and restored to a suitable setting, these clocks show themselves as endearing pieces. As to the machinery, it is generally only too willing to work again with a little expert persuasion.

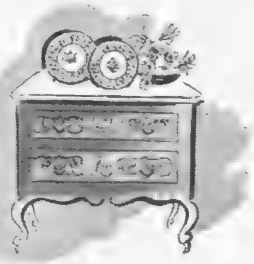
Wooden pendulum clocks with gaily painted faces are well worth keeping an open eye for when you are on your hunting expeditions. They have only a modest value but a wealth of sentimental appeal.

And what a joy old glass is. A graceful bowl or plate, a vase or even an old bottle make delightful decorations when they are well exploited.

We have made a few sketches for this page which show some simple and effective ways of displaying little pieces.



A Staffordshire dog. There are plenty of them about but not all have the amusing character of this



Two odd Royal Worcester plates, the remains of a set, make a very charming decoration

Mary Young's GUIDE to a pleasanter Life

1 Perhaps it is a tribute to the woman driver's efficiency, but I notice that no gallant motorist stops nowadays to inquire why I am mussing myself up inside the bonnet of my car, or to lend a hand with the job of changing a wheel. And what a filthy job, in every sense of the word, changing a wheel can be.

This year, with no faith in my fellow-motorists' charity, I am at least resolved to come clean from my struggles and have invested two shillings in a smart little navy blue leather motoring kit. It contains a tube of a really magic brand of grease and dirt remover, and a supply of paper handkerchiefs. No water is needed to restore the hands to pristine whiteness. You simply rub the paste into the skin and clean off with a paper towel.

2 I listened to a moan from a woman who was anticipating a ruined holiday, all on account of her hair. Her hair, it seemed, was at that stage when the dark is fighting a losing battle with the white. So she had had it tinted. And, said she, I am going to be miles away from anywhere for five weeks, and it'll grow out at the temples and I shall look a wreck.

If you, reader, are in a similar spot, I think I have found the solution to your problem in a liquid which can be brushed into the roots of tinted hair when the hair begins to grow out. It is not a dye and can be removed instantly with a pad of wool soaked in eau-de-Cologne. It can be used at any time, just like an eyelash cosmetic.

3 Simplicity is the new note in beauty care as it is in personal hygiene, and no woman, however careless or however lazy, can possibly find an excuse for not keeping herself fragrantly fresh on the warmest days of the year.

The newest deodorant, for instance, comes in the form of pads soaked in a solution which give five-day protection to the user. The pads (eighteen of them) are in an ever-moist jar, and all that is necessary is to pass one pad under both arms and discard.

You may, as I did, inquire whether the chemical used on the pads will harm your summery frocks. The answer to that one was childishly simple. If the solution does not harm the soft fabric of the pads, it will not harm clothes. Price of the pads is 1s. 3d. a jar.

4 It seems to me that there are far too many faces about, both male and female, with ugly ears attached to them. Now, you can't do much about an ugly ear, but you can do a lot about the sticking out variety. It is just a matter of training the ear in the way it should go. And of starting that training young.

Watch a small child asleep and see how it rolls its head about; watch more closely, and you will notice its ear crumpled up under it like a crushed rose petal.

A cap, specially made for babies' tender ears, will do away with this danger. There is nothing to scratch or irritate the tenderest skins in these charming little bonnets. They are in soft pastel colours, and the price is 3s. 11d.

5 Cleanliness is next to godliness, and that means inside as well as exterior hygiene. You can't feel godlike if your interior works are not in perfect working order. Neither will you ever achieve sparkling eyes and a clear, fine skin.

One of the pleasanter and certainly the least harmful of ways to slim, good looks, is the herbal way.

I have recently tested, and found exceedingly good, a herbal preparation which keeps one's inside clean and tidy without any drastic scouring. It can be taken in a variety of ways. A pinch of the herbs can be tipped on the tongue and washed down with the first cup of tea or glass of water, or it can be sprinkled on stewed fruit or other foods without spoiling the dish.

6 One of the world's more irritating jobs is that of threading muslin curtains on wires before hanging them up. Especially when the muslin is starched and threatens to tear at every push. And as, in a city, muslin curtains are always being taken up and down to be washed, the state of irritation, in one family at least, is fairly constant.

I was pleased, then, to discover something quite new and wily in curtain rods. This is an elastic cord covered with soft fabric, which entirely eliminates any danger of catching the muslin on a bit of rough wire. And as there is no metal, loops for attachment to the window being made of composition, there is nothing to rust.

The rods come in different lengths and cost only a few pence each.

7 While the family's away the moths do play. And what fun the little dears have romping about among the winter woollies and furs, and hatching out enormous families which no one can see until it is too late.

I know how boring moth precautions are and how, despite the best resolutions in the world, one often neglects to take them, so it struck me as an excellent idea of somebody's to supply lining paper for drawers impregnated with an anti-moth preparation which really does destroy the eggs. Before going away for my holidays this year, I intend to line all the drawers with this special paper. One penny per sheet.

8 I was asked to stick a penknife through a piece of gossamer fine silk, then to put my finger in the wound and pull hard in every direction. Rather unwillingly, I did so. To my surprise, no ladders appeared, neither was the hole made perceptibly larger.

I was then shown some lingerie, lace trimmed, beautifully tailored and as fine as cobweb, fashioned from this self-same silk.

Yes, it is good news for women that a really fine lingerie silk which is guaranteed not to ladder, shrink or lose its shape or elasticity is now available. The garments are as easy to launder as a pair of stockings, and the silk being of the knit variety, ironing is not necessary.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested.

9 A cleansing milk which is more than just a cleanser; which protects and nourishes the skin as well as removing grime, sounded to me like a winning number when first I heard the rumour of its arrival on the beauty market.

Further enquiry and a drastic test proved to me that the claims made for this new preparation had not been exaggerated.

The milk, finely emulsified and deeply penetrative, vanishes like magic into the pores, searching out impurities without the necessity for massage with creams.

If you hate messing about with face creams on a hot summer's day as much as I do, you will appreciate this service. The milk can be used as a foundation for powder. In fact, when you go on holiday, it gives you a complete beauty kit in one.

10 I have lately been trying out a preparation which, it is claimed, consists of similar substances to those glands which supply the hair with its natural lustre. Certainly, the result, after one spraying of my hair, amazed me.

It was as if a light was suddenly focussed on to my head and I saw for the first time the depth and sheen of which my hair was capable. All you have to do is to spray with this light, non-sticky lotion and dress the hair as usual.

Messing about with oily brushes and bottles is entirely eliminated, for the dressing comes to you in a smart sprayer-flacon. And it is inexpensive.

11 If I hear of a good thing I believe in passing it on. But there is a certain lady who, I think, would not agree with me. She is an explorer's wife, and she recently went on an expedition with her husband to the Himalayas, taking with her a supply of her pet sunproof cream.

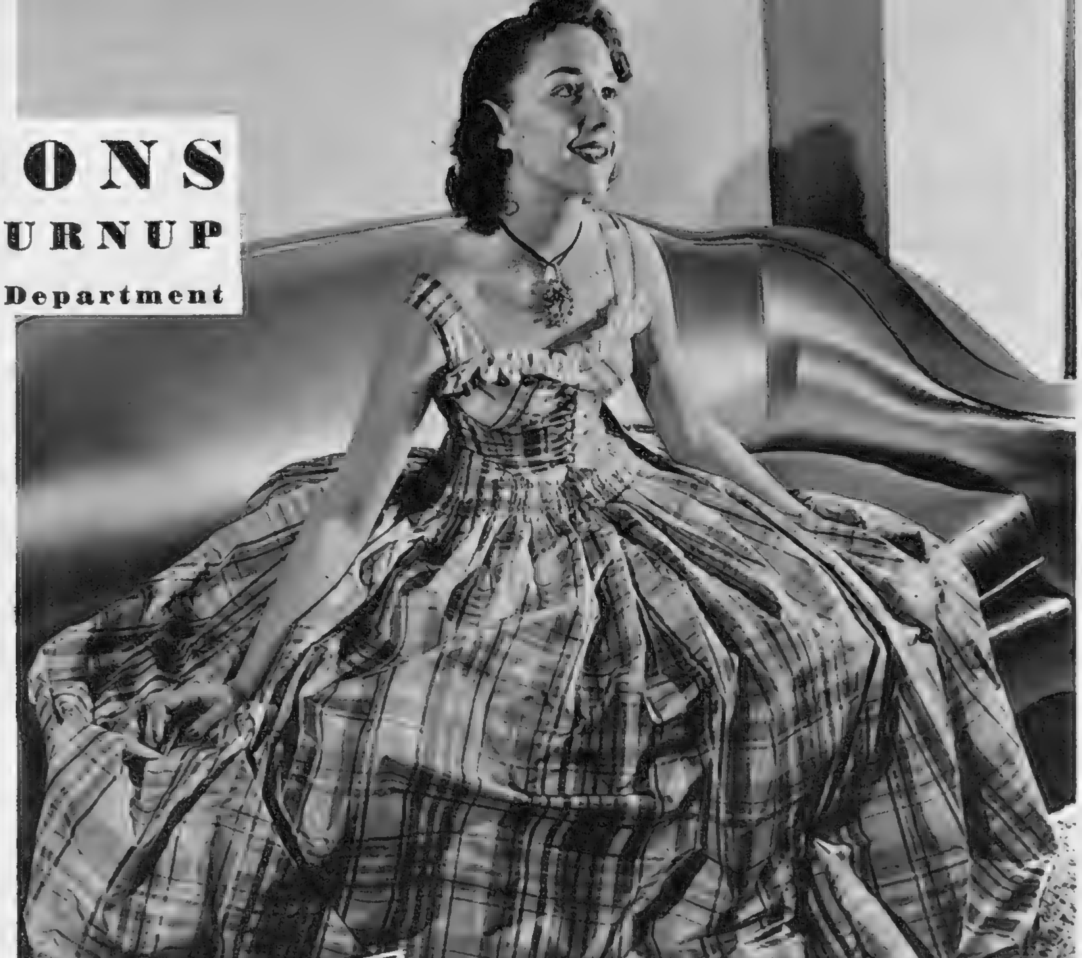
So delighted was she with the protection afforded her by the cream from the sun and winds of the mountains that she passed the jar on to her husband. And so delighted was he that they ran out of cream before the expedition had ended.

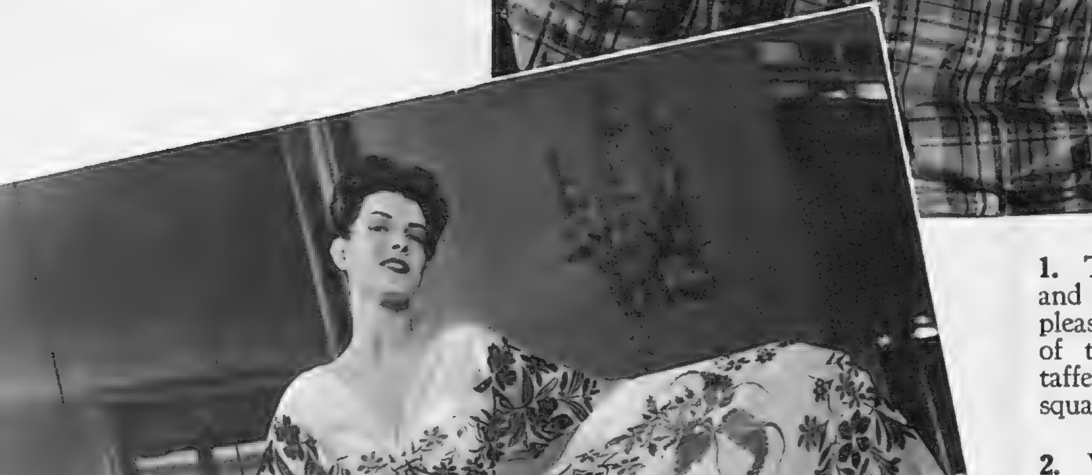
There is no moral to this story, but it shows you that this cream has something, for it proved itself under the fiercest conditions.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department





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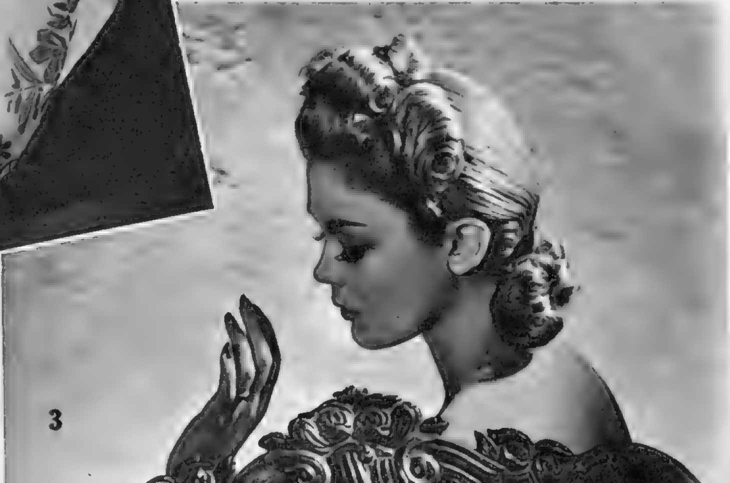
1. TARTAN TAFFETA, red, white, and green, the spreading skirt gathering, please notice, low down, into the points of the hug-me-tight bodice. White taffeta stand-up pleats mark the squared neckline. *Heim Jeunes-Filles*

2. WHITE-AND-NAVY, preponderant by day, invades the evening style, and is expressed here in a splashy patterned organza. The tight little bodice carries a bertha, the skirt has a policy of encirclement. *Mainbocher*

3. UP HAIR OR DOWN HAIR has finally resolved itself into a compromise of up-and-down hair. So you get the chic and elegance of one style teamed with the neatness and comfort of the other. *Fernand Aubry*



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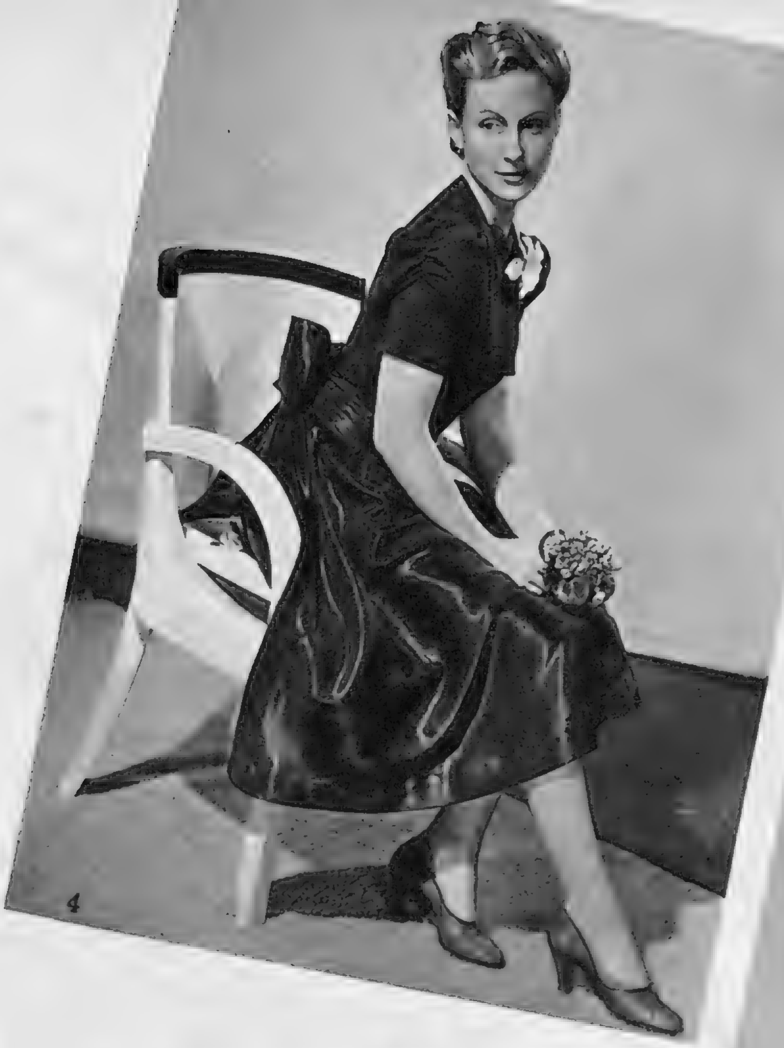

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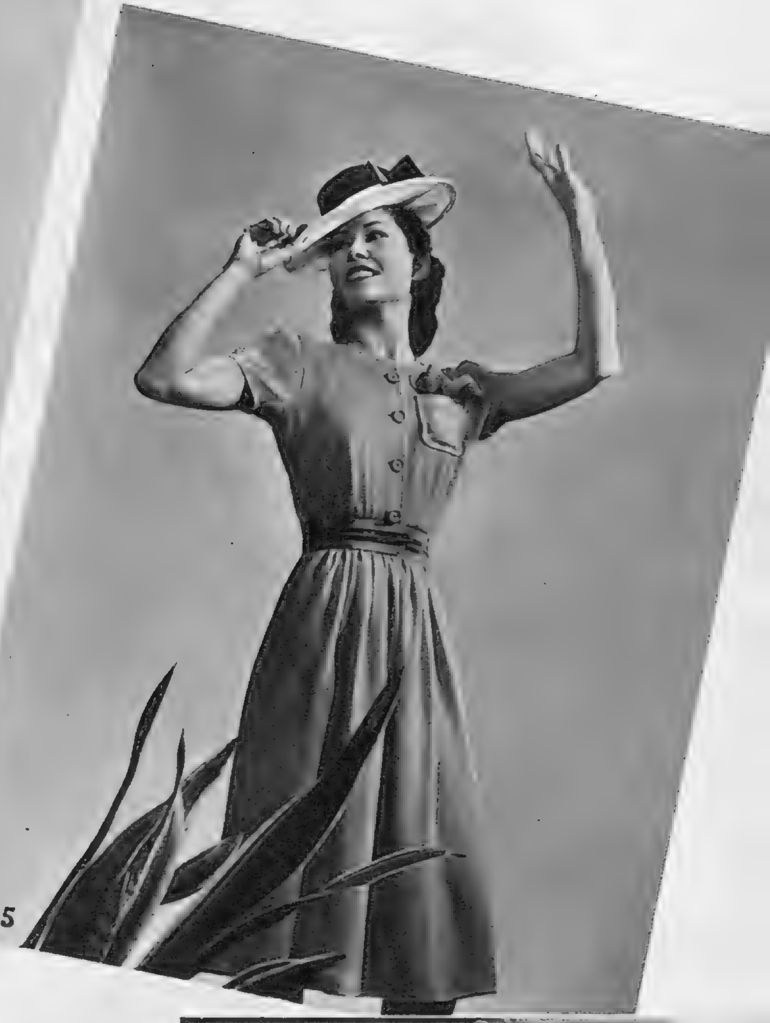

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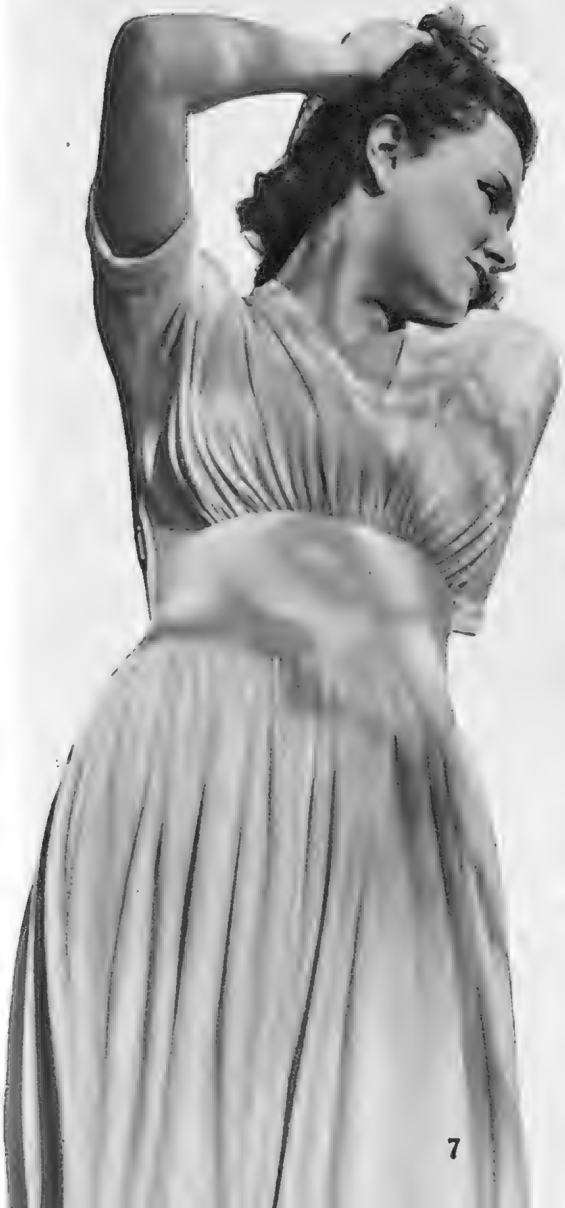
4. APRON SKIRTS can be worn on or off, so with a different bodice accessory, one dress can look like two. Tested quality dull crepe and taffeta made with Courtauld's Rayon. *Susan Small*

5. SHIRT WAIST TOPS with or sans collars are one hundred per cent. good dressing. Hyacinth blue linen with fuchsia petersham belt and handkerchief. *Spectator Model*

6. TWO COLOUR SECTIONS give point to this silk jersey jumper suit, the top's front in white spotted blue, the back and skirt in white spotted red. *Matita*

7. GATHERED SKIRTS, once tentatively promising, are now permanently prominent. This beauty, in daffodil silk jersey, eases into a smooth corselet waist. A gathered bodice flatters the bosom. *Dorville*

Dorville, Spectator, Matita and Susan Small models can be obtained from good shops in London and big provincial cities



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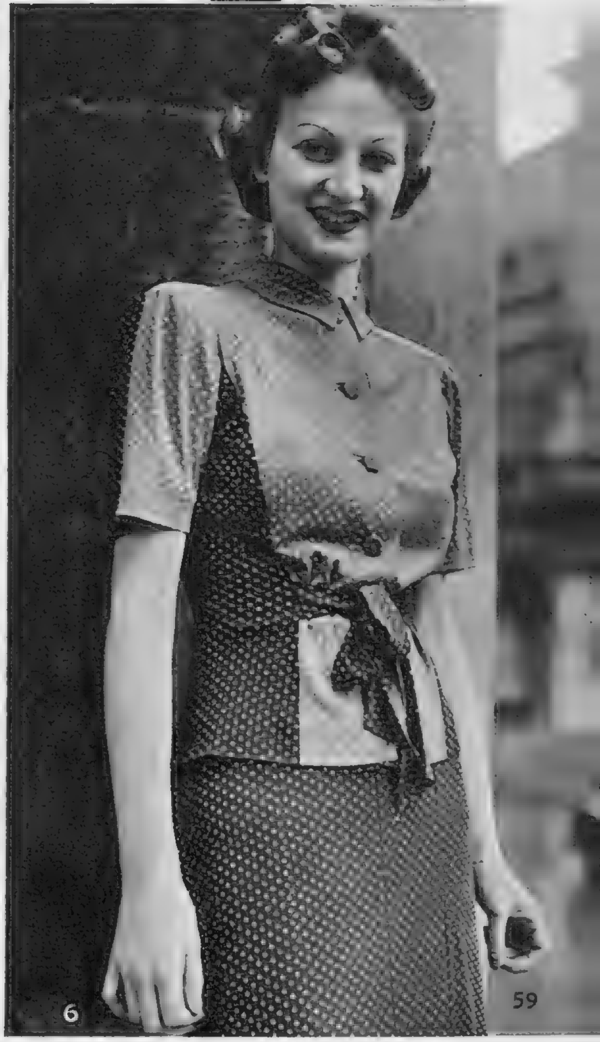

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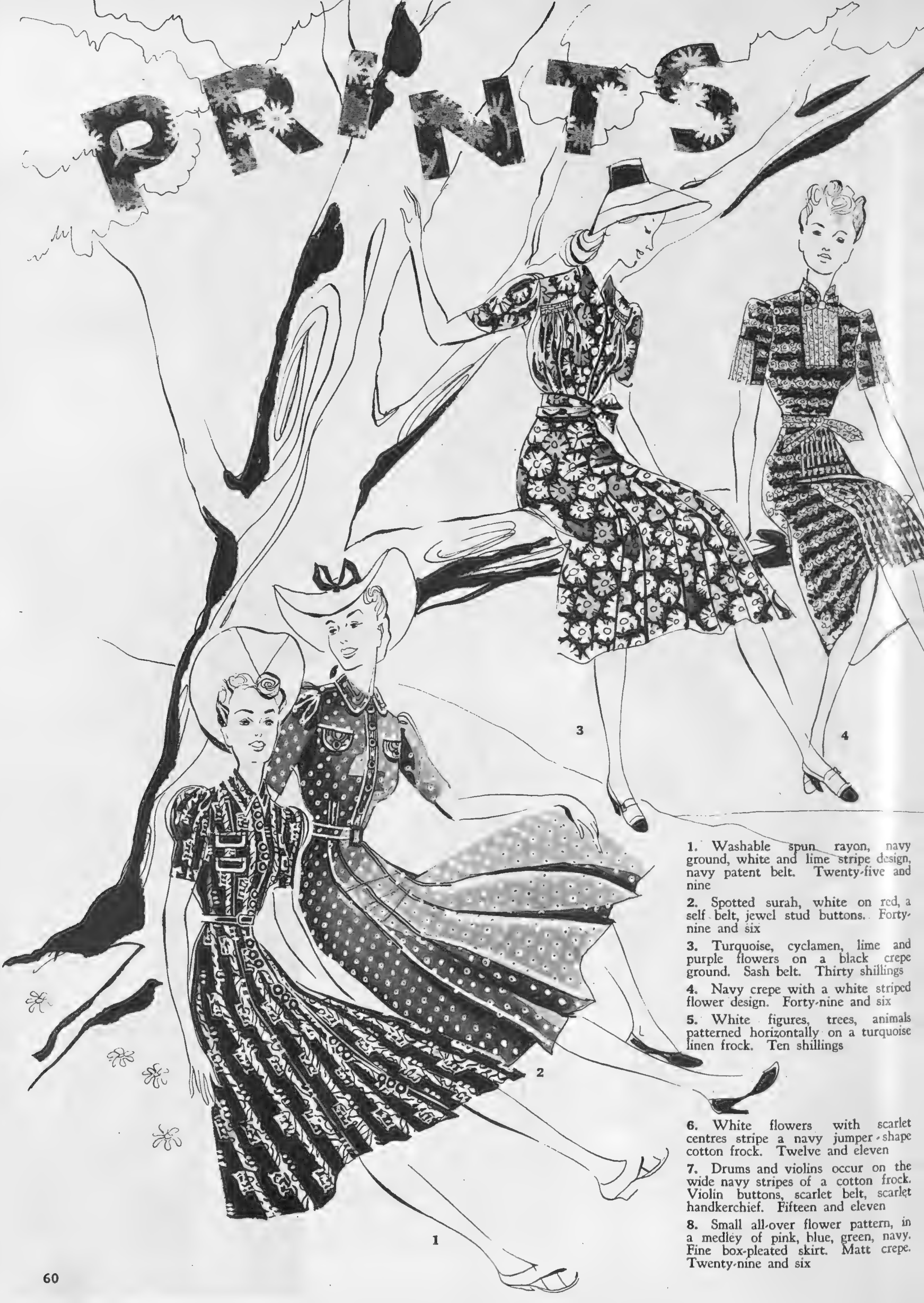
PRINTS



1. Washable spun rayon, navy ground, white and lime stripe design, navy patent belt. Twenty-five and nine

2. Spotted surah, white on red, a self belt, jewel stud buttons. Forty-nine and six

3. Turquoise, cyclamen, lime and purple flowers on a black crepe ground. Sash belt. Thirty shillings

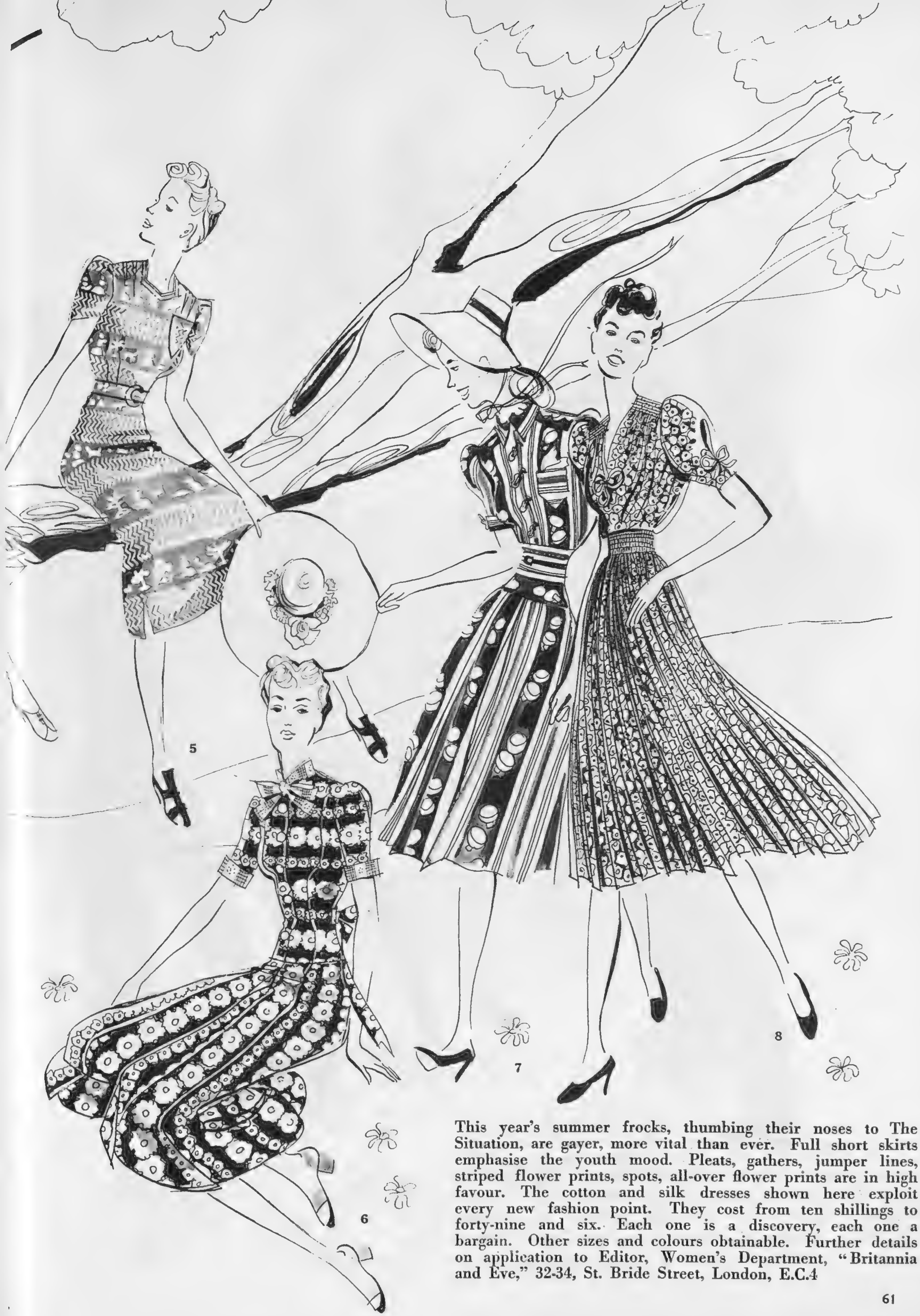
4. Navy crepe with a white striped flower design. Forty-nine and six

5. White figures, trees, animals patterned horizontally on a turquoise linen frock. Ten shillings

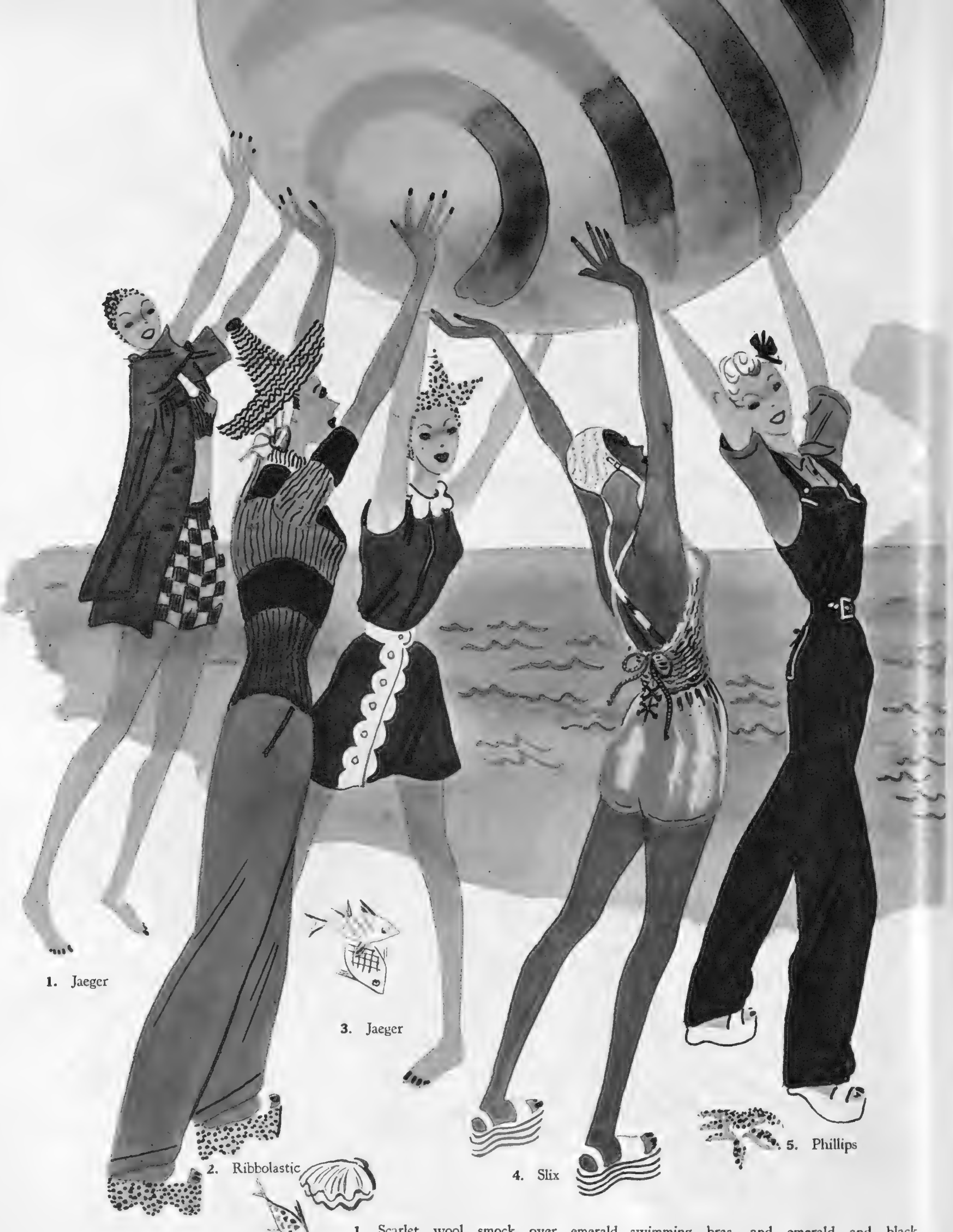
6. White flowers with scarlet centres stripe a navy jumper-shape cotton frock. Twelve and eleven

7. Drums and violins occur on the wide navy stripes of a cotton frock. Violin buttons, scarlet belt, scarlet handkerchief. Fifteen and eleven

8. Small all-over flower pattern, in a medley of pink, blue, green, navy. Fine box-pleated skirt. Matt crepe. Twenty-nine and six

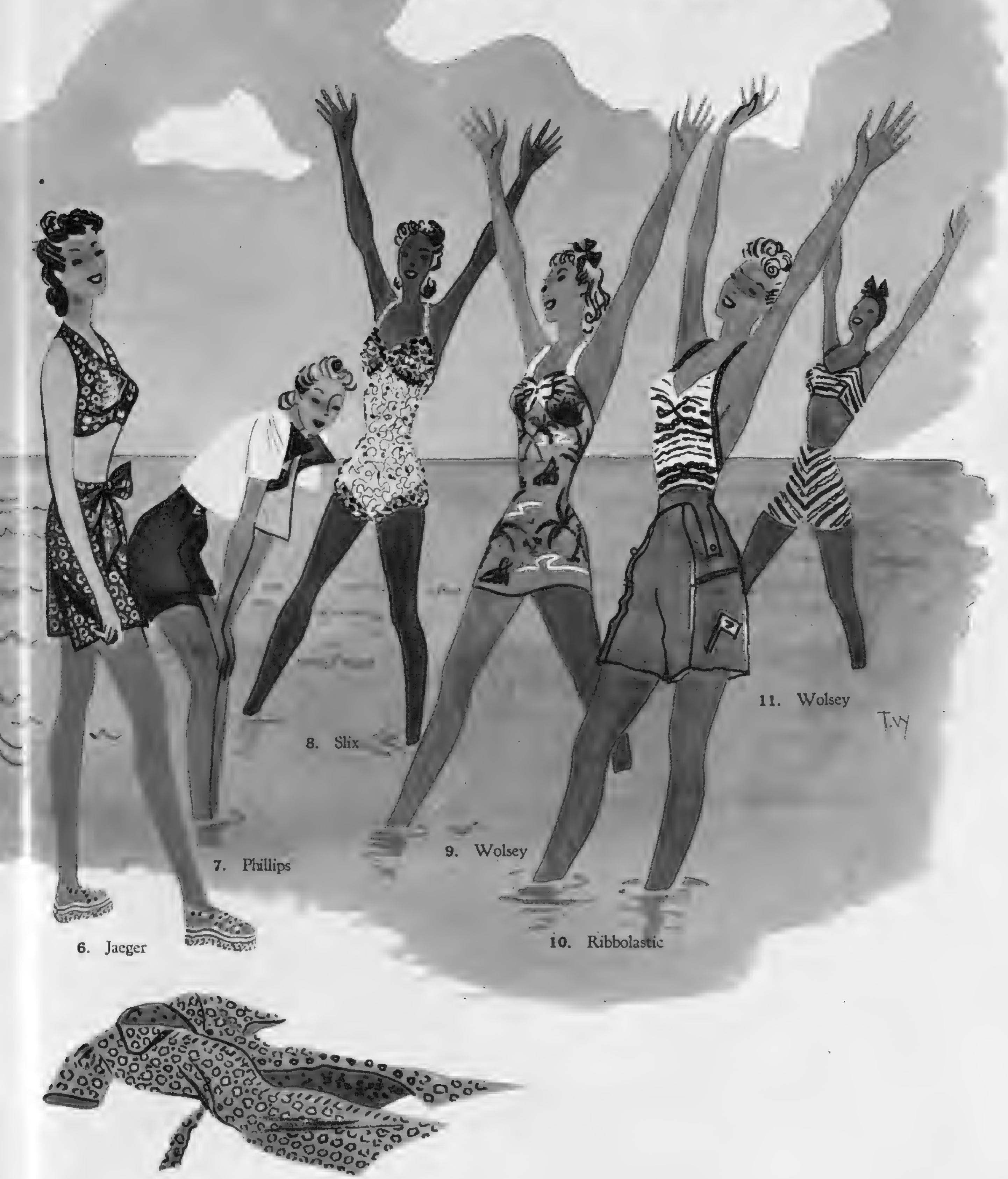


This year's summer frocks, thumbing their noses to The Situation, are gayer, more vital than ever. Full short skirts emphasise the youth mood. Pleats, gathers, jumper lines, striped flower prints, spots, all-over flower prints are in high favour. The cotton and silk dresses shown here exploit every new fashion point. They cost from ten shillings to forty-nine and six. Each one is a discovery, each one a bargain. Other sizes and colours obtainable. Further details on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4



1. Scarlet wool smock over emerald swimming bras, and emerald and black draught-board check trunks. (*Other colours.*) **2.** Grey tailored woollen slacks, a red and blue striped high-neck tight-fit sweater. **3.** Red woollen play suit, with white scallop trims, new and cute. **4.** Silver oil-cloth swim suit, incorporating lastex to give a firm, high bust. Back lacing. The cap is Kleinert's famous Roxy-Viking, with an inner watertight flange guaranteed to keep the hair dry. **5.** Navy linen dungaree suit with large workmanlike pocket. For sunbathing, off with the shirt, for cold winds on with a woolly.

FUN IN THE SUN



6. Silk bras and tie-front trunks, sea-blue design on a cyclamen ground. The button-down shirt dress, lying on the beach, reverses the colouring (cyclamen on a sea-blue ground) but keeps the design. **7.** Navy linen play (or tennis) suit with spry turn-up shorts and the sun top of the dungaree suit (facing page). White bolero, navy revers. **8.** Crinkly silk taffeta, medley of pink, blue, green, yellow, tiny in the hand, stretches to fit the figure. **9.** Sleek woollen swim suit with an all-over tropical design, a high perfect bras top, a gathered neckline, a front skirt. (*Many exciting colours.*) **10.** Grey woollen shorts, with permanent front creases, a blue and white wool sun top interwoven with lastex to give a chic, slick fit. **11.** Blue and grey diagonally striped woollen bras and trunks with superlative fit. (*Other colours.*)

Three qualities keep age at bay, and transform any expression—suppleness, fairness and clarity of skin.

Make them yours. A dazzling bloom can only be achieved if your face is free from deposits of seborrhea. These spring from the sebaceous glands which normally feed the skin but which, during sedentary periods or seasonal changes, overload it. Damage shows in enlarged pores and a general thickening, also in puckers and wrinkles due to siltings in the under-tissues. These sediments, which are sometimes greasy, sometimes bullet-dry, have to be brought to the surface and expelled before there can be smoothness or transparency. A highly qualified skin specialist has evolved certain " emptying treatments " by which seborrhea is effectively withdrawn.

As a face-fillip, and because there is nothing which so completely tones the complexion as a vigorous head-shampoo and pedicure, go to a London salon where they will give you a super-brisk hair-wash and set, a pedicure, manicure and facial (which includes the neck), all in two hours for a guinea. You will emerge with a perfect make-up, re-shaped, on the crest of new foam, radiant.

To look well right through the day—never to have your cheeks sag or your make-up stand out from your face because your natural skin has grown weary behind it—use a wash which clears and purifies, refines and stimulates, while it adjusts your inner and outer skin-surfaces to weather conditions, and consequently *sustains* your complexion.

No woman should be without it. This lotion is science's latest contribution to face-health ; sheer bottled beauty.

You should clean your face with

(Continued on page 108)

KEEPING AGE AT BAY

By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

A TALK ABOUT TEETH

The essence of healthy teeth is comprised in one slogan : Get sufficient calcium into the body. And get it in before the age of twenty-one while bone is forming.

A deficiency of calcium in the body then—particularly during the ages of four to eighteen—will mean cracks in the enamel surface of the second teeth and a dentine underneath that is spongy instead of being hard, in which decay will spread like wildfire until one tooth infects another, and like winking the whole set is gone.

BEFORE TWENTY-ONE

There is one difficulty over infiltrating sufficient calcium into the young body and that is : Sugar produces energy and must appear in large quantities in any child's diet. And sugar is the calcium thief.

To counteract the absorption of calcium by sugar, more calcium is needed, and the best way of supplying it is through milk.

Milk should be uncooked for this purpose, sipped cold and of Grade A quality. Young children should drink plenty of it.

Teeth must always be cleaned and the mouth thoroughly rinsed at every age after taking milk, as no acids are quite so insidious or destructive to the teeth as milk-acids.

During August-September, milk can be cut out and orange-juice substituted. This respite and change will do good.

Then, there are capsules containing Vitamin D called radio-stoleum. Vitamin D in this form acts straight on the teeth, infusing them with an enamel-strengthening substance which not only renders them decay-proof during the period of taking, *but decay-proof for all time,* if taken daily over a stretch of eight years. Six to fifteen is the age to do this, just before the second teeth appear.

Tooth-brushing after every meal should be introduced at the age of two, also mouth-rinsing. A child's gums and teeth should, of course, always be wiped with a wet sponge after food, before this age.

Teeth can easily be brushed after midday meals at school, or when visiting, and the brush kept in a small waterproof bag; or small sprays can be used. The mouth rinse should consist of one dessertspoonful of salt to a pint of water. Gum-boils should never arise under these conditions; but, if under other conditions, one comes, change the mouth rinse to that of carbolic, obtainable at any chemists.

Dental-floss should be introduced at the age of thirteen.

Pyorrhoea is the grave menace to the teeth after twenty-one.

Early symptoms are swollen, puffy gums which may even bleed : then the gums recede and the teeth become loose as the bone into which they are set begins to crumble away, *finally the teeth fall out*. First, let us investigate the start.

AFTER TWENTY-ONE

You must understand that the gum prongs between teeth turn back on themselves in a fine skin which adheres far up underneath to the teeth.

In some cases a deposit of tartar—acid thrown out by the saliva—pushes this skin away from the teeth and allows little pockets to open in which débris can collect. Immediately the gums swell, recede and try to cling on to the teeth higher up.

Even so, these pockets allow débris to get up near the bone which becomes infected and erosion sets in—that is, the bone is eaten away by decay, while the gum recedes higher and higher loosening hold on the teeth in order to close down the pockets made larger by vanishing bone. The poison

(Continued on page 106)

Phillips' Dental Magnesia neutralises and destroys tooth-decaying mouth acids.

Euthymol Tooth-paste foams, penetrates into every cranny, disinfects, whitens.

Forhan's Dentrifice ensures health and long life to teeth and gums, if you first brush your teeth and then your gums.

Glazurol Tooth-powder helps dissolve tartar: supplies calcium to coat your teeth with new enamel.

Tek is the super-brush, designed to fit the inner curve of the gum. No other cleans like it. Get one.

I GIVE MY DAUGHTER AWAY

Twenty-two years ago I stood at the foot of the stairs waiting for my daughter and heard the thin wail which told me my first child had been born.

There are times when the ordinary machinery of life stands still, and nothing moves except one's thoughts, when details of place and circumstance disappear, and nothing exists except an all-pervading emotion.

Such a time was that when I waited for my daughter.

Last week, once more I stood at the foot of the stairs waiting for my daughter. When she appeared, dewy-eyed, remote in her bridal gown and veil, I felt more than a touch of that same sweet poignancy, that same clutch at the heart which her faint first cry had given me.

My thoughts were chaotic. There was the sense of impending loss, of the breaking away of a part of the family unit. There was, as well, a reluctance to relinquish that which had been mine for twenty-two years. But stronger than that, more acute, more disturbing, was the feeling that my daughter was not ready to be given, nor I to give her.

In our short ride to my daughter's wedding I saw a record—photographic in its accuracy, biographic in its detail—of my daughter's life, and of my part in it. And I realised the full extent of a parent's responsibility for his child.

The completeness of that responsibility frightened me.

Success or failure. In most matters, circumstance, opportunity, luck, other people have their share in accomplishing the one, or in encompassing the other. But concerning the upbringing of a child they signify little. Both by training and by heredity, the child is a direct measure of her parents' quality.

That fact hammered on me as I sat by my daughter's side—and I felt every blow.

Sophisticated, casual, she had been the last person to be moved by the earthquake which rocks the ordinary house during the period immediately preceding a wedding. The storm of preparation had blown round her, leaving her unmoved.

I had often complained of that casualness; I had predicted disaster as a result of her indifference to the worth-while, her interest in the worthless, her contempt for the conventional, her search for the spectacular, her lack of concentration, her cynicism, her boredom with the ordinary and the hum-drum.

My criticism had left her equally unperturbed. "Dear old thing," she would reply, ruffling my hair—and my temper—as she left the house to keep an appointment with Jack or Jerry or George, or another of those young men who appeared to find her all that was desirable.

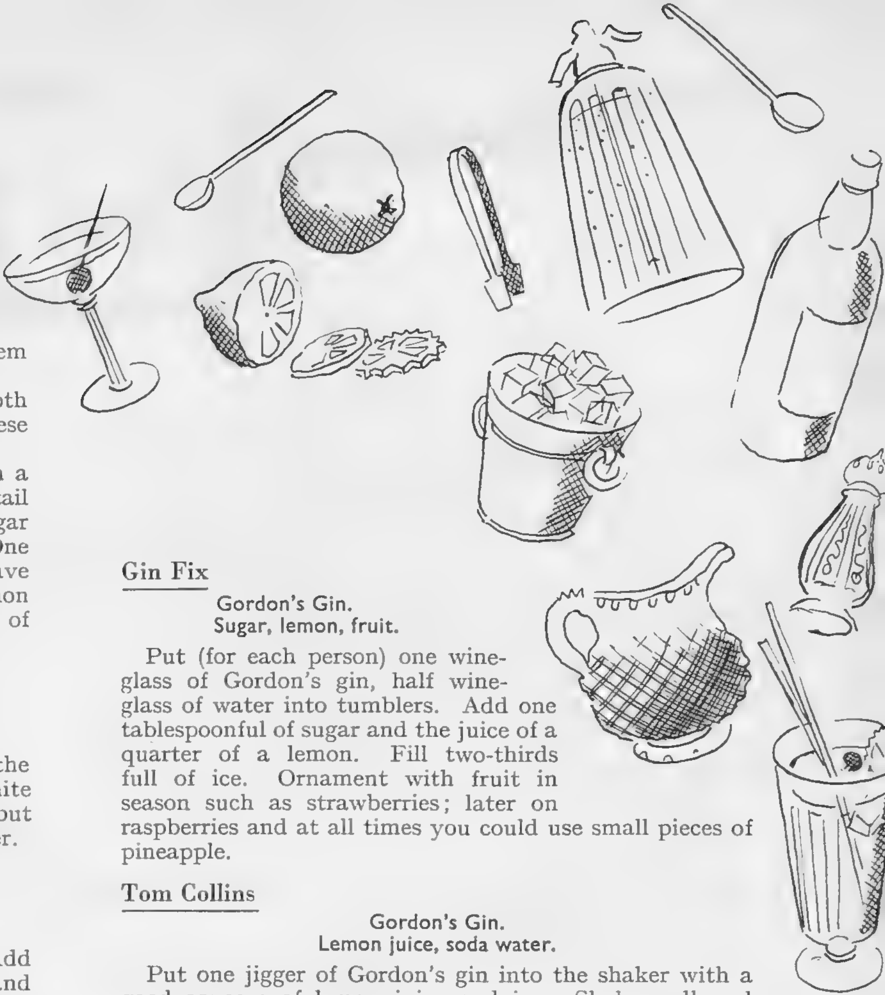
Though concerning that same Jerry and Jack I reflected with a sneaking satisfaction on the only occasion when I had seen her drop her imperturbability. Jack rang the front door bell at the precise moment that Jerry—on a slightly more familiar footing—tapped on the dining-room window. From my daughter's frantic appeal to her mother for help, I gathered that it was imperative that the two should not be aware of each other's presence. Certainly her mask dropped on that occasion.

I looked at her as she sat by my side. She wore still the same look of unconcern, the same contempt for any show of sentiment, even on her wedding day.

Perhaps she typified her age and her generation, but even so, I wondered how much I had contributed to that outlook of hers. I thought of the home conversations to which she must have listened in her most impressionable years, the same cynical opinions she must have heard from me, the same horror of sentiment she must have seen me show. And I realised afresh that I could not escape responsibility.

My wife had always pooh-poohed my fears, and laughed at my concern. "It's just a pose of hers," she would say. "In all that really

(Continued on page 123)



Perfect drinks deserve a worthy *décor.* If taking them in the house or garden, arrange an impromptu bar.

Any table the right size will do covered with a gay cloth chosen to blend with your glasses and jugs. Arrange these as you would a dinner table. Don't forget flowers.

The glasses should be tidily set out in groups, with a special tray on which you put the utensils: cocktail shaker, corkscrew, strainer, spoons, straws, ice and sugar tongs. Under the table keep a good supply of ice. One of those extra large Thermos containers is invaluable. Have sugar within easy reach, also a dish of orange and lemon slices and one of orange and lemon rinds, with a bowl of fresh mint and borage if these are being used.

Rose Rose

Rose's Lime Juice.
Gin, Dubonnet.

Put one third each of the above ingredients into the shaker with crushed ice, shake well and serve in a white glass. A long drink can be made in the same way, but served in large glasses filled up with ice-cold soda water.

Morning Punch

Rose's Lime Juice.
Rum, mint, iced water.

Squeeze a sprig of mint and drop into each glass. Add a tot of rum, the same quantity of Rose's lime juice and fill up with iced water. This can also be made in advance in a glass jug, adding the iced water at the last moment.

NICE COOL DRINKS FOR NICE HOT DAYS

Gin Fix

Gordon's Gin.
Sugar, lemon, fruit.

Put (for each person) one wineglass of Gordon's gin, half wineglass of water into tumblers. Add one tablespoonful of sugar and the juice of a quarter of a lemon. Fill two-thirds full of ice. Ornament with fruit in season such as strawberries; later on raspberries and at all times you could use small pieces of pineapple.

Tom Collins

Gordon's Gin.
Lemon juice, soda water.

Put one jigger of Gordon's gin into the shaker with a good squeeze of lemon juice and ice. Shake well and strain into a large thin glass, filling up with iced soda water.

Orange Barley

Kia-Ora Orange Barley.
Soda or plain water.

Kia-Ora squashes are so well known that they need no instructions, but this orange barley, or K.O.B. as it will be called by everybody, is new. Diluted in the usual way with plain or soda water, icy cold of course, it is a grand soft drink. You can turn it into a highball with a good dash of gin or whisky; try K.O.B. and brandy, too, for a really subtle drink.

Pommie Highball

Pommie (made by Gaymer's, the cider people).
Whisky, ice.

Here is another new drink—not a highball, but Pommie, which, quite plain, is an absolutely perfect *apéritif* or long drink. Alternatively, you could add to it a good drop of whisky or gin and a lump of ice to clink pleasantly in the glass.

Pommie Fizz

Baby size Gaymer's Pommie.
Gin, lemon peel, ice.

Put a liqueur glassful of gin for each person into the shaker with a piece of lemon peel squeezed in. Add ice, shake thoroughly until all the ice has melted and strain into large glasses. Fill up each glass with one baby Pommie, well iced.

Pineapple Julep

Booth's Gin, Maraschino, Sparkling Moselle.
Raspberry vinegar, oranges.
Half a pineapple with its juice.

Fill a quarter of a large glass jug with pounded ice. Add the juice of three oranges, a small tumblerful of raspberry vinegar, a tumbler and a half of Booth's gin, a glass of maraschino and a bottle of sparkling Moselle.

Slice up about half a pineapple, add the slices and all the juice. (This is Booth's own recipe.)

Orange Cocktail

Booth's Gin, oranges.

This superb cocktail requires a little beforehand preparation. Cut off the peel (Continued on page 123)

GASTRONOMIC

à l'Andalouse. Of Spanish origin; containing probably tomatoes and sweet peppers.

Bonne Femme. Usually cooked *en cocotte* or casserole with button onions, potatoes, cubes of bacon.

Espagnole. See *Andalouse*; also a stock sauce with a good deal of tomato *purée.*

Forestière. With a garnish of mushrooms and potatoes.

Flambé. Something burnt with either spirits or hot fat; usually a sweet such as pancakes.

Florentine. Served with or made with spinach.

Gratiné or au Gratin. Something browned in the oven or under the grill but *not necessarily with cheese.*

Grecque. Herbs, saffron, olive oil; usually an hors d'œuvre, such as soft roes or leeks.

à l'Indienne. Served with a very spicy sauce containing curry powder.

Julienne. Cut into thin strips. Consommé Julienne is clear soup with a few very thin strips of vegetables but ham and other things can be cut *en Julienne.*

Madrilène. Tomato flavouring; consommé Madrilène is tomato flavoured, very clarified and pale pink and served hot or icy cold in cups.

Marseillaise. Tomato and garlic and olive oil; sometimes saffron as well.

Meunière. Butter sauce. After the thing has cooked in foaming butter (sole, endives, cooked cauliflower, etc.) that butter is thrown away, a fresh piece put to foam in the pan with a good squeeze of lemon juice; poured over, this makes the *meunière* butter.

à la Mode. Usually beef. Stewed very slowly in red wine with pieces of carrots and calfsfoot. Equally good hot or cold.

Mornay. *Béchamel* sauce, to which is added grated cheese and yolk of egg.

Olga. Of Russian origin and usually containing caviare.

Périgueux. Garnished with *foie gras* and truffles. *Sauce Perigueux* is with stock, Madeira and truffles.

Polonaise. White breadcrumbs tossed for a few minutes in melted butter, to which you add sieved hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper and lemon juice. When all this is foaming, pour over the bird or vegetables.

Princesse. A white (if possible cream) sauce with cooked asparagus tips in it.

Provençale. Like Marseillaise; olive oil and tomato and garlic.

Rossini. The famous Tournedos Rossini are just rounds of fillet of beef cooked in butter with a neat round of *foie gras* fitting closely on top. On this place a large round of truffle.

à la Russe. Usually a sauce of sour cream, sometimes with paprika. You could make the sauce with fresh cream and lemon juice.

Véronique. A cream sauce with a garnish of large white grapes, skins and pips removed.

Vinaigrette. An ordinary plain French salad-dressing oil, vinegar, salt, pepper to which you add capers, chopped gherkins and hard-boiled egg.

GLOSSARY

By
A. H. Adair

Laitances à la Grecque

One or two soft roes per person.
Thyme, parsley, bay leaves.
Saffron powder, shallots, tomato.
Olive oil, salt, pepper.

Lay the roes flat in a fireproof dish or flat saucepan; season with salt, pepper and a good pinch of saffron. Put in a bouquet of the herbs, one or two shallots chopped and the flesh of a tomato without skin or pips.

Moisten with a little fish stock—if none available water will do—and add olive oil so that it comes level with the roes. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for five minutes. Remove the bouquet and leave the roes to get cold, serving them in the same dish when possible.

Tender young leeks can be treated in the same way, but will take longer to cook.

Homard Sauce Vinaigrette

Lettuce leaves, parsley.
Cold cooked lobster.
Hard-boiled egg, capers, gherkins.
Oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

You can serve the lobster in two ways; left in the half shells, or removed, cut into pieces and put in a bowl lined with lettuce leaves. In either case hand the *vinaigrette* sauce separately.

Cut one hard-boiled egg in two and then chop it very finely. Put into a bowl or sauce boat. Add a heaped tablespoonful of capers, one or two gherkins finely chopped, and mix well. Now dissolve a little salt in a tablespoonful of vinegar, add this and two tablespoonfuls of olive oil.

Mix thoroughly and add more oil and vinegar according to the quantity of sauce you want, also according to your own views as to how thick it should be. Just before serving sprinkle with chopped parsley or chervil.

Fillets de Sole Olga and Véronique

The cooking of the fish is exactly the same, the difference being in the garnishing.

Grapes or hard-boiled eggs and caviare.
One large or two small fillets of sole per person.
The heads and bones of the fish.
A small glass of dry white wine (or sherry).
Onion, carrots, sixpennyworth of cream for two people.
Bouquet, salt, pepper.

Have the fish filleted by the fishmonger, but see that he sends the heads and bones. Put these in a flat saucepan with an onion cut up and a carrot, a bouquet of thyme parsley and, bay leaf, salt, pepper, the glass of wine and enough cold water to more than cover everything.

Bring to the boil, simmer for a quarter of an hour, and put in the fillets (either flat or rolled) to poach for about four minutes. Put them in a hot dish with enough of the stock to keep them moist. Now boil the rest until it has practically all evaporated—leaving just a tablespoonful or so of rich essence of fish which you put in a clean saucepan.

While the fish stock has been reducing you could prepare the garnishing as follows :—

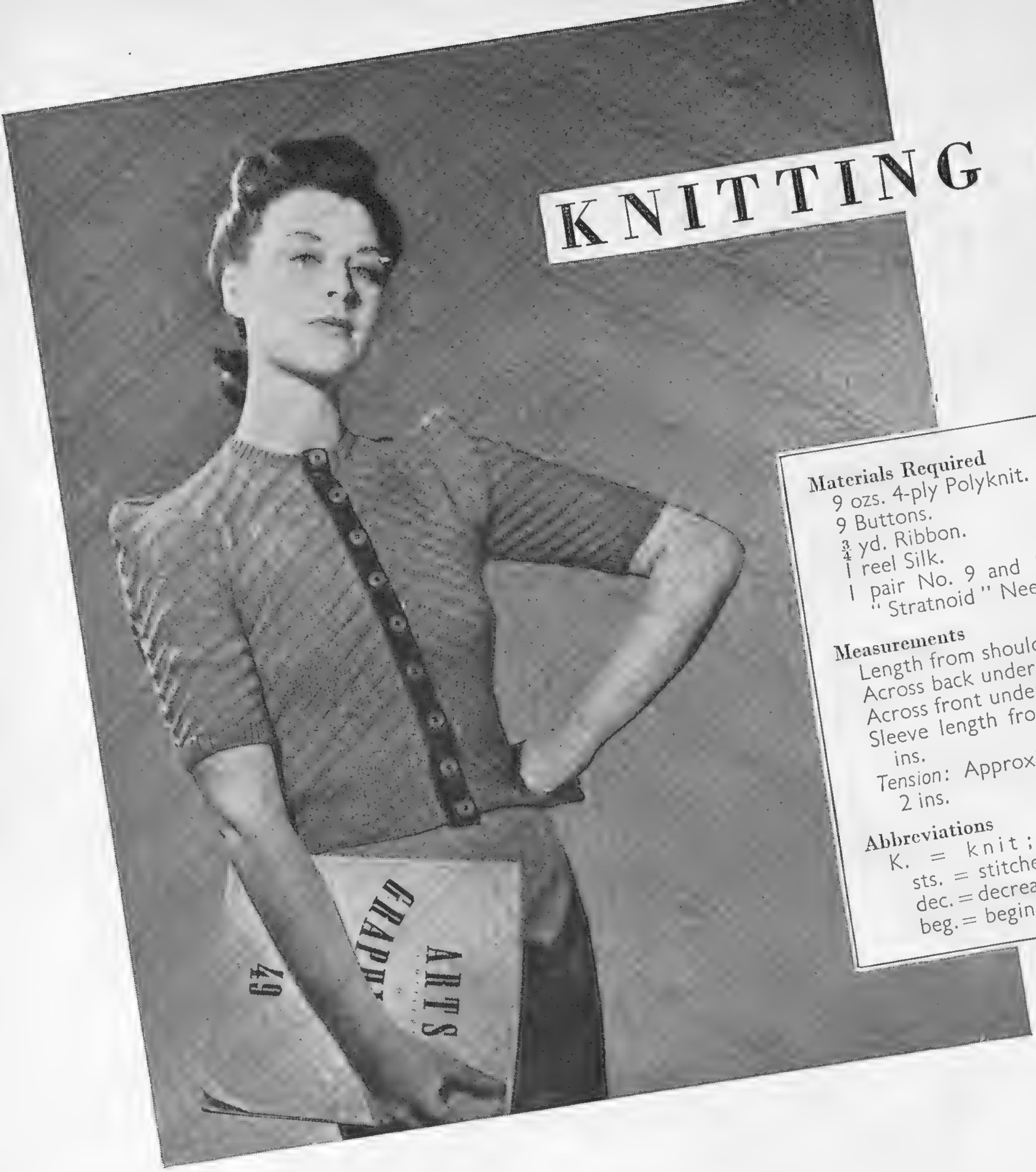
Véronique. Three or four large white grapes for each person, carefully skinned and pips removed, and made hot in hot water.

Olga. Half a hard-boiled egg per person. The yolk removed and caviare put in instead.

Now add the cream to the fish essence and boil until it thickens. Drain the fillets of sole

(*Continued on page* 100)

KNITTING PAGE



Materials Required
9 ozs. 4-ply Polyknit.
9 Buttons.
¾ yd. Ribbon.
1 reel Silk.
1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 12 "Stratnoid" Needles.

Measurements
Length from shoulder, 18½ ins.
Across back underarm, 17 ins.
Across front underarm, 9½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 11½ ins.
Tension: Approximately 13 sts. to 2 ins.

Abbreviations
K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; pat. = pattern.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 105 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to pat.:

1st row : K. 6 *, p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * to end.

2nd row : K. 1 (p. 6, k. 3, 5 times), p. 6, k. 1, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending k. 1.

3rd row : P. 2 (k. 6, p. 3, 5 times), k. 11, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

4th row : (K. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 3, p. 9, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

5th row : K. 1 (p. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 3, k. 7, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.

6th row : P. 2 (k. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 3, p. 5, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

7th row : K. 3 (p. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 3, k. 3, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

8th row : P. 4 (k. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 3, p. 1, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 4.

9th row : K. 5 (p. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 5, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 5.

10th row : P. 6, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * to end.

11th row : P. 1 (k. 6, p. 3, 5 times), k. 6, p. 1, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending p. 1.

12th row : K. 2 (p. 6, k. 3, 5 times), p. 11, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

13th row : (P. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 3, k. 9, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

14th row : P. 1 (k. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 3, p. 7, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.

15th row : k. 2 (p. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 3, k. 5, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

16th row : P. 3 (k. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 3, p. 3, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

17th row : K. 4 (p. 3, k. 6, 5 times), p. 3, k. 1, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 4.

18th row : P. 5 (k. 3, p. 6, 5 times), k. 5, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 5.

These 18 rows form pat. Change to No. 9 needles and work until 11½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 81 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 51 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Continue in pat. as follows :

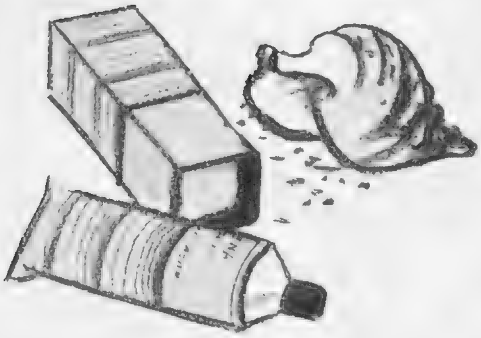
1st row : K. 6, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * to end.
2nd row : K. 1, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 5.
3rd row : K. 4, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.
4th row : * K. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.
5th row : K. 2, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.
6th row : P. 2, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.
7th row : * P. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.
8th row : P. 4, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.
9th row : P. 1, * k. 6,

(Continued on page 127)

THE MODERN WOMAN—ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Sunpruf

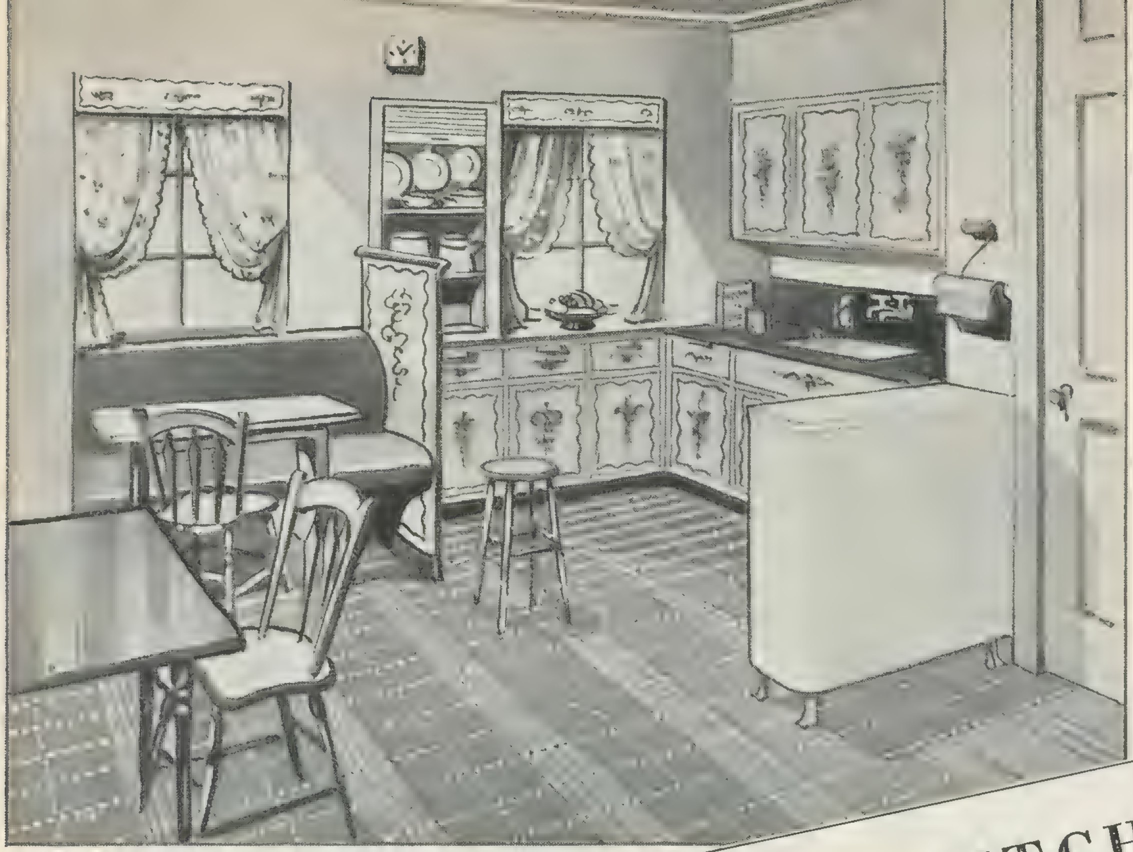
Where the sunlight trembles back from a dancing sea and white beaches glimmer with noon-tide radiance—bask and laze without a thought of harm to your beauty! . . . Elizabeth Arden makes sun-worship as safe as it's stimulating. Thanks to her incomparable SUNPRUF CREAM, your skin will remain soft, fresh, delicate. Not only is SUNPRUF CREAM a perfect powder foundation, but—applied generously—it is a sure guard against any danger of unattractive sunburn: while in slightly smaller quantities—it allows your skin to acquire an exquisite nectarine glow. Sunpruf Cream—the tube 3/6 & 5/6.



Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1



The three illustrations below:

1. Phoenix oven glass is prominent among practical utensils which are also a decorative asset to the kitchen. **2.** The Main "Cabinet" Cooker is an attractive piece of furniture and has all and more of the practical features for which the makers are famous. The taps and the Mainstat oven control are grouped on a facia plate and there are three boiling burners of different gas consumption. **3.** Printed linen roller towels for the kitchen, 3/6 each.

COMFORTABLE KITCHEN

Much as we respect the high-power efficiency of the modern scientific kitchen I doubt if many recall the old homely, lovable kitchen of former days without a pang of regret.

Think of the English kitchens of tradition. The tiled floor, the roasting warmth, the sight and the smell of food and the whole, heart-warming comfort of it. Here was a domain for a woman to reign over, but who wants to queen it in the white-tiled and chromium laboratories that we call kitchenettes?

I do not believe that any woman of independent views wants to give up the new-found ease that scientific invention has bestowed upon housework, but many of them do feel that efficiency can and often does reach the point where good solid homeliness departs.

One of the sheet anchors of comfort seemed to go from the home when the good old kitchen table changed into something that springs out of the wall.

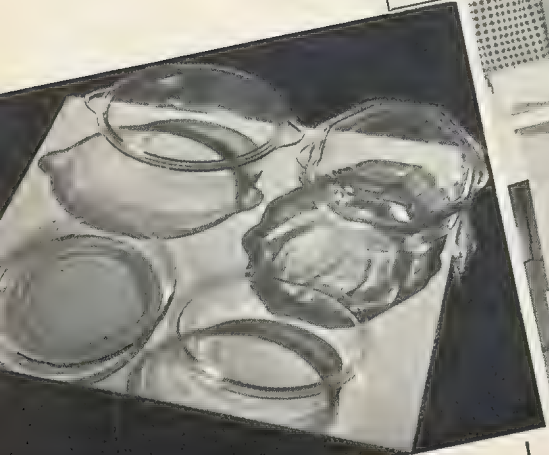
With it went those scratch meals, so satisfying and so cosy, that you knocked up late at night after a visit to the theatre and before the embers of the kitchen fire.

Then there were those dressmaking adventures, and the cup of tea on the side that always tasted so much better out of the old brown kitchen pot.

Well, some unpleasant drudgery went with the old-time kitchen as well, but need we forget that there is such a thing as compromise. Can't our scientific prejudices unbend a little to include in the modern kitchen just a few of those lovable qualities which make the daily round worth while?

On this page we have sketched a kitchen that seems to include something of both worlds. Every gadget and every feature for the elimination of drudgery is there, but there is a cosy nook for kitchen meals, there is also a comfortable, colourful matting on the floor and the fittings are disposed in such a way as to give the room a quality of homeliness.

You could make a good pie in this kitchen and you could also eat it there without sacrificing a vestige of comfort or dignity. You could be proud of the room for its efficiency and you could love it for its sheer companionableness. It is more than a place to work in, it is a place to be happy in, too, and that is what a woman's kitchen should be.



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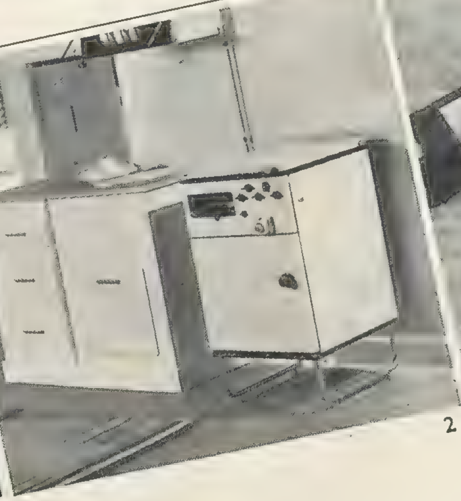

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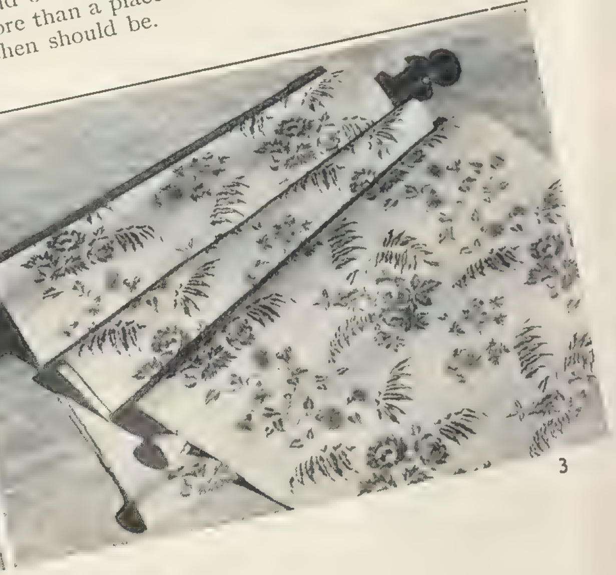


3

Jessie's Sunday Suppers are so *exciting!*

Insist on having

Del Monte

CANNED FRUITS

It is easy to give an exciting touch of festivity to meals, if you serve Del Monte Fruits. They are such beauties! Directly they tumble from the can, glowing with sun-given colour, orchard-fresh and fragrant, you realise that Del Monte are indeed right out-of-the-ordinary Fruits. And their exquisite flavour!

Your favourite recipes that call for fruits are twice as delicious when you make them with Del Monte.

Simple table-creams become sophisticated party sweets, when you dress them up with Del Monte Peach Halves. Ordinary milk-puddings are transformed into delightful surprise dishes when you add layers of Del Monte Sliced Peaches, or Del Monte Apricots to the cereal. Del Monte Grapefruit—ready prepared, ripe and juicy—adds piquancy to fruit salads as well as making a thrilling beginning to breakfast, lunch or dinner.

Exciting, tempting Del Monte flavour gives that extra touch of distinction to a meal that your guests and your family enjoy. And the cost of Del Monte Fruits is so reasonable, that you can afford to brighten up meals with Del Monte as often as you like.

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
FRUITS

PEACH MERINGUE PIE

It's the superb Del Monte Peach Halves that "make" this pie! Make a thick custard mould mixed with peach syrup, and put it in a ready-baked flan-case. Arrange Peaches as shown. Dot with meringue and decorate with angelica or cherries if liked. Into the oven with it to set the meringue; and out again to rejoice your guests!

WELSH RAREBIT WITH PEARS

A delightful new supper or luncheon dish. Cover tender Del Monte Bartlett Pears in their syrup, add a dash of Worcester Sauce, heat in the oven. Drain fruit and place on Welsh Rarebit. Ravishing!—just try it.

CALIFORNIAN OMELETTE

Just one of the many inspirations Del Monte Sliced Peaches give you! These tender, juicy crescents are ideal for pies, cakes, salads. Here, they are warmed in their own rich syrup and served on individual omelettes.

British Sales, Ltd.—*Distributors*—Adelaide House, King William Street, London, E.C.4

U.K. 619

THERE ARE DAYS in Spring and Summer when the sun plays hide and seek behind clouds. Then we miss our full share of its health-giving rays. But we need never go short of nature's sunshine *vitamins;* these we can enjoy in abundance every day and with every meal — in New Zealand Butter. This delicious golden butter from a country of warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands has been aptly described as "solid sunshine"— butter at its very best!

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

The English climate seems determined to prove to us that it is a wise thing never to face a summer without something warm to wear among the flimsies in your clothes cupboard. The point is that the "something," whatever it is, should be light and colourful in its aspect if it does have to fill a practical rôle.

Tweed is, of course, the answer, but it must be the finest quality if it is to be of that light texture which sacrifices nothing in warmth or durability.

Tweeds from Otterburn are world famous. They have been famous for many years as the aristocrats of their kind, yet they keep up, meticulously, with fashion in their outward character.

Delicate and more robust colourings in plain tweed are as varied as the checks of every hue that make the Otterburn pattern range so satisfying to choose from. If you like good clothes you must like Otterburn. Most first-class stores keep it (it is 54–56 inches wide), but if you have any difficulty write for the full range of patterns to the Otterburn Mill, Ltd., Otterburn Valley, Northumberland.

Caprice's summer foundation garments are things that you might have dreamed of but have never thought really possible.

Imagine a foundation corselette holding your figure gracefully into its natural curves, giving subtle perfection of line under your summer evening frock, and yet weighing exactly three ounces. It is made in chiffon elastic net, reinforced back and front for extra support, with an uplift brassière in double net lace that has a specially fine lift owing to the elastic shoulder straps being branched at the back. Even the little suspender straps are of chiffon elastic net.

If you are going south—to the sunshine—for your holiday, this is the garment to pack into that crammed suitcase. The corselette is 16s. 11d.; while there is a belt for day wear which weighs two ounces, at 12s. 6d. The little pantie, weighing one and a half ounces, is 10s. 6d. All are in tea-rose or white.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap with its clean, crisp freshness, has a tang that has already won it world favour, a tang that makes it the soap for sporting ways and days, for striding across the downs or moors, playing golf, riding, flying, for any outdoor activities.

Not only is it soothing and refreshing but it is skin-beautifying, too, the only toilet soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detergens"—that valuable skin medicament used and recommended by dermatologists.

For generations, Wright's Coal Tar Soap has won the enthusiasm of men. For children it is an absolute necessity. Its antiseptic qualities keep tiny cuts and scratches absolutely free from any contagion whatever.

Rose-coloured glasses can transform your world, lighten your heart, and cheer you. So can a small rose-coloured disk, if you happen to be depressed by the worry of superfluous hair.

Don't worry. Bellin's Wonderstoen banishes superfluous hair in a few minutes. You just rotate the soft pink disk over the place where the unwanted hair grows—whether on face, arms or legs—and the hair will wilt away with no more sensation of roughness on the skin than a chamois would give. One disk lasts for months.

Of course, perfect grooming should necessitate Bellin's Wonderstoen being in your toilet drawer winter and summer, because sheer stockings can only look really lovely if the legs beneath them are absolutely clear of hair. The Facial Wonderstoen is 5s. 6d., larger size 13s. 6d.

At this stage, most women know that a perfectly cut frock can have its line utterly ruined by careless choice of underwear, especially of petticoats. That is why most women will be interested to know about a perfect little streamline slip that has been created by Kayser this season.

Tailored, trim, it has a brassière top. The front of the skirt is cut on the cross, the back is straight. It is this combination of straight and bias that gives it its second-skin fit, and enhances the line of any dress that goes over it. It comes in cream, nectarine, lagoon.

If you want a really luxurious little set at a very reasonable price ask to see Kayser's No. 871 set. The fabric is an artificial silk triple ninon in nectarine or blue with a tiny white pin spot. Lovely.

The set—you can have nightgown and cami-knickers, or slip and french knickers—is beautifully cut and has as the only decoration a band of tiny pleating which is stitched down at the top and let loose around the hem of both cami-knickers and nightgown. If you want something more exclusive, you can have hand-painted sets, richly embroidered sets, lacy sets, all featuring Kayser's careful tailoring.

For years Kestos have been cultivating and perfecting the up line in brassières. Now they have introduced a new brassière with a front high-line band that fits like a front belt under the bosom, giving even extra support and uplift, adding emphasis to the slim waist and glamour to the figure. In addition to this the one-movement fastening at the centre back and the self-adjusting straps add to the comfort of the garment. It can be obtained in lace, pure silk or crêpe at 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d. and 9s. 11d. respectively.

Kestos are also featuring a remarkable little sports pantie for the summer. It looks like a doll's garment in the hand but has wonderful stretching qualities and the elastic binding of legs and waist prevent any riding up. It can be worn under practically anything, even swimsuits; it is made of a strong elastic net. Price 19s. 6d.

And from the groom's parents...

Avignon—Thursday

My dear Joan,

I have never been so happy. I don't think the wedding could have been more successful. George and I saw an English paper this morning. It had a picture of us. Uncle Peter's Ford V-8 was in the background. It was sweet of him to lend it. I felt very regal arriving at and leaving the church. The car was so silent and sumptuous . . . looked richer than any of the other cars there, yet I believe it cost very little.

You know that we drove off in the car that Peter's parents gave us for a wedding present. It's a "Prefect," the Ford Ten. We're awfully pleased with it. We spent the night in a little hotel in Kent and crossed to Dieppe next day. It was all very easy. We arrived in Rheims in time for dinner and stopped there last night. George soon got used to driving on the right.

This morning we left Rheims early and have been driving all day. It's a long run, but we're not nearly as tired as we thought we would be. We took turns at the wheel. The "Prefect" was marvellous. I found it so easy to drive, even through French traffic, and we averaged over 35 miles per hour and per gallon.

Thank you, Joan, for being such a lovely bridesmaid. I hope you had a grand party after we left.

Menton—Friday

Another glorious day. We picked up the coast road at Cassis and followed the blue sea right along the Riviera. What scenery, and what hills! Now we know what our "Prefect" can do as a hill-climber. George said he had never known such performance from a light car, and the "Prefect" is the only British Ten under £150. By the way, there are almost as many Fords on the roads here as there are at home.

I seem to be writing a lot about the car, but honestly it does put the finishing touch to our happiness. We would never have seen so many interesting places without it.

USSE
VEN-DIEPPE

* * *

The "Prefect," the Ten ahead of its Class; Saloon, £145;
Double Entrance Saloon, £152 10s.; Touring Car, £155.
The only British Ten under £150.
Ford V-8 "30" de Luxe, from £280.
PRICES AT WORKS

• FORD OWNERS WILL TELL YOU •

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

This 2½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" is one of the three standard models. Fitted with an overhead valve engine of 20 h.p., it is a really powerful car at the moderate price of £445

Below: Here is an excellent example of the modern razor-edged coachwork by Vanda Plas on a short 4.3-litre Alvis. This car is as smart and handsome in town, as it is amazingly fast on the open road

The Perennial Parking Problem

Is the motorist given fair treatment?

By The Earl of Cardigan

AT this time of year, when the majority of motorists are using their cars to an increased extent, the old problem of finding safe parking places is more than ever a bugbear. No reasonable person wishes to get on the wrong side of the police through leaving his car where it may cause an obstruction—but is there any method by which one can make quite certain of avoiding this?

Theoretically, such a method can be found easily enough. Every town possesses a certain number of garages and authorised parking places, where cars can be left without causing any trouble at all. In practice, however, the visiting motorist does not know where these are to be found, and is not immediately able to get any intelligent information on the subject. If he asks a bystander about local parking regulations, the latter is almost invariably a "stranger in these parts" himself!

The question therefore arises whether the car can safely be left in the street, and, if so, for how long. Honestly, I do not know how a motorist, unless he is familiar with the locality, can hope to answer this. In certain streets in certain towns, the police will cheerfully allow a car to stand for hours. In apparently similar streets in other towns, they will lie in wait with note-books around any car which is left for more than a few minutes.

In London, for instance, I know of a few streets where a car can be left very nearly all day. There are other streets where it is safe to park for a short time—for twenty minutes, let us say—but where the motorist will get into trouble after any longer period. In other streets again, it is practically forbidden to leave a car at all. A five minutes' stop must be reckoned the absolute maximum.

ALL this, however, is only to be discovered by observation and experience—often by the painful experience of being "run in" for obstruction, i.e., for misjudging the status of an individual street. Common sense suggests that this sort of trouble could easily be avoided, if only some hint could be given to visiting motorists, either by the police or by the "City Fathers," as to what is considered permissible in this street or in that. At present, the only helpful notification which one receives is in a street where the "unilateral" parking rule applies. The motorist can in such a case be certain, up to a point, of doing the right thing. If he can remember what day of the week it is, he can unfailingly stop on the proper side of the street. Now, why cannot this informative system be extended?

There is no real difficulty involved. Every street has lamp-posts—and if one can affix to the lamp-posts a sign saying: "Park this side on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays," why can one not add the words "for not more than twenty minutes" or whatever the appropriate period may be? It would merely be the extension of a scheme which has already been proved to work quite satisfactorily. In streets which are narrow but which carry a lot of traffic, the notice could of course simply read: "Parking prohibited." One would then understand that it was permissible to stop only for a moment, to set down or take up passengers, and that to make a longer wait would be to ask for trouble. This would be annoying; but it would give the motorist no grounds for feeling that the police were treating him unfairly. He would have had due warning.

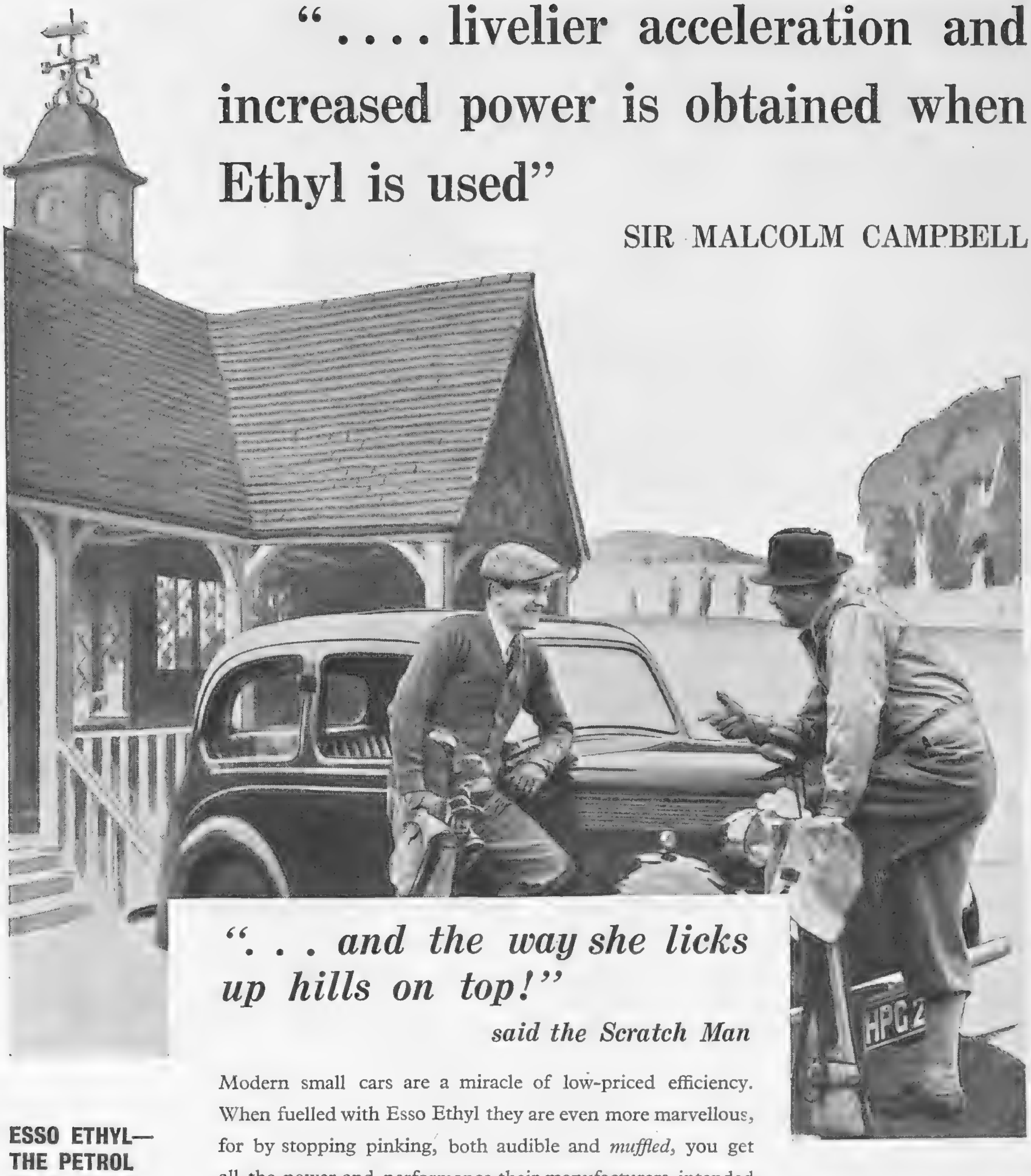
Similarly, if a street was marked: "Parking permitted for twenty minutes only," no reasonable person could complain if he was "run in" after leaving a car there for three-quarters of an hour. No one, not even a complete stranger, could protest that he had been misled.

In a few streets, I think we might have: "Parking permitted for reasonable periods." In such cases, one would understand that a car could not be left indefinitely, but that for the first hour or so no objection would be raised. Nearly every town has a few streets where this would involve no real inconvenience (except, perhaps, to the householders—and they, of course, would enjoy

(*Continued on page* 83)

"....livelier acceleration and increased power is obtained when Ethyl is used"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



". . . and the way she licks up hills on top!"

said the Scratch Man

**ESSO ETHYL—
THE PETROL
THAT STOPS
MUFFLED
PINKING**

Modern small cars are a miracle of low-priced efficiency. When fuelled with Esso Ethyl they are even more marvellous, for by stopping pinking, both audible and *muffled*, you get all the power and performance their manufacturers intended you to have. Try Esso Ethyl next time you fill up. An improvement is certain—often it is an amazing one.

LOOK FOR
THE OVAL GLOBE—YOUR
GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

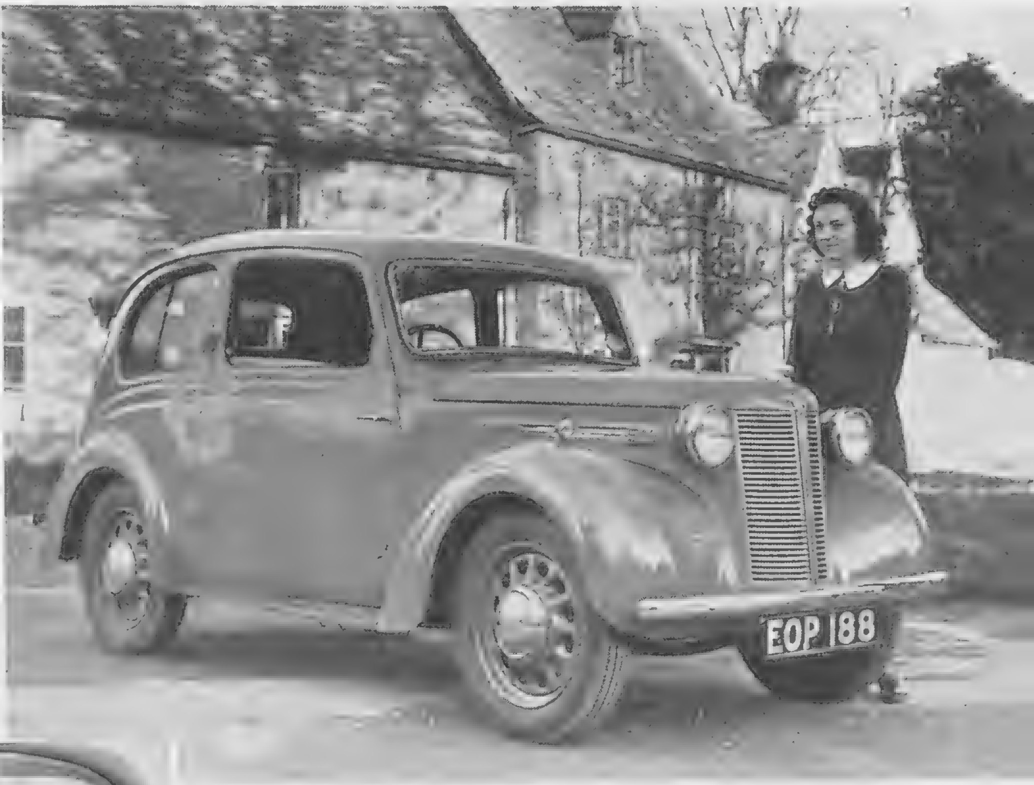
THE NEAREST
THING TO
FLYING

Esso
ETHYL

A Notable New Light Car

The Austin "Eight"

By The Earl of Cardigan



I DON'T suppose that many present-day motorists remember the introduction of the original "Baby" Austin. When this little car first appeared, it was not immediately taken very seriously. Indeed, its small size and rather frail appearance made it the object of a good many jokes. Even its original purchasers, I imagine, thought of it more as a "run-about" than as a serious, go-anywhere motor car.

Opinion soon changed—and to-day we see a very different picture. The new "Eight," with an engine only fractionally larger than that of the original "Seven," is a car which must immediately command respect. It may be small, but it is obviously sturdy. Its appearance, with the new, rounded radiator grille, is handsome; its saloon coachwork is built on really comfortable lines, and a past record of racing successes makes it certain that any small Austin may be relied on for quite a "hefty" performance.

A first impression, as one takes the wheel, is that there is plenty of elbow room—also that the pleasantly upholstered driving seat gives an unusual degree of comfort. With all controls handily placed, even a six-foot driver can feel perfectly at ease. Only one control calls for some little attention: this is the clutch which, although admirably smooth, works with a pedal movement of not more than a couple of inches.

The interior of the Austin two-door saloon. The roominess is exceptional and the seating deep and comfortable

The car handles well in traffic, although the 8 h.p. side-valve engine is really happiest when running at speed on the open road. It can then develop as much as 27 h.p., besides gaining perceptibly in smoothness as the higher speeds are reached.

The absolute maximum is really remarkably high, being in excess of 60 m.p.h. under favourable conditions. During my test run, a fairly strong wind was blowing, and this naturally affected the results. With a head wind on a slight downhill slope, the speedometer showed 57 m.p.h., whereas with a following wind on a slight uphill slope, 63 m.p.h. was recorded. One could therefore expect to get 60 m.p.h. on any average day. (The speedometer, I may say, appeared to be very reasonably accurate.)

As regards performance, an excellent feature of the Austin "Eight" is that it has a four-speed gearbox. It is nice to have the use of four speeds even in a big car; but with a small engine I regard it as a very great asset indeed. In this case, moreover, three out of the four ratios have synchromesh engagement, so that it is a rarity for any change to be required which is not perfectly simple to achieve.

Second gear is a decidedly useful ratio, and I would recommend its use when the car is being driven in traffic, and has to take right-angle turns. Third gear is excellent for overtaking other traffic, when an extra degree of acceleration is required. It provides all the power that is needed, and will take the car up to a speed of not less than 40 m.p.h.

There are various other factors which make the car uncommonly handy from the driver's point of view. The steering is light in action, but also high geared, and it has a notably wide lock. (*Continued on page 83*)

The Austin "Eight" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 8 h.p.

Transmission: 4-speed gearbox, with synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 40 m.p.h., top gear 60 m.p.h.

Steering: Light, with good lock.

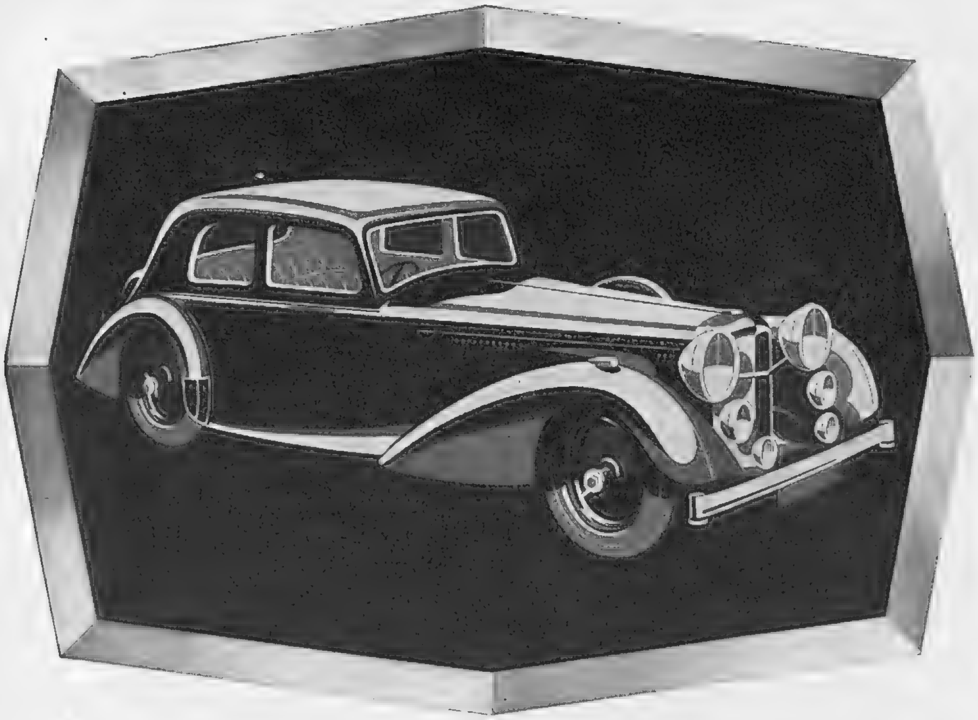
Springing. Semi-elliptic.

Brakes: Of powerful Girling pattern.

Coachwork: Very roomy for an "eight."

Price: Two-door saloon, £128; with sliding head, £139.

Controls of the Austin "Eight." The happy disposition of the controls and instruments in this car go far to ensure the pleasure of handling this attractive newcomer. The large diameter instruments have translucent dials for night illumination



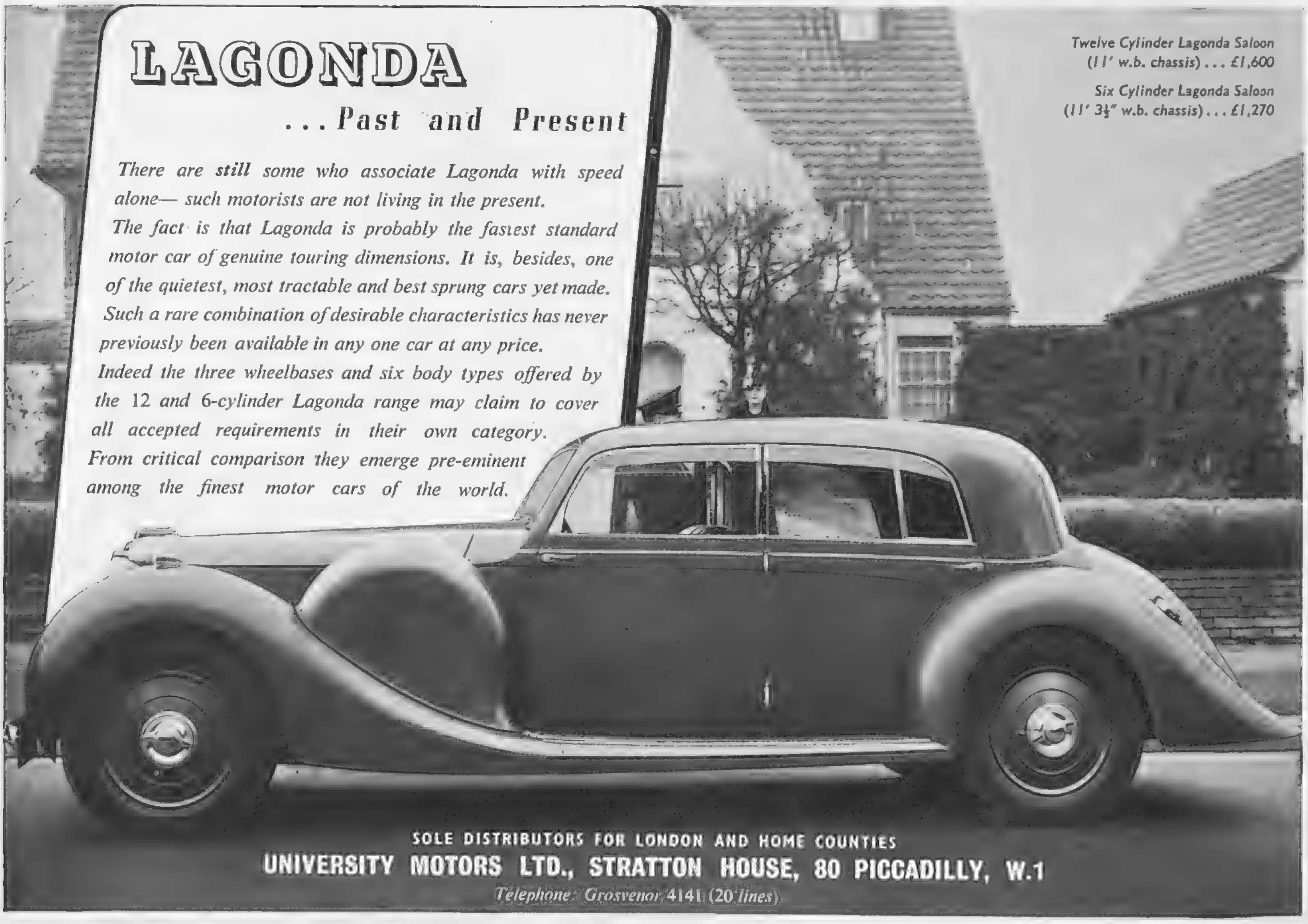
W I N G S

To the man with whom speed is second nature yet whose position demands a car of dignity—the Alvis Speed 25 makes a big appeal. For never was a car such a joy to pilot or such a pleasure to own—never one so eagerly responsive or so silently obedient. On crowded street or open road—at 9 or 99 m.p.h.—the Alvis Speed 25 takes command in a manner that speaks worlds for the craftsmanship that goes to its making. Built by men to whom mass production is a foreign language, with the same infinite care bestowed on the finest aircraft engines, the Alvis Speed 25 is a tribute to British engineering with a performance to delight every motorist worthy of the name. Arrange for a trial run now or write for illustrated catalogue.

THE ALVIS RANGE: 12/70 from £425. "Silver Crest" from £595. Speed 25 4-door Saloon £885. (Drophead Coupe £885. Sports Tourer £735.) 4.3 litre from £995. London Showrooms: 7/9 St. James's St., S.W.1 (Whi 8506). Alvis Ltd., Coventry

ALVIS

SPEED TWENTY-FIVE



LAGONDA

...Past and Present

*There are **still** some who associate Lagonda with speed alone— such motorists are not living in the present.*

The fact is that Lagonda is probably the fastest standard motor car of genuine touring dimensions. It is, besides, one of the quietest, most tractable and best sprung cars yet made. Such a rare combination of desirable characteristics has never previously been available in any one car at any price.

Indeed the three wheelbases and six body types offered by the 12 and 6-cylinder Lagonda range may claim to cover all accepted requirements in their own category. From critical comparison they emerge pre-eminent among the finest motor cars of the world.

Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon (11′ w.b. chassis) . . . £1,600

Six Cylinder Lagonda Saloon (11′ 3½″ w.b. chassis) . . . £1,270

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES

UNIVERSITY MOTORS LTD., STRATTON HOUSE, 80 PICCADILLY, W.1

Telephone: Grosvenor 4141 (20 lines)

A New Riley which is Sure to Win Approval

The 12 h.p. Saloon.

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Riley "Twelve" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves and twin camshafts: 12 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox with three synchromesh ratios.
Performance: Third gear, 55 m.p.h., top gear, 70-75 m.p.h.
Steering: Accurate, centres well.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, gives good road holding.
Brakes: Of Girling mechanical type.
Coachwork: Well planned and comfortable.
Price: Saloon, £310.

THE latest 12 h.p. Riley is a car which is quite certain to arouse interest, and perhaps highly critical interest, among the thousands of motorists who remember the admirable Riley models of earlier days. It is common knowledge, I imagine, that the Riley Company has been drastically reorganised from the business point of view. One is bound to ask—what of the car? Is it still a true Riley, or has it acquired any alien characteristics?

That question is partly answered by the new car's appearance. Note that the familiar radiator is retained, and that the familiar Riley "lines" have suffered only slight modification. One may look under the bonnet and find the same thing: the engine is unmistakably of the Riley type. In other words, this 1939 model *is* "the real thing"!

Closer study shows that—better still—it is "the real thing" with a number of definite improvements added. The four-cylinder engine, for example, with its overhead valves and twin camshafts, has all the liveliness that one would expect from it. With its new rubber mountings, it is at the same time a good deal smoother than before, and I think more silent also. It is an engine that runs happily, no matter how hard the car is driven.

A moderately high top gear is used—and this gives the car a very interesting, and to my mind a very valuable, characteristic. Although the driver may continuously keep his throttle wide open, and although speeds in excess of 70 m.p.h. may periodically be reached, the engine will very rarely attain those absolute maximum "revs" at which excessive wear-and-tear is likely to occur.

IN practice, this Riley accelerates rapidly up to the very creditable speed of 65 m.p.h. Then the rate of acceleration becomes more gradual. During my test run, I was able to touch 70 m.p.h., and I dare say that even 75 m.p.h. would have been possible under ideal conditions. The cruising speed of such a car is naturally a high one. I would have no hesitation, if I owned a Riley, in maintaining speeds between 50 and 60 m.p.h.

The amount of interior space is very creditable in the new Riley "Twelve." In front, the leg-room, head-room and elbow-room is really ample, and it is very adequate also at the back

A change has been made in the transmission system of this new model—a change which I imagine will be welcomed by a majority of drivers, at any rate in regard to a car of the semi-sporting type. A normal clutch is now used, together with a normal four-speed gearbox—the latter simply being provided with synchromesh engagement for its second, third and top ratios. A short, stiff gear lever makes the whole arrangement very handy and pleasant from a driver's point of view.

THE lower gear ratios are well chosen. "Second" is high enough to be distinctly useful, while something like 55 m.p.h. can be reached in third gear. Against a fair gradient, a speed of 50 m.p.h. can be maintained.

One naturally expects a Riley to hold the road well—and this new "Twelve" unquestionably does so. Semi-elliptic springing is retained, the springs being—not hard—but rather on the firm side. This means that, although the car rides quite comfortably, there is sufficient resistance to prevent any tendency to "roll" on corners, and the driver is thus given a real feeling of confidence.

The steering, which is adjustable for length, is highly accurate, having a light action which at the same time gives a definite self-centring effect. The brakes are really good, being of the popular Girling type, and therefore pleasantly progressive in addition to being powerful. All the controls, in short, work easily and well.

I have mentioned that the coachwork well maintains Riley traditions in the matter of good looks. At the same time, it incorporates a number of new features, the effect of which is to provide a considerable increase in comfort. An important point is that there are now no foot-wells at the back, and that the propeller-shaft housing protrudes only slightly above the general floor level. The rear passengers, therefore, can shift their feet about with much more freedom than before.

The amount of interior space is very creditable for a car of this type. In front, the leg-room,

(*Continued on page* 83)

BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. 16 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W.1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4412

True to the old traditions

The popularity of the two new Rileys bids fair to exceed that of any previous model, for these new cars are true to the old traditions but with a performance and road stability which will astonish you. The new '12' has an especial appeal — See it at your nearest Riley dealers. Test it on the road, you won't be disappointed.

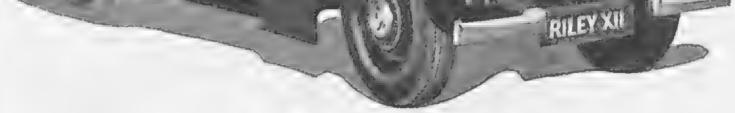
The whole of this luggage is carried in the boot with the lid locked.

12 h.p. Riley Saloon
£310

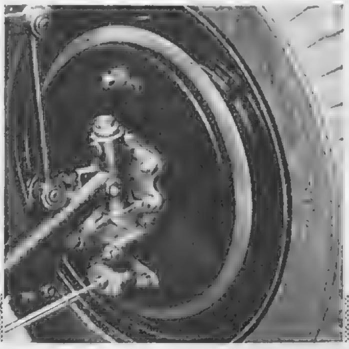
12 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
£335
Sprite Engines £25 extra.

16 h.p. Riley Saloon
£385

16 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
£410
Prices ex works. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass standard



12 H.P. RILEY SALOON £310



Large diameter ribbed brake drums ensure efficient braking.

RILEY (Coventry) LTD., COVENTRY
London Showrooms: "Riley Cars," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England

A New Riley

(*Continued from page 81*)

head room and elbow room is really ample, and it is also very adequate also at the back. At the extreme rear is a luggage boot which is large, and which would be very large indeed but for the modern custom of housing the spare wheel in the same locality.

With all this, I think that the Riley's ability to run fast and easily is the most striking of its characteristics, and the one which a driver best remembers. I ought to have mentioned that the performance on hills remains good, so that one is never reminded of the engine being "only a Twelve," but rather has the pleasant sense of making good going without conscious effort. For a car of this type, the saloon model is very far from being expensive, listed as it is at £310.

The Perennial Parking Problem

(*Continued from page 77*)

similar facilities when visiting other towns themselves).

One great advantage from the police point of view would be that such notices would not be permanent fixtures. They could quite easily be moved and changed about. Thus, for example, a town with a race-course adjacent could label most of its streets: "No parking" on the day of a race meeting, while permitting the motorist twenty minutes' grace or more on ordinary days. It would simply be a matter of going round overnight and substituting one set of notice boards for another.

I am quite aware that, according to a strict interpretation of the law, no one has any right to park in any street, unless it is an authorised parking place, for any period at all. We might as well face the fact, however, that the law is never strictly interpreted in this respect. I venture to say that there is no town (whatever the position may be in theory) in which every day practice does not recognise *some* streets as being places in which cars may be left unattended for reasonable periods.

All that I am suggesting, in effect, is that the police should take the public into their confidence as to the manner in which they propose to interpret the parking regulations. The individual policeman is nearly always willing to do so. If you can find him and question him, he will say: "You ought not really to park here at all; but I shan't take any notice if it is only for a short time." If he can say this unofficially, why cannot his superiors say it, or make some alternative statement, officially?

The present position, in which the motorist has to calculate that he "may get into trouble here" but that "it will probably be all right over there," is manifestly absurd. Some alteration is needed, so that this sort of speculation may be replaced by reasonable knowledge of what the local attitude is to the perennial parking problem.

A Notable New Light Car

(*Continued from page 79*)

This means that really acute turns can be made with a single rotation of the steering wheel. There is, on the other hand, only a slight amount of self-centring action.

The brakes are remarkably good—and it is not difficult to understand the reason. A Girling braking system is employed, which would give ample power for a car of any type. For pulling up such a relatively light weight, it has far more than the requisite degree of efficiency. A very light pedal action brings this Austin quickly and smoothly to a halt.

The springing is semi-elliptic, and gives markedly good results, especially in view of the short wheelbase of an 8 h.p. car. The chassis frame is very rigid, with the floor of the coachwork forming a part of it.

The car loaned to me was a two-door saloon—perhaps the most practical type for giving easy access to the interior of a small car. I have already mentioned the comfort of the front seats; but I was even more favourably impressed when sitting at the back. Any one, by taking a little trouble, can provide space enough in front, but it needs a clever designer to provide well for the rear passengers, when working within the limits of a seven feet four and a half inches wheelbase.

In the case of the Austin "Eight," it really is possible for two large people to sit at the back without being cramped in any way. I will not say that they have "oceans of space"—that would be an impossibility; but they emphatically have space enough, with as much head room also as they need.

All this, let us remember, is provided in a car of almost the most economical type on the market (cars of less than 8 h.p. having as yet no great vogue), and at a price which is very near to the lowest at which any British car is sold. Listed at £128, or £139 if fitted with a sliding head, this Austin clearly demands the attention of light car users.

Country Cousin, Wife and Sister, Come to Town

(*Continued from page 47*)

so varied are they and so lovely. Heartbreak, Goldrush and Nosegay are the three newest hand flatterers. Her hand and feet massage makes the skin smooth and white, at the same time giving them a new suppleness.

Shopping. Let us start with novelties, the sort of things you want to take home as presents, and that you will not find anywhere else.

At Rivoli's, in Knightsbridge, there are inexpensive and original gifts by the hundred. Some are practical, some are frivolous, all are amusing.

Ships, in Lansdowne Place, is a small shop that is packed tight with treasures. Go there for unusual ornaments, gay blouses, and immaculate beach clothes.

If you want the best dress jewellery from Paris and New York, try the artificial jewellery departments at Harvey Nichols, at Harrods, and at Dickins & Jones.

For bags under a guinea, Swan & Edgar cannot be beaten (you must look at their lingerie, their swim and play suits, and their printed crêpe de Chine dresses, too) and for one guinea and over you can get marvellous bags at Finnigans, Aspreys (they have splendid pigskin ones at a guinea) and Revelation.

Walpole's make underclothes to measure at no extra cost, except for outsizes, Lillywhites are supreme for sports shirts and all sports things.

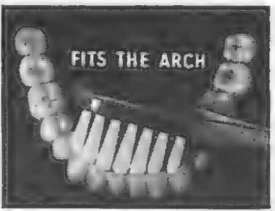
Nicholl's, in Regent Street, are specially good for inexpensive dresses, suits and coats with a dash, Jaeger holiday and sports clothes have the authentic high fashion touch. The Austrian shop is grand for belts, sweaters, scarves, and the sort of accessories that are different from anybody else's. Liberty's fabrics seem to be even better than ever this year, and Fenwick's is the place for evening frocks and coats that always look as though they must cost at least twice as much as they do.

Have a good time.

ARE YOUR TEETH WORTH 3d EACH?

Would you pay 3d. each to possess sound, healthy teeth? You would! Gladly! Well, on this reckoning a perfect set of teeth is worth 8/-. And 8/- is all it will cost you *spread over two years* to change from a cheaper 1/- brush to Tek—even if you wish to use as many as four Tek tooth-brushes every year. 3d. a tooth for sound, healthy teeth, firm against decay.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a plan

Only one tooth-brush is different from all other tooth-brushes — the TEK. Whereas other tooth-brushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and prices, the TEK tooth-brush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing and do it perfectly — to clean your teeth! TEK is the tooth-brush with one idea — to clean your teeth. It is the tooth-brush thoroughly thought out to give your teeth a thorough clean! A dentist designed it. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes and said so. The TEK tooth-brush costs more than some brushes. You would expect it to.

Tek 2/-

SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON

For the children—TEK Junior, one shape, one size, one price, smaller! . . . 1/-

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (*Gt. Britain*) *Ltd., Slough and Gargrave*

Smooth as Silk at SEVENTY . . .

EYU 456
REAL LUCKY SCOTCH

Good luck—and good looks. A lovely lady in an Austin '14' stops to buy a sprig of white heather.

The exhilarating AUSTIN '14'

The built-in luggage locker houses a big suitcase and the spare wheel secure from mud and dust.

Read the "Austin Magazine," 4d. every month.

This is a car you can drive fast and far—in comfort and in safety. Acceleration is vivid, steering light and responsive, braking powerful and sure. The Austin '14' has taken many "firsts" in coachwork competitions. Its comfort is part of its styling—that's the beauty of it! Ask your nearest dealer to demonstrate this model which gives you the smooth performance of a sports car, the smart appearance of a luxury saloon.

PRICES
(at works)

GOODWOOD Fixed-Head Saloon	£235
GOODWOOD Sliding-Head Saloon	£245
GOODWOOD CABRIOLET . .	£252

Smith's Jackall Jacks £5.10.0 extra.

Models can be seen at any Austin Dealer's or at Austin's London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1.

Early delivery of all Austin '14' Models

INVEST IN AN AUSTIN '14'

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

5.1.70

The Man with a Tricky Mind

(*Continued from page* 15)

the lower end of Baker Street. How do you help yourself to money which is kept down in a vault?

There was no need to ponder that. You let yourself into the bank with one of the keys which Hubert carried. You unlocked the vault grille. You unlocked the large book-safe just inside. You unlocked the drawer inside that, and then you took out the chromium steel emergency key to the strong room.

Hubert alone knew that it was secreted there. A master key, expressly for contingencies.

A bright and shining key. . . .

Then, suddenly and most amazingly, that key was in his hand. He was standing quite still, looking at it.

It was gleaming in a shaft of light which struck through the vault grille behind him, coming from electric globes which burned all night inside the bank.

Before him was the unlocked book-safe and the open drawer.

He was inside the bank.

And the steel key to the strong room gleamed in his hand.

ANY neurologist could have told Hubert that there was no sorcery in the method of his apparently magical arrival inside the bank. It was due simply to mental aberration.

Consequent upon the stimulus of his thoughts in Montagu Square, his conscious mind had, in some measure, fallen asleep, but he had automatically followed those actions upon which he had decided, and now his mind had roused again and was resuming its tricks.

The specialist could have told him that such lapses are concomitant with *dementia præcox*.

A psychologist might have said that he was simply carrying out a repressed and lifelong urge. All his life he had handled other people's money, taking care that no one made away with it.

Deep down in the recesses of his mind, the psychologist would have said, Hubert had toyed with the idea of how good it would be to cast all caution aside and simply rob a bank.

Now that inhibition had come to the surface.

Whatever they said, Hubert would not have cared. He knew only that unusual things were happening to him, and he was enjoying them.

HE turned towards the strong room with the bright key in his hand, and into the background of his mind floated a song from Verdi's *Rigoletto*. It was "*La Donna è mobile*," and it had been sung by a fat woman at the party.

He now began to sing very softly and gently to himself. All the time, that brilliantly clear part of his mind posed more questions.

"*Donna è mobile . . . qual piuma al vento. . . .*"

He did not notice that he was singing in Italian, nor that his accent was excellent. There was a question to be answered.

If a man found himself inside a bank, where there were wads and wads of money, how would he carry that money away?

"*Muta d'accento . . . è di pensiere . . .* tum-tum te tum-ti-ay. . . ."

Wads and wads of money, and nothing in which to carry it away.

"*Donna è mobile. . . .*"

No bag. No sack. Nothing at all.

"*Qual piuma al vento. . . .*"

How would a man carry the money away?

Clearly, Hubert saw the answer.

He would take off his evening overcoat, button it up, tie the bottom with string and stuff the overcoat with notes.

You could get a great deal of money into an overcoat if there were no man inside it!

Then Hubert suddenly found that he was inside the strong room. He saw that he had fastened the skirt of his overcoat with string. At his feet were scores and scores of tight-wrapped wads of one pound notes, and he was trampling on flat packs of fivers.

"Fickle is woman fair. . . ." He began to sing the Duke of Mantua's song in English now, and at the same time to stuff his overcoat with notes. "Like feather wa-afted. . . ."

His sparkling mind flashed new queries and the answers to them.

How would a man who robbed a bank hide the fact that he had done it?

He would lock everything carefully behind him.

How would he get safely away?

He would leave the place with equal care.

"Changeable ever . . . constant . . . ah, ne-ever!"

Softly, he sang it over and over again as he stuffed his overcoat until it would hold no more.

An overcoat with no man inside it held a very great deal of money indeed.

A policeman stood in a dark doorway just where George Street runs into the bending Marylebone High Street. It was then a little before one o'clock in the morning, and the constable watched Hubert approach from the direction of Baker Street.

His silk hat was still at its correct angle, and he carried his bulky overcoat in his arms. Its weight left him unaffected, and he was humming lightly. As he drew nearer, the policeman saw that Hubert's silk scarf was stuffed into the neck of the overcoat.

"Had a night out, sir?" asked the constable, as he stepped from the doorway.

Hubert lowered the overcoat to the ground and smiled at the constable, who believed that he had a way with gentlemen who had had a few too many.

"I suppose you wouldn't like me to get a taxi and send you home, sir?" the policeman asked.

"I can walk quite well to New Cavendish Street, thank you," said Hubert cheerfully.

"Of course, sir. Beg pardon, sir! It's only round the corner, isn't it," said the policeman, then he nodded towards the overcoat. "What have you got there, sir?"

"Here?"

Hubert looked at the overcoat, then picked it up in his arms.

"There's wads and wads of money inside here," he told the constable. "And if I knew my way to the Tower of London, I'd top it off with the crown jewels."

He continued on his way.

The constable looked after him, wagging his head and smiling.

"Soused to the ears, but he carries it well," he said admiringly.

If a man wanted to count wads and wads of money, where would he go?

Hubert knew that he would count it in some extremely private place . . . some place where he would be free from interruption . . . where he would be free from every sort of interruption.

Hubert found himself using the stuffed overcoat to bump open the entrance doors of the apartments mansion in which he lived.

The porter drew back the gate of the automatic lift, and Hubert walked straight into it. The porter closed the gate, and remained on the outside while Hubert pressed a button to send the lift up to the third floor. There he stepped out, shut the gate, and paused.

A man could not use his flat to count a lot of money privately, because his wife was there. So where would such a man go?

Such a man would go to the basement.

Hubert moved along the passage to steps at the end, and went steadily down through the darkness to the basement.

Hubert was sitting on an empty sugar box, counting.

"Eleven thousand five hundred . . . twelve thousand."

His overcoat lay open on the floor, and packets of notes had spilled from it. He was counting the

(*Continued on page* 87)

PEGGY SAGE
says
'BE SENTIMENTAL'

PEGGY SAGE has a presentiment you're going to need some sentiment — in nail polish shades! Dresses are sentimental. Men are getting sentimental—about women. With all this frou-frou of frills Peggy Sage insists on one of her three new nail polish shades (heavenly, sentimental trio!).

HEARTBREAK—a violet-toned pink, to wear with all the cyclamens, fuchsias, mauvy pinks, violets and the new greens.

* * *

NOSEGAY—to wear with flounces, ruffles, lace—the violets and cyclamen, the new pastels and the surrealist 'blue-greens.'

* * *

GOLDRUSH—gold-toned and creamy, to wear with sunkissed skin and dresses in the new golds, hennas and desert browns.

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

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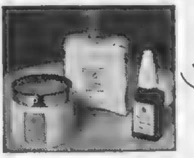

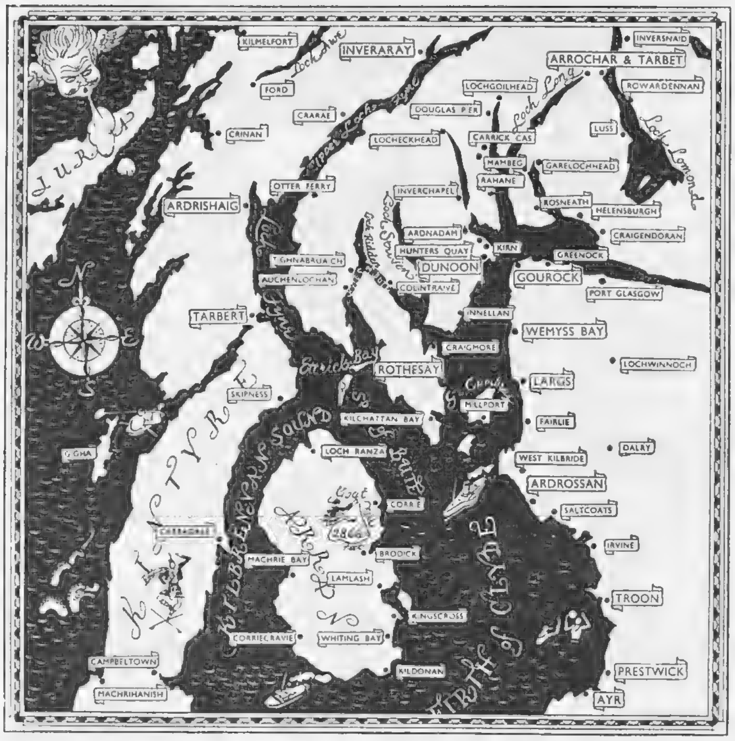
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Loch Lomond
JURA
MAMBEG
GARELOCHHEAD
RAHANE
OTTER FERRY
INVERCHAPEL
ARDRISHAIG
ROSNEATH
HELENSBURGH
Loch Striven
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IRVINE
MACHRIE BAY
LAMLASH
KILBRANNAN SOUND
TROON
KINGSCROSS
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WHITING BAY
Firth of Clyde
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PRESTWICK
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AYR

CLYDE COAST *calling!*

The Clyde Coast claims all who love ships and seas and scenery, for the Clyde offers these three essentials for a magnificent holiday in full measure.

The smooth, sunlit waters of the Clyde are white with billowing sails and gay with luxurious pleasure steamers out for a day's adventure among the lochs and bays and colourful islands round about. (An 8-day season ticket on these miniature floating palaces is only 21/-). And the coast of the Clyde—for more than twenty miles—is an unbroken panorama of golden shore and green hills, with here and there a modern seaside resort offering grand holiday hospitality and entertainment.

Come to the Clyde—to Dunoon or Largs or Rothesay, or any other of its resorts with a Cheap Monthly Return Ticket, approximately 1½d. a mile 1st class, 1d. a mile 3rd class. A Cheap Monthly Return Ticket gives you the choice of travelling back by East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station. In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets". Their price is from 8/- and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

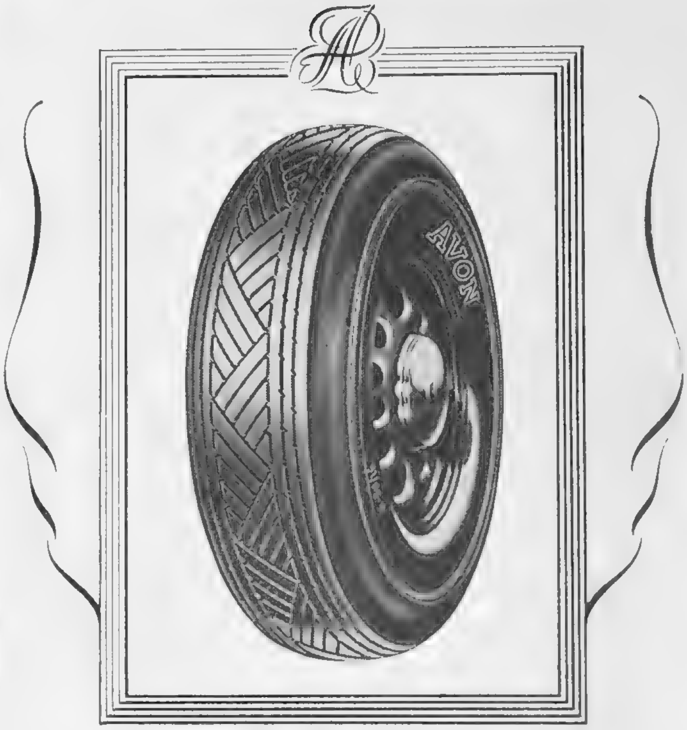
The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies : "Scotland for the Holidays," "Land of Scott and Burns," "Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond," "Through the Trossachs."

LMS "SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" 3d.
L·N·E·R "THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK" 6d.

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at reduced rates.

STAY AT L M S OR L·N·E·R HOTELS

L M S L·N·E·R
LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY • LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY



ANNOUNCEMENT

After prolonged research and practical tests, the Avon India Rubber Company presents a new motor tyre. The new Avon is a luxury tyre and offers important advantages over existing tyres. It provides a degree of silence never previously attained; it has exceptional road-holding qualities and cornering power; and in addition, it is of very handsome appearance and is capable of thoroughly satisfactory mileage. Available in both Standard and Heavy Duty grades, the new Avon is priced but five per cent. higher.

AVON

THE ARISTOCRAT OF TYRES

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD.
(ESTD. 1885) MELKSHAM, WILTS.

packets, and setting them aside in a neat and rising pile, working quietly and contentedly as the total mounted.

"Seventeen thousand . . . seventeen five . . . eighteen. . . ."

He whispered the words, and it sounded to him almost as though someone else was counting. It amused him to listen to himself. He discovered, soon, that he was handling slabs of five pound notes.

"Thirty-two thousand . . . thirty-three . . . thirty-four. . . ."

Through his mind flicked a question which, somehow, did not quite form itself. That worried him, because the question seemed important.

Beyond that, and suddenly, he felt tired. Faintly, he had a feeling that there was something not quite right about all this.

Then the question struggled into clarity.

What should a man do with wads and wads of money?

Hubert did not want to bother any more, but there was an urging in his mind, and the question brought its own answers.

He could not keep the money in his overcoat.

He could not carry it about with him.

It must be put somewhere.

It should be put into a box. Perhaps into such a box as that on which he sat.

And the box itself should be sent to his credit to some place of security.

He wilted from tiredness as he sat there, but he knew that, most certainly, the box should be sent to some place of security.

Hubert became the subject of another of those brief periods of blankness which, now, were coming at shorter intervals and were the product of his growing fatigue. When he next became aware of his own activities, he was moving the sugar box across the basement. The box was heavy, and he knew that the money was inside it.

He pushed it to the lift gate, pressed a button at one side and heard the lift start to descend from where he had left it up on the third floor. When the lift appeared, he opened the gate and pushed the box in, then closed the gate again. Deliberately, he reached through and pressed a button which would send the lift up to the ground floor.

Vaguely, he knew that the house porter would dispose of the box.

He watched the lift disappear, then returned to his overcoat. He picked it up with his scarf and gloves, then saw a gold pencil lying against the floor. He recognised it as his own and retrieved it, then he went stumbling up the dark, back stairs and let himself into his flat.

His wife stirred sleepily when he opened the bedroom door.

"Was it a nice party, dear?" she asked drowsily.

Was it a nice party?

Hubert's dulling, fatigued mind sought foggily for an answer.

Was it a nice party?

"It was a bit tip-nosed," said Hubert.

He was asleep almost before he could drag off his clothes.

Hubert was not late at the bank the following morning, in spite of a headache. He entered his office, for his assistant manager immediately to greet him with the news that the strong room had been burgled during the night.

"There's well over forty thousand in notes missing, and for the life of me I can't see how it was taken!" he exclaimed.

"Good heavens!" Hubert stared. "D'you know, I had a most extraordinary dream last night, and it was about a bank robbery . . .!"

"The police are down there now," the assistant manager told him, because he was not interested in dreams.

A sergeant in plain clothes and two uniformed constables were on the premises. Soon a dark-coloured car arrived from Scotland Yard, bringing three bulky and quiet-mannered men.

Hubert could not get over the astonishing coincidence of his dream. He mentioned it, but they were much more interested in looking for fingerprints.

An inspector came to Hubert's office just before lunch-time. He looked quite puzzled. "We've found some prints down there that don't seem to belong to any of your people," he said. "Once we're certain that they come from outside, we'll have something to work on. Would you mind if I take your fingerprints, just to eliminate any possibility of error?"

He took Hubert's fingerprints, with the assistance of a plain clothes man, some printer's ink and a sheet of glazed paper. The inspector examined the impressions, then smiled wryly.

"I'm afraid we're on a stumer, sir. Those prints down there are yours," he said. "The gang that did this must have worn gloves, and that's to be expected. They must be a pretty damn clever mob!"

"It's a funny thing that I should have dreamed about a bank robbery last night," began Hubert.

"Excuse me, sir, I've a lot to do," said the inspector, and went out.

The midday papers had placards about the robbery.

The evening papers gave it headlines.

The police questioned every one, and learned nothing.

When Hubert found someone willing to listen to the details of his dream, he discovered that he retained only the most vague and inconsequential recollection of it. The memory had faded, like the headache with which he began the day.

Next morning, the house porter at the mansion apartments stopped Hubert as he left for the bank.

"Pardon me, sir, but the charge on that crate was just six shillings," he said.

"What crate?" Hubert asked.

"Well, it was really an old sugar box, sir," said the man. "The night porter took it off the lift. It was all ready addressed, so we sent it off. It was marked as coming from you."

"I suppose the wife's sending something somewhere," Hubert commented vaguely.

He paid the six shillings and walked on.

That afternoon, the inspector from Scotland Yard stepped quietly into Hubert's office.

"That money's just come back," he said. "It was in a box, delivered to the rear entrance here. We're just counting it."

"In a box?" Hubert rose behind his desk.

"It seems to be all there," said the inspector.

"In a box? Why, that breaks my dream!" Hubert exclaimed. "To some place of security. . ."

The inspector stepped nearer.

"There's a label, addressed in pencil to this bank," he said. "Why should the label say that the contents are to be placed to your credit, sir?"

When the police had sorted matters out, they decided that Hubert must have been most frightfully drunk.

The papers dropped the matter.

The bank decided that it would be just as well if Hubert retired forthwith, which suited him very well, because he had long been tired of banking.

The bank also decided that Hubert must have been most frightfully drunk.

At the house where the tip-nosed party had been held, a maid tippled the dregs from her master's wine bottles the following morning. In the heavy green bottle she discovered one remaining glass of the Chalybon wine.

She drank it.

For half an hour after that, she argued with the housekeeper, asking ridiculous questions which culminated in one inquiry that troubled her.

Why, she wanted to know, did people undress when they went to bed, seeing that they'd only got to dress themselves again when they got up?

Her next clear recollection was of waking up in her bed, fully dressed and with her best hat on.

After that, she quietly resumed her work.

For some time she went about trying to recall the details of a very bad dream.

END

She
TURNS
EVERY HEAD
+ + +

Men single her out in a crowd. Why? Because her natural beauty blossoms like a real flower amongst artificial ones, because she's realised that a hard make-up kills charm with over-emphasis . . . disguises instead of enhances. She's realised, too, that Fashion to-day calls for natural beauty. So she uses Tangee—the magic word for a magic formula.

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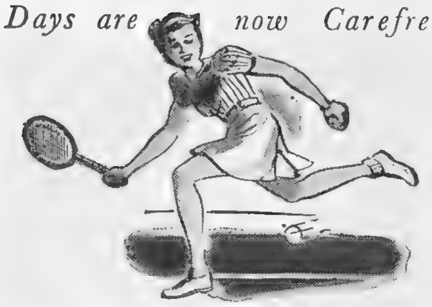

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The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page* 20)

be really good, which will mean, since there are very few good shots among women, that in the future she might be able to feel that she could turn to her skill for an alternative profession.

THEN there are many openings for women in specialising in beauty culture, since all of us, nowadays, are so "beauty conscious." Manicure, massage, hair treatment, all in expert hands, lead to good incomes and increasing possibilities in the future. MISS PATIENCE INSTONE, now manageress of an American firm, forging ahead in Mayfair, considers that any girl suitably trained, with a feeling for her work, can, after a start of perhaps £250 a year, earn in time up to £1,000 a year.

Patience Instone herself, the daughter of the late Sir Samuel Instone, whose engagement to Mr. Curry has been recently announced, originally intended to take up interior decoration and studied, with that idea, in Paris. After her father's death, however, and the consequent interruption of her education abroad, she decided to go in for beauty culture.

She went through a stiff course which included massage and a complete knowledge of anatomy and found herself fascinated. Then she set about finding an opening. She thinks, to some extent, that it was luck which sent her, at the psychological moment to the directors of the firm for which she works, who were then, just contemplating their new venture in London.

They looked at her apple-blossom skin, her dark hazel eyes and golden hair, noted her soft voice and soothing manner, discussed the training which she had had and sent her for another three months to study under their methods. Then, at twenty years old, she started work in the salon. That was eight months ago—for the last months she has been in full charge and loves every minute of her working hours.

She regrets, to some extent, the leisure which permitted her more squash rackets and riding than she has now, for she is, rather, an outdoor girl. But she walks from her home in Regent's Park every morning and back again in the evening, which she thinks helps to keep her in that fitness essential for good looks. And she thinks that her profession is one of the best, so far as women are concerned.

"It keeps you up to scratch," she says, and it is true that few women could live in an atmosphere which breathes grooming and perfection in appearance and admit slovenliness into their mentality. Also, she maintains that her work develops charm, personality and tact, all social graces which are an enhancement. "You see the nicest people at their worst, and then you see how nice they really are," Patience Instone tells you, and she insists that her work has a soothing effect as well as being a moral toning to jangled nerves, and that flattery is neither welcome nor suitable.

And she comes into contact with all types of women. It teaches her psychology. There are some women who go to a beauty salon as if to the confessional, knowing their confidences equally secure, others who admit only to buying preparations, but deny undergoing any treatment. Others buy preparations for their husbands or send—heaven knows why—their husbands to the salon to buy for them what they themselves need.

Patience Instone, in her working hours, lives in a world of women, and she likes it and she likes them. It is a world of perfume and cleanliness, of soft voices and soothing repose; it is, perhaps, very "de luxe," but that to any woman is charm in itself and sufficient to make any routine pleasurable. Her daytime horizon is bounded by smoothly panelled walls, soft lighting, the shimmer of mirrors. Thick carpets deaden noise and there is the fresh brightness of flowers in a pool of sunlight—an oasis of peace in the midst of rush and roar of a great city racked with nerves and urgency. Patience Instone's world has its advantages!

IN the dress world, again created for women, women find scope for their abilities. Perhaps one of the most spectacular openings is the career of a mannequin.

"But," MRS. CHARLES LINCOLN warns "it is not to every one that it offers a future."

Mrs. Charles Lincoln is tall with a rippling figure which seems to have no bones in it. She has a sway when she walks which is in no way affected but sheer grace of movement. Her hands fall naturally into repose. Silks and satins drape themselves into perfect lines as she stands still, or flow with the smoothness of a weir as she walks. She has the type of face which reminds one of the ancient Greek, and she does not change the classical Madonna hairdressing which suits her oval face.

Mrs. Lincoln is the wife of Charles Lincoln who is rapidly making his way as a playwright, and whose *Stolen Time* was on at the Q Theatre about two months ago. He writes film scenarios also, and Mrs. Lincoln reads and criticises them from a woman's angle. She believes in husband and wife having their own careers and she thinks much of the success of her marriage is due to the fact that she has no time to brood in idleness and grow stale with leisure.

Although, in appearance, all she has to do, every afternoon, is to look lovely in one exquisite gown after another, in reality her work as a mannequin is not easy. She must arrive at ten in the morning, although one morning a week is "off" to permit a visit to the hairdresser; until the luncheon break she is on duty to show any dress required. In the afternoon, when the collection is displayed—she has two hours of parade—and then, afterwards, again showing gowns recalled for another examination. Perhaps she has changed her dress forty or fifty times, and with a swiftness which causes a delay of no more than three minutes, and she must look as fresh and as glamorous in the last as the first. Then there are hours in which she is fitted for the dresses she displays, new "make-ups" must be tried; if her feet are tired with so much standing she must smile and forget discomfort.

But Mrs. Lincoln enjoys it all. Her surroundings are pleasant, those with whom she works are congenial, those for whom she works she finds interesting and at times exciting. She has been sent to Buckingham Palace on more than one occasion, and after curtsying to the Queen, displayed one gown after another for her Majesty's approval.

"Eight years" Mrs. Lincoln says she has spent as a mannequin, and they have been eight years of endless variety and interest. She has been with the same firm throughout, following its spectacular rise to success; she wishes to remain with it always. One day, she hopes she will become a *vendeuse* for she considers that branch of the enterprise offers continual opportunity and a future of tremendous possibilities.

It is not every girl, however, who is attracted to a profession which concerns itself so much with her own sex.

MISS DE VRIES, "Mops" is her nickname, is the private secretary to one of the directors of "Kraft" Cheese and her work takes her to that huge, modern factory at Hayes, in Middlesex.

She has merry dark eyes and dark hair and a smile which shows very white teeth. She is, on her father's side, half a Frieslander, but has lived in England since a child and received her early education here. Then she studied in Paris to pass her examination for secretarial work in the League of Nations at Geneva, changed her mind and went in for chartered accountancy. That gave her a knowledge of book-keeping, as well as law which, added to a knowledge of French, German

(*Continued on page* 90)

GUERLAIN'S
FLEURS DES ALPES
SOAP

"My dear—
why don't you do as
I suggest? Let me get
you a drop of **Gordon's**
out of the bottle in
the sideboard. You
will find it will
put you right at
once, and is far
more pleasant to
take"

Gordon's

The Gin that has
medicinal properties

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and Dutch, some Italian and Spanish, was considerable equipment to enter the business world.

But in any case she is a very self-reliant and competent young woman—or rather girl, for she is only twenty-three or four. That may be due to the fact that she has travelled, and alone, more than many people of twice her age. She has a passion for travelling. Her holidays she always spends abroad; she knows Germany well, she has spent happy months wandering in Austria where she skis, although for that intoxicating sport she prefers Norway.

In Norway there are no funicular railways and the slopes, once climbing is over, seem endless if not so fast as at better-known resorts. Life is simple and in many ways an utter contrast. There is, for example, a certain form of Prohibition in force and no restaurant is permitted to sell liquor or wines. Consequently, diners-out take with them their own supplies, which can be bought outside, in their own suitcase which is deposited under the table.

Holiday huts, on the wooden chalet system, abound in the mountains and are very popular both for whole families at week-ends or parties of young people. The food, as in Sweden, is terrific both in quantity and richness and "Mops" says she needs rigid dieting after it, despite ski-ing. And that, in Norway, can be original. At "Ustaostat" they go one better than St. Moritz or Zürich, so far as saving the legs of tired climbers is concerned. You ascend the mountain by aeroplane, at a cost of ten kronen—about ten shillings per head and then ski-ing down, see if you can race the plane to the valley!

But the holiday aspect of it is only a small part of this girl's life. She takes her work seriously although she does not talk of it. And her hours are long, for as she lives in London, and must be at her desk from nine in the morning until five-thirty in the evening, by the time she has driven her little car there and back she does not have much leisure left. As well, she is the director of a small company which manufactures orange juice and is responsible for its books, which is the first step towards her hopes of, in the future, qualifying for one of the rare executive positions permitted to women in the business world. Still, despite this extra work in her evenings she often finds time to make her own clothes and go out dancing, which she adores. It is a crowded life, but one which she always finds if not scintillatingly romantic, eminently satisfying.

Of course, as romantic professions go, I suppose the popular idea is that the Stage must head any list. Vaguely, there persists always a tradition of Beauty tripping downwards on a path which, to conform with modernity, is orchid strewn and diamond hung, a blaze of sulphurous limelight and which must end either with a coronet or cocaine.

BETTIE BROWNING, who is determined that sooner or later she will "arrive" before the footlights takes a totally different view. She thinks it's hard work, harder work and then harder work.

Bettie Browning is the daughter of Major Browning, the bridge expert, whose articles on bridge problems and technical books on bridge and contract are well known all over the world. She entered the theatre somewhat unexpectedly, for while she was still in the schoolroom, the late George Grossmith, a friend of her parents, "spotted her" as they say in the film world, and insisted that she should be given a chance. So she went into *Mädchen in Uniform* and played in it during its long run.

Then her mother recaptured her and insisted upon her "curtsy" and some months, at any rate, of normal "deb" outlook. Bettie was dutiful but before very long she was in the Oxford Repertory Company with her nose to the grindstone. That led to a small part in a Priestley play and then two years during which she worked steadily for the Walter Hackett and Marion Lorne management. It was only natural, then, that she should gravitate to films and film studios. It was a different technique and she found herself missing the emotion and feeling which is in the building up of a character played in normal sequence. Bettie went back to the theatre. There was another small part in a straight play and then, for a young girl, she made a big decision. She turned her back on London, her friends and her home.

"I am going to learn everything, very thoroughly" she told her mother. "I don't care if I'm lonely; I don't care if I play the lead or hold up the scenery—I'm going to get every ounce of experience I can."

And with that determination and a suitcase, she vanished into—not the blue—but the green of Ireland and for the last six months has been touring with a repertory company, playing every imaginable part.

She is on holiday in London at the moment but is counting the days until she can get back to work.

"I'm not coming back to the London Stage," she insists, "until I've made sure that I can't learn any more. Then, of course, I'll realise that I still haven't learnt enough."

Bettie is only twenty now, she has big, dark eyes and naturally curly hair which will set itself into any fashion. She can look as modern as modern or fall into the aspect of any period. She is small enough to have grace in front of the footlights and so slim that she has height for a stage appearance. Her features are decisive so that in theatrical make-up the expressiveness of her face is retained and she is the type which very obviously will grow more lovely as she comes nearer to maturity. With such advantages and her utter determination to succeed it will be very surprising if she does not reap the harvest she is so intent upon sowing.

ANOTHER girl who believes in hard work and study from the very beginning is SHIRLEY ROBINS, whose feet cannot stop dancing.

She is South African born and the niece of the High Commissioner for South Africa, and was presented at Court last year by his wife, Mrs. te Water.

Shirley Robins has always loved dancing and has studied it from a child, but an accident, when learning Spanish steps, tore a cartilage in her knee and put an end to her ambitions for ballet. So, instead, she concentrated upon ballroom dancing, in which she is now a proficient teacher.

She is very fascinating to look at, for she has narrow, very bright blue eyes, bright hair, brushed up sleekly, unplucked dark eyebrows and, on a rose and cream complexion, a tiny mole under one eye. She has a dimple in her chin, too, and a smile which has humour and mischief.

She passed her first examination in ballroom dancing before she came to London last year, and then, after a trip home, returned to go in for her London tests. That took three months of preparation, during which she danced on an average, nine hours a day. That must mean literally miles, but so long as there is the rhythm of the music Shirley Robins is unaware of fatigue. Only afterwards does she feel that where her feet should be there is only leaden agony. Not that she minds. She thinks that dancing is the most exhilarating and health-giving form of bodily exercise. Many of her pupils have the same opinion, for while young people take lessons to perfect new steps, their elders dance regularly for exercise. Shirley Robins teaches, as a rule, from ten in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, each lesson lasting half an hour. As well, she goes out, sometimes to the country, sometimes in town, professionally, as an expert dancing partner. She also goes dancing, in the rest of her time, for pleasure!

She has fallen in love with London, for she has made many friends here and likes our method of living; she has only a few regrets when she thinks of her home in Capetown, near to

(*Continued on page* 93)

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ZIBELINE
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affect your
throat

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Rhodes's house, preserved as a memorial by the South African Government, and that is mostly due to the climate. In South Africa she has been used to so much sunshine, in the warm months living in the sea, and always an outdoor life, which is a desperate contrast to London's fogs in winter and uncertain sun in summer.

But, one of these days, she will be going back. Shirley Robins has plenty of common sense behind her ravishing little face. She knows the great chances there are in the profession she has adopted, for, she says, a good teacher, with experience, who builds up her clientele will soon find herself with an income of four figures.

Even if she does not start her own school for some years after she has completed both training and experience there are many opportunities which may give her travel, new friends, continually changing surroundings. De luxe hotels need hostesses with charm and poise, cruising liners can offer advantageous employment. Shirley herself, when she goes back to South Africa, intends to start her own school. Not only will she teach but she will also train others in her profession. Meanwhile she delights in her work here for she thinks that the love of dancing is spreading and should be spread.

"My first hunt ball!" There is an amused memory in her eyes as she thinks of trodden toes and solemn pacing. "Englishmen don't care much about dancing well, do they?"

Perhaps they think too much about the old school tie and have still a schooldays' inheritance of scorn for what might be considered a feminine accomplishment, for in that faint reproach from Shirley Robins there is quite a good deal of truth. Not so many Englishmen dance well and few of them care to admit that they really enjoy it. My view is that we need more Shirley Robinses and there'd be more pleasant evenings for a lot of us!

END

Books *(Continued from page 25)*

intimate and accurate biography of the daughters of one of England's greatest monarchs, two of whom—the Duchess of Argyll and Princess Beatrice—are still, happily, alive.

The Queen's eldest child was Victoria, Princess Royal, who married the Crown Prince of Prussia and after many years of trouble and chagrin reigned for ninety tragic days, as the Empress Frederick.

Trained by her father, she was an ardent but impetuous statesman, implacable in her hatred of Bismarck and his ways. Her qualities were too violent for her ever to be happy; the animosity of her father-in-law the old Emperor William, and later of her son, now the ex-Kaiser, embittered her life.

How different in character was her sister, Princess Alice of Hesse. Full of kindliness, consideration and love, no woman ever proved a better daughter or wife.

Mr. Benson's picture of Queen Victoria is vivid. We see her as the young mother, the widow, and as the old Queen-matriarch, whose word was law throughout the royal families of Europe.

The book is illustrated with eight admirable half-tone plates, and it comes at an opportune time to remind us of the part played in the trend of modern events by the seeds sown by a remarkable woman and her five daughters.

JUNE is a month of flowers, and those of us with gardens of our own, glory in the drone of the bees and peaceful sunlit evenings and early mornings spent among quiet, arboreal ways.

To-day, ground space is so valuable that large-acreage gardens are all too rare, and this lends a particular interest to "London Gardens of the Past," by Helen G. Nussey (Bodley Head, 6s.).

In this book an attempt is made to visualise the London of the past through the eyes of the garden lover.

London must once have been a veritable city of flowers and its people's love for them showed itself in such simple-hearted rejoicings as used to take place on May Day, and in the decoration of the streets as well as of the churches with flowers.

It is to those days when London was but two miles across, and every house of any size had its "fair garden plot," that the reader is transported.

A Preface is contributed by Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, and in this she says: "Perhaps the most attractive feature of Miss Nussey's book is its human interest, for in these gardens which she recalls for us, we do not walk alone, but with those who owned them." From this it will be apparent that this delectable book, with its twenty-one half-tone illustrations is in effect a Biography of Beauty, and one which I unhesitatingly recommend to all garden lovers.

AND now by way of contrast we turn from the unsophisticated record of past beauties to a very sophisticated modern novel—"Lamp of Heaven," by John Barclay (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.).

This book is an exciting story which tingles with life and an insatiable quest for experience.

Martin Blake was born on the island, the Sun, in the middle of Lake Titicaca, and from his birth onwards he was happy only in the realms of the sun—"that glorious Lamp of Heaven."

His career was what might be described as chequered. In England he was sent down from Cambridge, then worked as a reporter in Wales, as a gossip writer in Mayfair and had a disastrous love affair; in fact, all his time in England he was wretched—until he met Condor, a rich Colossus of cunning, charm and intrigue.

Then his thrills really began. He returned once more to the Land of the Sun, in the pay of Condor, travelling as a ship's fireman, until he reached Bolivia.

His adventures in that fantastic South American Republic are described by Mr. Barclay with first-hand knowledge, for he himself was involved in a Bolivian treasure hunt some years ago. Indeed, it would be a brave novelist who would essay to use as his background, never having been there, a place such as Bolivia, where the commonplace is so extraordinary that even hard boiled novelists become incredulous.

When Martin Blake settled in this strange land he was at once sucked into a whirl of political trickery, murder, passion and sudden death, and this, to him, spelt happiness.

I have, I think, said enough to show the sort of speed at which this breath-taking story moves, but I want to be fair to the author and I must therefore add that the book is punctuated with passages of fine descriptive vigour and altogether is one of those stories which grip from start to finish.

IF "Lamp of Heaven" is imaginatively exciting, "We Married an Englishman," by Ruth and Helen Hoffman (also Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.), is authoritatively so.

The authors, American twins, are both artists, and it was Ruth who married the Englishman. But when she set out for Iraq to join her prospective husband, Helen went along too, together with Boy-cat and Girl-cat.

"The Englishman" awaited them in Baghdad, where they arrived after a motor trip from Damascus which made history (the cats were bored with the desert and behaved deplorably!). From Baghdad they drove south three hundred miles to their new home with the Tigris flowing through their front yard, the Persian mountains behind them and the Garden of Eden reputed to be somewhere nearby.

Here, isolated from the desert, they set up housekeeping with probably the strangest crew of servants ever established under one roof.

A thrillingly eventful two years ensued. With great difficulty a garden was planted—the trees coming from *(Continued on page 94)*

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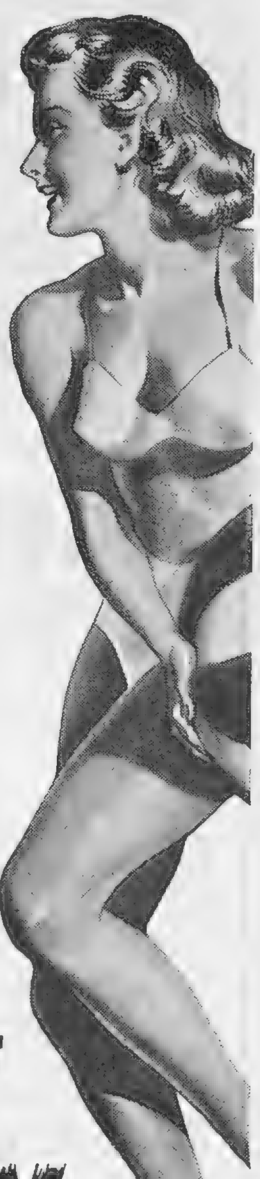

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hundreds of miles away by camel—and despite the terrific heat the *ménage* soon took on many of the amenities of civilisation. Sheikhs dropped in for tea, and there were return visits to Arab encampments where the entertainment was plentiful, if a trifle exotic. Occasionally they visited Baghdad for a brief round of social activities and found to their dismay that several of their fellow guests were subsequently murdered—after the custom of the country.

The book is so light-hearted and humorous that, were it not for the evidence of their efficiently-run home, one would be tempted to call the authors irresponsible.

As it is, however, one can only say of them that they are wholly delightful, with a grand sense of humour, and that both are accomplished professional artists, whose drawings add a lively touch to an already sparkling narrative.

This is one of the most fascinating books that has come my way during the last year, and I commend it to you as a desirable antidote to the strain of life to-day in Europe.

So much for the story of the days of the American twins who "Married an Englishman."

NEXT on our list is another family affair, but of a vastly different type. In "The Story of Their Days" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), Mr. Frederick Niven gives us one of the most distinguished stories he has ever written.

It is the chronicle of a single family from the 'nineties to the present day.

They are ordinary people leading ordinary lives, and in that their great human interest is centred.

They come entirely within the range of the reader's own experience. John van Druten's enormous success as a dramatist is due chiefly perhaps to his gift for holding up a mirror to the life that we all know. Frederick Niven shows the same gift in the medium of a novel.

These men and women are drawn quite simply but with so sure a touch that we are aware all the time of the warmth and beauty and complete authenticity of the whole set of them.

There they are, living their even lives, till Fraser Maitland rips the smooth pattern by getting a light girl with child and vanishing for thirty-five years.

The life of his brother, John, alone, is not essentially changed, but nothing is ever the same again for either of his parents or for his sister, Ann, who might have married an artist and become an artist herself but must now stay at home and comfort her father and mother.

When Fraser does reappear, it is just too late for his return to matter to them.

The background of the story is a small town in Scotland, but this in no way localises the interest for Mr. Niven's concern is with humanity, and that is universal.

"The Story of Their Days" is a thoughtful and sympathetic book, and its very tolerance makes of it a most moving human document.

THERE is nothing slow-moving about "The Forbidden Ground," by Neil H. Swanson (Harrap, 8s. 6d.).

This is a grand adventure story set in the period of the revolt of the American Colonies, but the novel does not deal with the actual war but with a trading post on the frontier.

We are back in the fur-trading days, the time of great canoeing exploits on the rivers and lakes of North America.

Baril MacGregor, on whom the displeasure of the military had fallen, because he is crazily in love with Merrily Gorth, daughter of the most powerful and most hated trader in the country, rescues a little girl from her Indian captors under the indifferent gaze of the English officers and their ladies, and becomes a rebel and an outlaw.

With his father and grandfather and the little girl, Sarah, he escapes into the back plots determined to revenge himself on Merrily whom he suspects of tricking him.

Baril's reckless exploits at last result in his being caught, but in spite of grave injuries he and Sarah crawl to Fort Charlotte and capture it.

It was a legend in the little walled town of De Troit, that if a MacGregor truly loved one woman he would lose her. As the book develops, we are kept wondering how Baril's love will fare, and all the way through we are led to abandon first one belief and then another.

Neil Swanson is another author who has had experience on the staff of a newspaper, and I am getting to that pitch now where I can tell whether or not an author is or has been also a journalist by the subtle effects he achieves in his descriptive passages.

For those who like a romantic story characterised on every page by action, "The Forbidden Ground" will prove admirable entertainment. I can, I think, best do justice to it by saying that it seems to me to be ideal material for a popular film.

NO less thrilling as a story is the enthralling autobiography "Melina Rorke," by Herself (Harrap and Co., 10s. 6d.).

Few women living could tell of personal adventures so remarkable as those here recounted. Melina Rorke spent her childhood among men who were making history in South Africa—Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Paul Kruger, Alfred Beit and others.

At fourteen she climbed over a convent wall to elope with an Irish footballer. Within a year of her marriage she was a widow and a mother living in Kimberley during the time of the wild struggle between the independent diamond diggers and the great De Beer's combine.

Then with her brother and her infant son she set out on a hazardous trek to Bulawayo, where gold was reported.

From her wagon at Fort Pretoria she watched the Matabele rebellion under Logundula.

Later, when the land was more settled, she established a nursing home in Bulawayo and saw the months of secret preparation for the Jameson Raid.

In 1896 the Matabele rose again and, warned by her Kaffir servant, she took her five-year-old son and sister-in-law from the house and for three dangerous nights crept across the veldt. She shot a Matabele warrior as he was about to thrust his spear into her sister-in-law. Afterwards she wished to go to England to become an actress, but her parents persuaded her to study nursing. Her subsequent training fitted her for the heroic work she accomplished in the hospitals during the Boer War. She was with the Force that relieved Mafeking and Colonel (now Lord) Baden-Powell presented her with the Red Cross Flag which she had flown from the hospital during the siege; this she afterwards gave, personally, into the keeping of Queen Alexandra just before she was decorated by King Edward VII with the Order of the Royal Red Cross.

The book closes dramatically with her welcome home to South Africa, at the age of twenty-five, the hotel room heaped with flowers and unopened wedding presents, for she was to be married the next day—and then she was told of her second great tragedy.

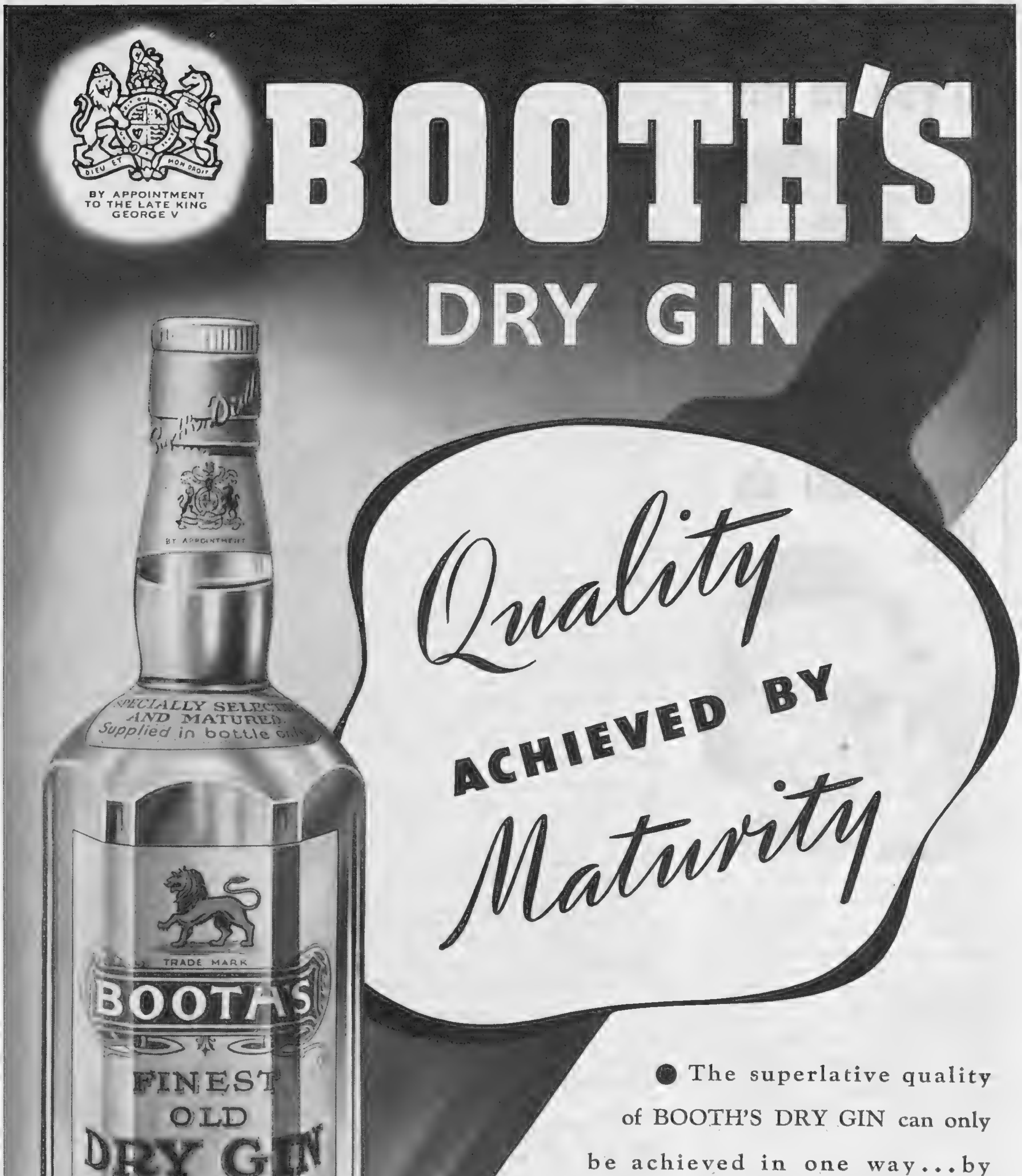
The stirring narrative is embellished with more than two dozen excellent photographs, and altogether this book is a fascinating, if at times harrowing, record of the exciting and valuable life of a notable modern heroine.

IN these days of international jitters it does every one good to find something at which to throw back their heads and laugh unrestrainedly.

Readers of "Tony Maloney" (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), will therefore be very grateful to G. D. Woodman for providing an absolute riot of fun.

Tony Maloney is a star reporter who had quarrelled with his girl and desperately wanted to make it up. So when his editor ordered him down to Dover to cover the reception of a foreign delegate, Tony cursed the delegate and phoned through a glamorous report from a phone box not two miles from the newspaper office.

(*Continued on page* 96)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But alas for Tony! Some thoughtless person threw a bomb at the foreign delegate and the "Daily Tribune" innocently headlined his report "A True British Reception." "A Welcome Count Salvani Will Never Forget!" But it was Tony who never forgot the reception accorded him when he got back to the office! It bounced him right out of the office again onto the Isle of San Sareno, where Zapata the Master, gave him a job as Lord High Editor of all the newspapers.

He gave him a villa on the mountain top, a splendid uniform and a not-so-splendid gun.

But one day Tony slid down the mountain into the forest land below and then everything was changed.

Whom did he find in the forest and what strange whispers did he hear? Who were the patrols that shot on sight—and tried their victims afterwards? What of the Rebel Nita with a gun at her belt and a rose in her hair?

This rollicking comedy-adventure yarn—and a sly jibe at dictators as well—cannot fail to please every type of reader, and they in turn cannot fail to recommend it to their friends as wholeheartedly as I recommend it to you.

"Spider's Silk" is the unusual title of a distinguished novel by Mary Lutyens (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.).

This story deals sympathetically with one of the major problems of life—can a man's love for a woman ensure happiness?

In this particular case the marriage of Gina and Valentine was unsuccessful. Valentine's love for his wife had its roots deep in childhood at which time Gina was sublimely happy until her happiness was shattered by the death of her adored brother and she flew to Valentine for refuge in her misery.

The marriage brought only unhappiness to both of them and when suddenly and surprisingly it was broken off, neither could find contentment in separation.

The theme as will be seen is one demanding great psychological insight and sensitive narration. Mary Lutyens brings both these qualities to bear and as a result "Spider's Silk" is one of the most moving and exquisitely poised novels of recent years.

ANOTHER beautifully handled story is Naomi Jacob's new novel "This Porcelain Clay" (Hutchinson and Company, 8s. 6d.).

Its central character is Louis Silver, the son of a Liverpool man of little or no education, who, himself the son of a dock labourer, determined from the beginning of his life to realise his ambitions.

What that realisation might cost others did not enter into his calculations. Slowly he found a foothold, finding himself rich while still a young man.

He married—because it seemed to him that the woman he chose set the hall-mark of success upon his life. She was beautiful, she was an aristocrat, and she signified—as Louis Silver's wife—that Louis Silver had "arrived."

That another man should enter his wife's life was almost inevitable.

Silver accepted the situation, apparently calm, inwardly furious—not that she had betrayed him, but that she had been able to make him look—less successful.

Then he is caught in the slump and his ventures fail to prosper. He fights gamely, and slowly into his consciousness comes the knowledge that he is missing all that makes life tolerable. His wish for success is in no way diminished but he knows that somewhere in life is that queer, elusive thing called beauty, but he does not even know where it is to be found.

Beginning his career again, half resentful, half excited, he learns, works and sees the hope of happiness, love and tenderness coming nearer.

This book is really a parable and a parable to which no one but a great artist like Naomi Jacob could fittingly have done justice.

All her work is distinguished by an absorbing attention to detail and so realistically does she create her characters and their environments that the reader lives every episode of her stories with them. "This Porcelain Clay," is a piece of great writing.

WELL, let's end this month's batch with a good laugh. Noël Godber, the author of those very amusing books "Twin Bedsteads," and "How Dare You, Sir?" among other very amusing books, has now given us "Miss Barelegs" (John Long, 7s. 6d.), which he dedicates with abject apologies to those engaged in the advertising profession.

Miss Barelegs—that's not her real name of course, actually she is Jill Lissing—is a beautiful and talented secretary in an advertising agency.

She became known by the sobriquet through her habit of turning up at the office without stockings.

The story, which Guy's Advertising Agency work quite deliciously, tells of the tussle between two rival agencies to secure the advertising of a well-known bath soap.

The methods adopted by the rivals lead to some spicy and really funny situations and thanks to the ingenious brain wave of Miss Barelegs, the right agency wins.

Mr. Godber has earned for himself an enviable reputation as a humorist and because he has an intimate knowledge of advertising he is able to be good-naturedly merciless on that profession in this very amusing book.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

superior and protective benevolence such as those of high caste would adopt towards barbarians.

Greeks dubbed barbarians all those whose language was not Greek or not perfect Greek. They might have been kings or queens of mighty countries, but nevertheless they were barbarians. Even the Egyptian kings were looked upon as barbarians.

For a while, life went smoothly enough on the surface. The new element, however, did not blend itself with the atmosphere already established. Lanassa would not have minded if she had been *the* one, and the other two in the position of legal concubines. She saw instead that Pyrrhus did not discriminate between rank or birth, but loved his wives with the simple and primitive instincts of the cave man. This equality did not meet with Lanassa's approval, and she began to resent bitterly the attention that Pyrrhus paid to the other two women.

Gradually, life became intolerable, and one day when Pyrrhus was away on an expedition, the jealous Sicilian left the palace and returned to Corcyra. So great was the wound to her pride that she even allowed her maternal love to be overcome, for she left a young son to grow up together with a son of Bircenna and with Ptolemy, son of the deceased Antigone.

On reaching her father's home, Lanassa publicly declared that law or no law she considered herself free to re-marry whoever she liked, and, burning for revenge, she chose as husband Pyrrhus's enemy, Demetrius.

Demetrius was a mighty warrior, and a daring ruler, but as far as women were concerned he was not all that a bride might have desired. Ultra-sensitive to feminine fascination, Demetrius was quite ready to consecrate with a marriage any whim, however short lived.

Lanassa's object, however, was principally to give a moral slap to Pyrrhus's face. When Demetrius sailed for Corcyra, married Lanassa, and placed a strong garrison in the city, he snatched from Pyrrhus's grasp both the wife and the town.

At this point, historians cease to give any further information about Pyrrhus's love ties. He clashed repeatedly with Demetrius, but there is no news of the angry Lanassa. Who knows whether, in spite of what she did against

(*Continued on page* 98)

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Pyrrhus, she still loved him or not? Who can ever probe the complex heart of womankind?

We learn that the three sons of Pyrrhus were brought up in the same way as their father had been: their training consisted of violent exercises, horse taming, the use of weapons and military knowledge.

Once, one of them asked his father to which of the three he would leave the kingdom, and Pyrrhus replied, "To him that hath the sharpest sword."

Later, we find that the eldest son, Ptolemy, not yet twenty years old, fell bravely on the field of honour, almost before his father's eyes.

It is on the military exploits of Pyrrhus that the historians have focused all their attention, following him through adventures of every kind, giving numerous instances of his bravery, of the dangers and narrow escapes that were his by the score.

With fascinating detail the historians describe Pyrrhus's memorable though unsuccessful expedition into Italy, where he fought against the Romans, and for the first time in history used a new weapon against his foes. He pitted against them a veritable avalanche of elephants trained for warfare and mounted

by an army of worthy and skilled fighters.

And so we read on as far as the last episode, when in a most surprising manner a full stop was put to the king's life of adventure. Fate ordained for Pyrrhus the great warrior, the indomitable man of iron, this worthy descendant and successor of the immortal hero of the *Iliad*, that he should die after being felled and stunned by a heavy tile thrown from the roof of a house by the unsteady hands of an old woman. Could there have been a greater anti-climax to his life of doughty deeds?

And so two widows, still in the prime of their lives, shed bitter tears. Their only consolation was that they had belonged to the noblest prince of the age.

Perhaps there was a third—perhaps the proud Lanassa, too, broke down and wept. Why not? A romance never really dies in the heart of a woman.

In a few masterly and philosophical words, Plutarch outlines the nature and life of the great Pyrrhus. He says, "Only that which he got by great actions he lost again by vain hopes, and by new desires of what he had not, kept nothing of what he had."

END

The Third Prisoner

(Continued from page 31)

irrevocable. Personally I don't believe in it. Daresay I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I think it's a rotten system. Couldn't you patch things up?"

"Of course we'll patch it up," said Hugo easily. "We'll come to terms, won't we, Marcia? It's only on account of the kids, you know," he explained to the other man. "It's not that we don't love each other."

"No, we won't come to terms," returned Marcia sharply, for she knew that if they did, she would discover later that they were all Hugo's terms and they would be exactly where they had been before. But then she made a short, unhappy sound that was intended to be a laugh, and said, "But what does it matter? There won't be any time to come to terms."

Hugo tumbled sideways towards her.

"Marcia, we *can't* die in the middle of a quarrel," he whispered agonisedly.

Marcia stared down at his tousled coppery head, his upturned face, his lovely drooping lips. Her mouth had gone dry. She couldn't speak.

"You'll get out of this all right," drawled the deep comfortable voice of the third prisoner. "Point is, you've got all the night before you and nothing to do. What about threshing things out now? Honestly, I can't stomach this divorce business. You take a man for better or worse, and that's all there is to it. If you love each other, you're both going to be mighty miserable apart. You get to work and patch things up. Don't mind me. I'm going to sleep. And if you can't tell me in the morning that everything's okay, I'll be mighty disappointed." Whereupon he rolled over, and, pillowing his head on a massive arm, settled himself to slumber.

Hugo whispered, "Let's do as he says."

But Marcia shook her head stubbornly.

"No. No, I've made up my mind. You needn't think because we're in a situation like this you can take an unfair advantage of me. We'll call a truce for to-night, but after that—well, if we come out of this, it's to be as I said." Then, overwhelmingly, the fear was on her again, and her voice began to tremble. "Hugo—Hugo, aren't you afraid?"

Hugo drew closer to her, and Marcia said, "That's the first unfair advantage," but had not the strength to move away. Presently she said, "Hugo, do you think we should save the candle? We might be more glad of it later."

Hugo looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock.

"Ten hours," he murmured. "No, we'll sleep later. Put your head there, darling. Let's remember all the happy times we've ever had."

"Nice way for an estranged husband and wife to talk," she said, but the thought was a soothing one. In spite of her fear, her mind began to wander over past years. Venice with Hugo, Rome with Hugo, Egypt, Brittany, Honolulu, California with Hugo, the world a painted, animated background for the two of them. Hugo solemnly telling the Sphinx that there was only one woman in the world whom he loved, and that was his wife, Hugo's alarm when he knew they were going to have a child ("But what will we *do* with it, darling?"), Hugo's sleepy, repentant voice saying, "But, Marcia, you know I'm the sort of idiot who must get drunk sometimes. . . ."

An hour passed. The candle was burning low. The huge young man stretched across the opposite wall had not stirred. Marcia's fears became overwhelming once more.

"How can he sleep?" she cried. "Doesn't he care at all that he's going to die?"

"I wonder who he is," Hugo remarked. "Good sort of chap, though. He really wanted us to patch things up."

"Oh, what's the use?" said Marcia wearily. "How many more hours?"

"Depends on what they call dawn here. About eight and a half, I should think. Try to sleep, darling. These last hours aren't anything to write home about."

The candle flickered. Hugo's face seemed all hollows. Marcia stared at it, touching it with her fingers.

"I wonder if you'll always be chasing laughter when you're dead," she whispered. "Hugo! Hugo, I'm so tired."

"Go to sleep, sweet. Don't worry. It's all bluff. There's nothing to worry about."

Marcia was sobbing quietly, without tears. "I *can't* sleep, Hugo."

Nevertheless she did doze in snatches that made the night seem immeasurably long. Then she awoke abruptly to full consciousness to find the cell in complete darkness, and Hugo clinging to her arms so tightly that it hurt.

"Marcia!" he was whispering desperately. "Marcia, I'm frightened as hell! You've got to forgive me! We can't die with this hanging over us. Marcia! Please, Marcia!"

It was half an hour before she succeeded in calming him, and then he lay with his head in her lap, his arms folded tightly round her, like a frightened child, like her own child, Nigel, whom she knew so little. And at that thought she was glad that still she hadn't promised anything, that she had stuck to her decision.

At last the

(Continued on page 100)

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trembling dawn came, and with it shouts and a fusillade of shots from without. And Marcia, fully awake, saying between stiff lips, "If only—one had died before—and knew what it felt like."

And Hugo saying, "They can't have caught John Mead anyway. We've got to be thankful for that. Marcia, the truce holds until—until afterwards?" And then his laugh that cracked unnaturally, "God, what *is* afterwards?"

And the blond young giant stirring and getting to his feet and grinning sleepily down on them.

"You two made it up? Huh?" And without waiting for their answer, "That's fine. Life's too short to quarrel in. Gosh, I'm hungry! I believe I'd give the rest of my life to be able to put myself outside one of my mother's breakfasts right now. Say, you ought to have seen the breakfasts my old mother cooked. Huh? Not interested? Well, I suppose this is a lousy place to talk of eating."

Then, a little later, footsteps came down the corridor, the door was flung open, a pair of armed guards entered and seized the imperturbably grinning American. He was marched out, his ugly cheerful face turned back to say to Marcia and Hugo:

"See you later, folks. I'll call their bluff for them. You'll be hitting the trail for home before you know where you are."

The door was locked. The footsteps died away. Marcia swallowed twice. Unaccountably she was seeing Susan saying her prayers. Susan kneeling in her pyjamas, her coppery head bent over her folded hands. Susan making her absurd little statement, "Please, God, it's been a good day."

An immeasurable time passed.

"Hugo—why didn't they take us, too? I thought—mass executions——"

Hugo's handsome face was unnaturally drawn and old. His attempt at optimism was pitiful.

"But it's *not* an execution, darling. It *is* bluff. You'll see——"

The distant volley cut his words off. He was white as he met Marcia's unspoken question.

"Don't be so—frightened. That's just—ordinary hostilities. It's—Listen! Here they come again!"

The door swung open. A dirty grinning guard, with many gestures, talked rapidly in Spanish.

"Speak English, for heaven's sake!" Hugo cried. "What are you going to do to us?"

But the man could not speak English. He thrust a grimy scrap of paper into Hugo's hand and gestured again that the door was wide open. Freedom lay without.

Hugo held the paper up to read it.

> "Patch it up, you two. Life's too short to quarrel in. They've sworn to me they'll let you go, so take my advice and hop straight out of the country. These guys think they were being funny, making you spend the night with a condemned prisoner, and they're that damn dumb they can't tell an Englishman from a good Yankee. I'm glad I dropped a bomb or two into their messy war, and don't worry about me. I was of no more importance in this almighty tangle than you are. But patch it up. I'm happy to be of service to you, but I'm damned if I'll die for a couple of quarrelsome fools.
>
> JOHN MEAD.
>
> P.S.—Give my love to the kids."

The paper shook in Hugo's fingers. Marcia was staring at it, fascinated.

"That's funny," she was saying wonderingly. "That's funny."

"What's funny?" shouted Hugo. "That poor devil——"

"No," said Marcia shudderingly. "No, not him." She could not yet visualise that great body, that blond head rolled in the dust. She was seeing a long road, a long, long, weary road, stretching into infinity, down which she and Hugo were travelling—travelling endlessly. "It's funny," she said, "that a night like that and a crazy Yankee should show us that our ways lie—for ever together."

END

Gastronomic Glossary

(*Continued from page 69*)

thoroughly, put them in a hot serving dish, mask them with the sauce and dispose your garnish around them.

Côtelettes d'Agneau Princesse

Two small lamb cutlets per person.
One small bunch of asparagus tips.
Milk, flour, butter.
Cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Make the sauce first by mixing flour and butter over the fire, and moistening with hot milk, adding this little by little and whipping or beating with a fork all the time so that you have a smooth sauce like thick cream. Season with salt and pepper and grated nutmeg.

The asparagus tips are tied in bundles and cooked in boiling salted water. Drain well and chop them into small pieces, stopping when you get to the hard stalks. Add these to the sauce, stirring thoroughly and keep hot.

The lamb cutlets are painted with melted butter, seasoned with salt and pepper and grilled. If you can spare a little cream, add this to the sauce, which should be quite thick. Put it in a hot serving dish and dispose the cutlets on top or arrange the cutlets by themselves and hand the sauce separately.

Note.—You can use this sauce for serving with a joint of roasted lamb, in which case add a little gravy to the sauce just before serving.

Tournedos Rossini

One beef tournedos for each person.
One round slice of foie gras.
One slice of truffle.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Cook the tournedos in butter, two or three minutes on each side. Fry some rounds of white bread cut to the exact shape of the beef tournedos. Place a tournedos on each round of fried bread, the slice of *foie gras*, then the truffle and put in the oven for a few minutes before serving.

Eats

(*Continued from page 13*)

The cooking of them leaves nothing to be desired. Uncooked vegetables, or salads, are equally varied and excellent. America must be heaven for an English vegetarian.

THE sweets, though they include some good native dishes, call for no particular praise or blame. Significantly, they are known as "dessert"—significantly, because ordinary raw fruit is eaten far more rarely than in Europe. A great deal of orange juice is drunk, but you may spend weeks in the U.S.A. without seeing an orange eaten; and other fruits are usually slices or tampered with in some way. I once asked a waiter in a restaurant where sliced green figs were on the menu if he could get me some before they had been sliced. Nothing came of it. I fancy the man with the slicer must take up his position near the kitchen door and make it his boast that nothing gets past him. Pealing a peach, sucking an orange, gnawing an apple are among the joys our cousins do not share with us.

Such differences annoy no one but a fool; even when they do (*Continued on page 102*)

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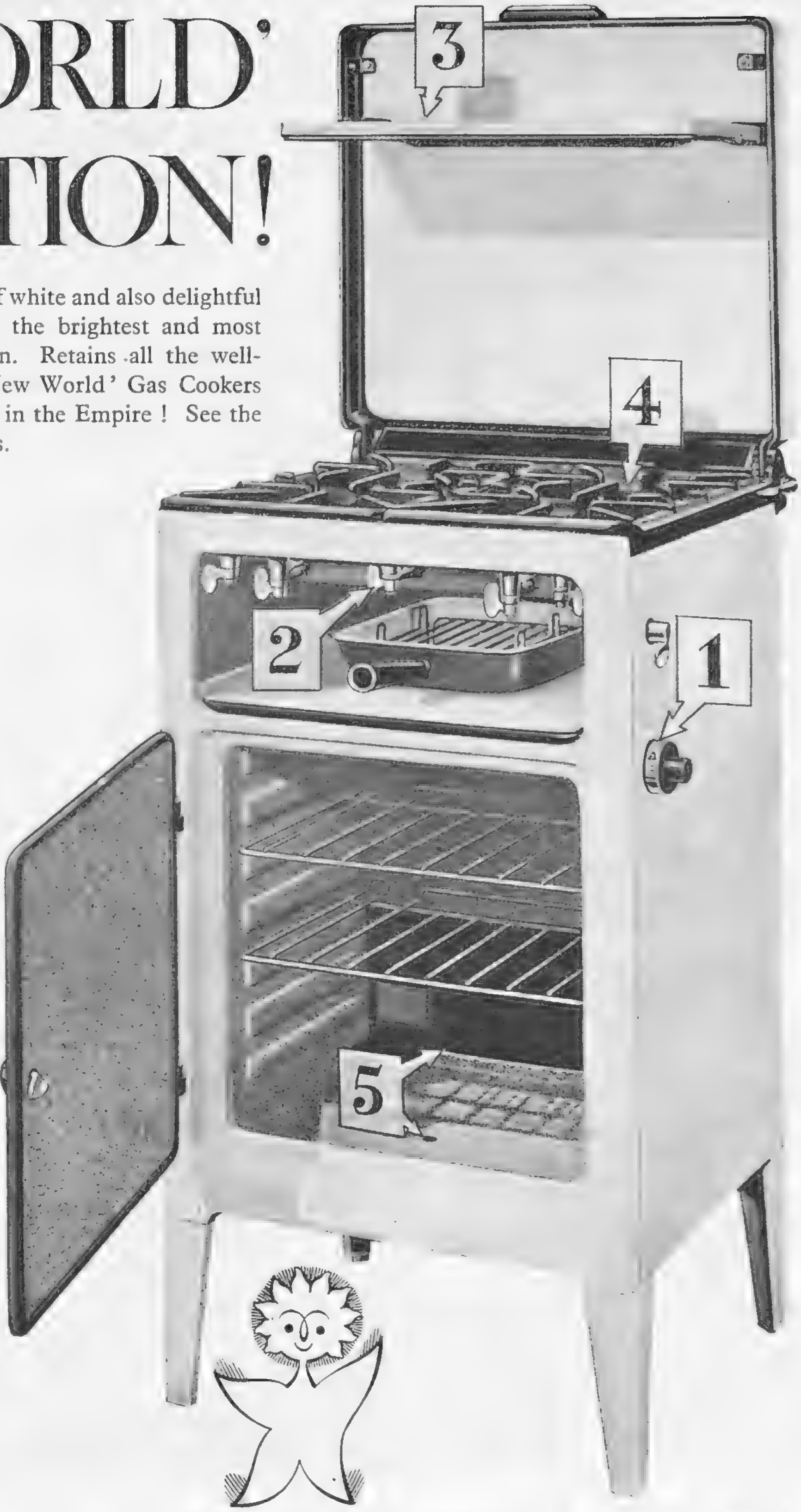

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not commend themselves as improvements, they add interest and character to national habits. The numerous little differences confronting the visitor to the United States are a proof (an unneeded one) of the vitality of the cuisine. Cold bread, for example, must be specially asked for—like the biscuits, bread is normally served hot. Indigestible? Only to us poor, dyspeptic Easterners. The western stomach is something we can envy but not emulate. I have seen a man eating a grilled chop, fried potatoes and beans and washing the mouthfuls down with long draughts of creamy iced coffee. I have sat next to a lady whose three-course lunch consisted of cold lobster followed by hot lobster followed by dressed crab. One notes and marvels but does not dream of copying.

Just before the coffee we come up against the biggest surprise of all. In their own homes, Americans have a very pleasant fondness for serving, instead of a sweet, a course of hot biscuits and cream cheese accompanied by salad mixed with a thoroughness and patience few Englishwomen are prepared to show. In the restaurants, however, cheese eating is not encouraged. The item known as "American Cheese" is a vague affair, usually a little paler than, but otherwise indistinguishable from, Old Brown Windsor. There are also, in horrid profusion, the compressed cheeses and the silver paper cheeses, already making their sinister progress in our own homes. If, then, you must have cheese whilst you are in the United States, you had best stick to cream cheese—plentiful, safe, and as good as most cream cheese.

The truth is that, in its explorations, the great American nation has somehow missed the beautiful Land of Cheese. So alive to, and even so greedy of, sensations, it is still cheese-blind, cheese-deaf, cheese-dumb. Its awakening cannot be long delayed, at any moment something will rouse it to cheese consciousness.

Our excellent lunch is nearly over. Last and (to some of us) most precious tribute of all, the coffee is everywhere good—and hot, so long as you drink it black. Milk, even when it isn't cream, is invariably cold.

After the coffee, the bill. In New York, the best restaurants are much more expensive than in London; in fact, if you are not careful, you can run up a staggering total. But let us suppose that you feel hungry enough for a good, though not a gargantuan or historic meal. Let us suppose that your lunch consists of grape fruit, a small steak with two vegetables, fruit salad, and a cup of black coffee. At one of the leading hotels in New York, such as the Plaza or the St. Regis, this meal will work out at 22s. or 23s. per head, without drinks; at the Savoy or Claridges, in London, you will pay 12s. or 13s. (Restaurants of this class often have a fixed price for lunch, inclusive of any dishes in reason and season. I have ignored this varying factor, and have followed the prices stated in the menus.) A trifle lower in the scale, at a restaurant like Charles or at one of the Longchamps chain, the same meal will cost you 13s. or 14s., compared with the 9s. asked at the Ivy here in London. At any of the famous houses run by Childs, the price will be in the neighbourhood of 5s., although there would be a fair chance of finding that a very similar combination figured among the alternative "complete luncheons," in which case the bill might not exceed 3s. 6d.; at the London counterpart, a Lyons Corner House, you will pay 3s. 9d. It is noteworthy that prices tend to approximate as one descends the social scale. This tendency continues all the way. The table d'hote luncheons at 3s. or 4s. are at least as good there as here; and with the places where set meals are offered at 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d., the comparison is in favour of New York. In the number of such establishments, in the variety and quality of the fare, the New Yorker is better off with his "drugstore" and his "beanery" than the Londoner with his eating house. The above calculations, if correct, and I think they are, lead to the unexpected conclusion that New York is a city for the hard-up rather than the wealthy.

END

Strictly Incognito

(*Continued from page* 24)

grinned. It took the old man off his guard.

"Brrp-pmmph! Well, m'dear!" he greeted, pulling himself together and raising his hat with an old-world flourish. "What! Dashit! I didn't know yeh lived in one of these palaces, eh? B'gad!"

The girl was slim, well groomed, and had an air. And since the Colonel had met her casually at the hotel she might well have been in the millionaire class. But she laughed.

"Me? Why, I work for my living! Like a horse. Like two horses: you don't know the French. I've just been paying a business visit to Her Highness aboard the good ship whatever-it-is. You don't seem very busy this morning, Colonel? Are you going to walk back with me?"

With a touch of added swagger the Colonel escorted her along the white quay and down among the palms. "Work for your living? Disgraceful!" he puffed. "Business visit? Don't tell me yeh've been cutting Her Highness's finger nails, or washing her dogs!"

"Gowns," the girl said. "But let's forget about it. What a gorgeous day, Colonel! What are you going to do with yourself all day?"

"I'm going to take you out to lunch," Mungo prophesied. "And after that——"

"After that I have a date! I get the rest of the day off. But, Colonel, you're always buying me drinks, and standing me lunches, and protecting me from predatory Frenchmen on the beach! Why do you do it? You're awfully sweet, but——"

"But nothing, dammit!" A military squareness had come to Mungo's shoulders, and there was a glint to his eye that gave him a roguish look. "Protectin' yeh, eh? Scarin' off the young opposition, that's what I'd call it! Who's your assignation with this afternoon? Let me take you to Nice in a Rolls-Royce instead?"

She shook her head, smiling absently. "The man I'm going to marry. He's marvellous! Did you really mean that about standing me another lunch, Colonel?"

"Eh? what? Lunch? Of course, m'dear! Anywhere you like!" The old man pulled himself together as he caught the echo of his own words. "Better make it the grill of my hotel, eh? I'm sure you agree, what? Yes, naturally. The grill. So you're getting married, eh? I hope he's an Englishman."

She made him wait on the pavement while she reported back at the de luxe modiste's shop at which she worked and when she emerged looking cool and fresh as a dewy spray of lilies-of-the-valley Mungo took her off proudly to lunch on credit. This, he had long since told himself, was a magnificent looking girl.

He had a shock later, out on the terraces, as they drank their coffee under the awnings, lazily following the bathers out in the blue of the bay. A young man came up to claim this girl for the afternoon, and it was the young man with the estate to sell. The girl's face softened at the sight of him. "Oh, Colonel!" she cried, "this is Gerry—the man I was telling you about."

The Colonel's young friend did not seem over pleased. In fact, he was fixing Mungo rather coldly. "We have met," he mentioned.

"You know Colonel Robinson?"

"Not by that name."

Mungo recalled his eye, colouring under the collar. "Hrrp—phm!" he puffed. "Preserve the incognito—what, dear boy? An old fellah with my big interests in—ah—international commerce and shippin', and all that, eh?"

(*Continued on page* 104)

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"Quite!"

"Gerry!" the girl cried. "Aren't you feeling well, or something? The Colonel——"

"I assure you, dear boy——"

With a bow Gerry took the girl off, leaving Mungo stroking perplexedly at his moustache. "Dashme!" he told himself at length. "Jealous as a cat! Suspectin' my motives, dashit! Why—if I was ten years younger—twenty—— No, dammit, forty years younger . . ." He carried the thought with him all through the afternoon, spent at the hotel's expense as to refreshment, under the awnings. "He's a lucky young fellah," Mungo decided at length. "Doosid lucky, b'gad! I'd buy his land like a shot, if I could get my hands on the money."

It was as Mungo was strolling under the plane trees skirting the Market Place that night, watching the blue tracings of the fire-flies against the velvet blackness that he got a second jolt. The girl overtook him. "I've been looking for you everywhere," she said. "I wanted to talk to you—about Gerry. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Course not, m'dear!" the Colonel hastened. "Seemed a little upset, dashit, this afternoon. So he's the man you're goin' to marry, eh?"

"He's marvellous!" She considered her words for a moment. "He shouldn't have been childish this afternoon. But—well, Colonel, you're a rich man, and Gerry's uncle is a rich man. And Gerry has had to stand a lot from this guardian of his, Sir Waldron Baragunit——"

"You mean the johnnie who owns hotels all over Europe?" Mungo gaped.

She nodded. "He has millions and is so mean he hardly allows Gerry enough to live on. You see, when he paid Gerry's debts at Cambridge——"

Mungo nodded understandingly. "What's worryin' about him, m'dear?"

"Sir Waldron wired yesterday that he's coming through to-morrow. Gerry has to meet him at his hotel. And—well. . . ."

"Well, what?" Mungo looked at her closely. "If anything's worrying you, tell your old uncle, m'dear! What is it?"

"Gerry's uncle won't have anything more to do with him if he runs up any more debts. If he lands a decent job with his uncle we're going to get married straight away. I've told him I'll marry him if he has a job and I've told him I won't if he gets into debt."

"Pretty sound, m'dear," Mungo approved. "Don't always work out in practice, but it's a good start. So what's troublin' yeh, eh? Speak out!"

"Gerry has a client—some old Englishman—who's going to buy the estate Sir Waldron gave Gerry to sell, and the commission he gets—well, Colonel, Gerry's uncle will expect to find him at the hotel, and the management seized his luggage last week—because of his bill. Gerry told me this afternoon."

"Seized his—the scoundrels! And his uncle's arriving to-morrow, what?" Stopping her, Mungo patted her hand paternally. "Don't worry, m'dear," he comforted. "We'll soon fix that. How much does he owe?"

"About seventeen pounds!"

"Let's walk back to the hotel and get my cheque book. What hotel was he stopping at?"

"The Splendia-Rascaut. But, Colonel—I know you're a wealthy man and——"

A strangled oath burst from the Colonel's lips. "That viper Schmidt! So he's the shark who seized your young man's luggage? I'd like to flay him!"

Back at his hotel Mungo insisted on giving the girl a cheque. "Tell him to pay his bill and get back into residence at once, eh?" he ordered. "The lad must keep in with his uncle, what? An uncle as rich as that! Tcht! Tcht! Don't thank me, m'dear—run along."

It was as he was steering a last brandy and soda through his moustachios up in his suite, with his cigar going fragrantly and an enchanting picture of this girl Moira lingering about the threshold of his mind, that the Colonel remembered that he had no funds to meet the cheque he had given. But he knew that it took three days at least to clear even a good cheque drawn on London. A dud would probably take three or four days to bounce, so there was nothing to worry about. Anything might have happened before then.

When he found Gerry waiting for him, as usual, in the lounge of the hotel next morning, the Colonel saw at once that something was on the boy's mind. "I've got to tell you something, Colonel," he began urgently.

Mungo waved it aside until he had ordered drinks, and soaked up a generous portion of his own personal restorative. "Yeh back in yeh hotel, boy, to meet yeh uncle, eh?" he puffed. "Yeh gotter keep in with Sir Waldron, what?"

Gerry nodded. "I've just found out that Moira paid my bill, and I've moved back. It's about the cheque you gave her. It's very decent of you, Colonel, and——"

"Tcht! Tcht! Don't mention it again. What I pay for a box of cigars."

"I've got to tell you something, though. Moira—well, she's told me how you've been looking after her, and all that."

"Doosied attractive gel, b'gad!"

He forced himself to meet the Colonel's benevolent eye. "Look here, sir, I can't sell you that land. It's worthless. My uncle knew it wasn't worth a sou. One of his companies bought it as a speculation for next to nothing three years ago, and it's unsaleable. That's why he gave me the job of selling it, I expect. Just so's he wouldn't have to give me the fat job he promised. I wanted to warn you, that's all."

For a while Mungo considered it, blowing through his moustache. "That's handsome of yeh, m'lad," he decided at length. "Matter of fact I'd decided to go into the deal, and——"

"Don't touch it, Colonel! My uncle's arriving at eleven. Only stopping on his way through to Italy for a couple of hours. But I'd rather sell vacuum cleaners than have anything more to do with it. They bought the place for £5,000, and half the difference was to be mine."

"The difference, eh? Half of what you get for it over the £5,000? At two million francs that would have been about £6,000, what?" Large sums of money had a fascination for Mungo: his breath was coming a little more rapidly. "Yeh mustn't give up the idea! No. Stick at it, what? I should think I would be able to get rid of it for yeh. Let me think a minute, boy."

Gerry laughed. "If by a miracle somebody had an idea to spend some money in the place, the land would be worth every sou of two million francs. But, as things are, Colonel, there isn't an earthly. You're welcome to my cut. I only want the job that's coming to me if the place is sold."

"Just a minute!" A glint had come to Mungo's bulging eye. "Yeh say the old boy isn't staying here? Going straight on? Dashme! I've got an idea. B'gad, yes. What? It's as good as sold. Tcht! Tcht! Don't talk to me about giving commission. I won't hear about it! What would I want with more money, eh?"

"All the same," Gerry insisted, "if you manage to sell the land you have the commission. I must insist on that, Colonel!"

"Oh, well. Do as you please about that. We can talk about it later. Hrrp-prrp! Now listen to me, m'lad! Get your uncle here at eleven-thirty to meet me, telling him I've bought the land, see? What're yeh waitin' for?"

Mungo strolled back into the hotel, swinging his cane importantly. "An old friend of mine, Sir Waldron Baragunit, is arrivin' at this hotel to see me this morning," he confided to the clerk at the reception desk. "See that we have that table there on the terrace. I'm relyin' on you to preserve his incognito, what? No annoyance, d'yeh hear, eh? Fellah could buy up this town and forget about it."

"Certainly, m'sr!" the clerk agreed. The name was known to all hotel men, and nearly every one would know Sir Waldron by sight. "One understands if Sir Waldron has business——"

(Continued on page 106)

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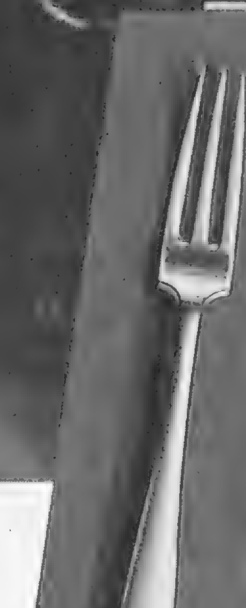

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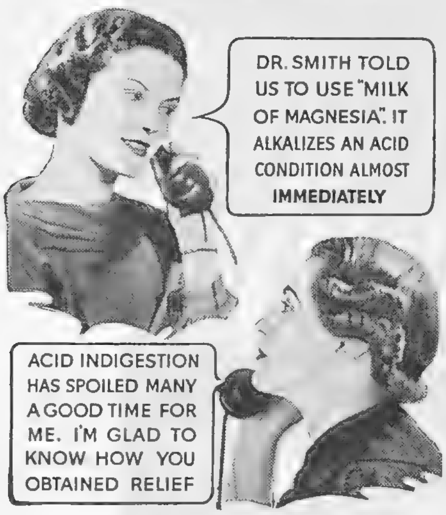
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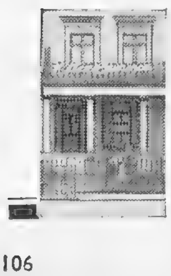

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"Business? Eh, what? Who? Sir Waldron? He's coming down on purely private affairs. T'see his nephew, dammit, y'fool." The Colonel glared at the other. "Yeh talk too much. Telephone Monsieur Schmidt and have him meet me here at noon. I'm making him an offer I've had in mind for his casino. What're yeh gaping at, eh? Have yeh swallowed something, boy?"

Sir Waldron, when he arrived, was not uncordial. Half of Cannes, it is true, was peeking at him through the palms as he sat with the Colonel at the little table on the terrace, and he might, had he thought of it, preferred somewhere a little less public. He still believed that no man in his senses would buy the Vaquier Estate, but he knew that Mungo was a cousin of the Marquess of Aldershot, as astute an old egg as the city could produce. "Well, Colonel," he said, "I suppose you've something in mind with the estate?"

"Ah! That'd be tellin'," Mungo laughed.

Gerry laughed, too. He wished he knew what all this was about. And he was still wishing when the brief party broke up, the Colonel to steer a course back into the hotel, and his uncle to make his way back to the station and resume his journey to Italy.

MONSIEUR SCHMIDT was waiting in the foyer of the hotel, and he smarmed over the Colonel as the old campaigner puffed importantly up the steps. Together with the manager of the Ritz-Bristol and various others he had been following the gestures of the little group at Mungo's table, closely, but without a great deal of satisfaction. "You have been entertaining, Colonel?" he greeted. "Sir Waldron is here for long?"

Mungo held back a desire to kick this man in the paunch and walk on. "Who? What? Oh, Sir Waldron, eh? He's down here on purely private business."

"But, naturally!"

"Looking up his nephew. Young Monsieur Andrews. Family matter. Nothing to do whatsoever with any business affairs or transactions, what?"

"Of course! All this way to see his nephew, and he leaves on the next train."

Mungo cleared his throat hurriedly. "Monsieur Schmidt. I am attracted by the possibilities of this place. It's coming out of the slump fast and values may rise. I'm buying your casino. What's your figure? I'm a man, dashit, who don't like to waste time. Well?"

M. Schmidt's greedy eyes moved shiftlessly. "But, *mon Colonel!* I do not wish to sell! To you, or to Sir Waldron."

"I'm tellin' yeh Sir Waldron has no intention of buying anything down here. His nephew——"

"One understands perfectly, *Colonel!* But, you know, one expects values to rise, yes? It is time the slump departed. I will not sell anything. No."

The Colonel had pulled out a pencil and was demanding a piece of paper. "Never mind, dashit!" he puffed, finding a card in his pocket. He scribbled on the card and jerked it across to the other. "My offer," he explained. "Good for twenty-four hours, that figure, what? Take it or leave it. Good day to yeh."

Swaggering over to the lifts he entered his suite and sinking into a soft chair by the windows rang feverishly for a brandy and soda. As he took a pull at it, he sighed. "Nothing to do now," he told himself, "except wait."

In a little less than one hour, with Sir Waldron only a few miles inside Italian territory, Gerry Andrews burst into the Colonel's suite like a young earthquake. "Colonel!" he shouted. "I've just wired Uncle Felix at Milan that a ten per cent deposit cheque has been paid into the firm's account. How did you manage it?"

Mungo mopped his brow, grinning from ear to ear. "So yeh'll be setting off for Paris with that doosid attractive gel, eh? Everything fine, what? Job and everything?"

"We're leaving this evening. The sale is in the hands of our lawyers. I think you were—marvellous. How did you get Schmidt to buy that worthless, godforsaken, broken-down stretch of——"

"That's no way teh talk, m'lad," Mungo reproved. "Maybe that old fox and tomb-robber found he needed a little extra land, or something, what? So he dropped in on yeh to buy the estate, eh? Well, it's all for the best—what's this, eh? G'blessme!—a cheque, what? Hrrp! Prrp! Yeh shouldn't have taken me seriously, m'lad! I don't want all this money, but since you insist."

The Colonel folded away the cheque in his wallet, bidding his young friend an affectionate farewell. He was wondering what he would do with his spare time on the beach now with the most attractive girl in the place gone. Then it occurred to him that it would be as well to pay his hotel bill now he had the money, and leave, before Monsieur Schmidt found out—if he ever did—that the writing on the back of the visiting card he had handed to M. Schmidt was more like that of Colonel Pauncefote-Hawkins than that of Sir Waldron Baragunit, Bart. For on the back of that card, so artlessly handed over, was pencilled the neat order: "Buy the Vaquier Estate at a figure not exceeding two million francs — Waldron Baragunit."

END

A Talk About Teeth

(Continued from page 65)

engendered by this process is absorbed through the blood stream into the body and may attack the heart, stomach or nerves. This is why teeth under extreme pyorrhetic conditions have to come out. Once they are out the gum closes down firmly over the bone and erosion ceases, as there are no pockets round teeth in which food juices can collect and decay.

Visit your dentist at least every two months to have tartar scraped off. Even if pyorrhœa has started, although bone that has been eaten away cannot be replaced, the process can be checked by treatment.

One of the best means of gum-tightening at home is to use an electrically driven water-spray—it can be fixed near a basin—the water jet plays into the mouth and clears out crevices better than any tooth-brush, flushing away all particles of rubbish and thereby eliminating the source of infection.

Moreover, the water's pulsating massage increases the blood circulation throughout the gums round the bone; blood is health-bringing, so any accumulated poison will be thrown off, possibly by a slight bleeding, after which the gum will tighten.

The advantage of an electrically driven jet over a hand water-spray, is the *pulsation*, which adds to the efficacy of massage.

Another good form of gum massage is to rub them with Forhan's dentifrice which contains a powerful gum-astringent. Also rinse or spray them with eau-de-Cologne, alternately with iodine. If there should be an abscess, with carbolic; or, if they bleed, with peroxide of hydrogen. Don't use the latter for more than four days running, however, because it is apt to make the gums soft—so is carbolic—ring a change with iodine or eau-de-Cologne.

Oil of cloves on cotton wool, inserted with an orange stick into a tooth where the nerve is exposed, will quickly soothe it.

Take dental floss with you on picnics or when travelling if you don't carry a hand-spray. Make it a rule: Never eat in bed at night or at any other time and go to sleep after without cleaning your teeth.

Anything can be done with your teeth, providing the gums and roots are sound. They can be completely re-cased, as is the fashion among film stars, so that surface imperfections or bad colour vanish.

Finally, as prevention of decay is better than any stopping, rinse, brush and spray.

She was a girl
with a lovely leg
She drew on her stocking
and cried "Good egg!
For workaday weekdays
and smartish Sundays
I've Kayser stockings
plus Kayser
undies!"

KAYSER

NOT OCCASIONALLY . . BUT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Stockings by the name of Kayser Mir-O-Kleer* are misty-looking . . . breathweight.

From one-thread or two-thread Sansheen Chiffons . . . all the way up to ten-thread Service Weights, there are stockings by Kayser for every kind of occasion, from 10/6 to 4/11 — and there are even Kayser Mir-O-Kleers at 3/11. All are elegantly fashioned and the new Kayser shades are as sophisticated as ever.

Kayser's new shades : Inspire *is warm and clovery ;* Vision *is like a mist on the beach ;* Artistic *is hinting at sunshine ; and* Tinge, *like the froth on a cup of chocolate.*

AND NOW . . . *Undies by Kayser too!*

SLICK FRENCH-KNICKERS
Lace and embroidery does the trimming. Clever tailoring does the snug fit at waist and hip.

The nicest shades and sizes 25″, 27″, 30″ and 33″ waist.

Cami-knickers, French Knickers and Tailored Slips - - from 6/11
Nightdresses from 12/11

NIGHTIES. A very winsome little nightdress in heavy Satin with a deep V neck embellished with fine embroidery and lace. The waist is snugly tied behind with soft satin ribbon. One of dozens of charming nighties by Kayser.

Pure Silks, Pure Silk Satins, Crêpe-de-Chines, and Suzettes. From 12/11 *to* 24/11

★Trade Mark. Patented Gt. Britain and Canada. London Warehouse, 101-3, Wood St., London, E.C.2

Hair combed **this** way

stays arranged

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair wouldn't you like to feel sure it would stay in place all day without another "pat" or another thought! A little 'Danderine' on your hair before you comb it will do this for you; it's a special boon after a shampoo.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky dressing yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate, appealing fragrance creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it *is clean* but that it really *looks* clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists, stores and hairdressers 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

Is anything wrong

with your DIGESTIVE ORGANS, RESPIRATORY ORGANS, NERVES, HEART, LIVER, KIDNEYS or SKIN?

If so, you would be well advised to adopt the Hofels Treatment, in which the valuable restorative properties of *living plant juices* are employed with astonishing success. The remedial virtues of carrot, celery, coltsfoot, dandelion, birch, garlic, cucumber, spinach, wormwood, yarrow and other herbs and vegetables are widely recognised. They are present in their maximum potency in

Hofels LIFE JUICES

—the natural, easy, pleasant way to health. Write for full information, mentioning the nature of your trouble to **Mr. J. A. Hofels, (Dept. B.E.) 2 Artesan Road, London, W.2**

Keeping Age at Bay

(*Continued from page* 64)

it last thing at night, any time during the day, and always when renewing your make-up. Just soak a few drops on to a pad of cotton wool.

You will be surprised to see what one application will remove from your skin, for it produces something like a flushing in the pores, *cleans* most positively, floating out grit, dissolving cloggings, and finally knitting the upper tissues so that they refuse to admit impurities. A magnolia-smoothness ensues.

Yet the chief quality about this preparation is its normalising action; it is neither so astringent as to cause dryness, nor so relaxing as to promote oiliness. By ultra-fine cleansing it brings health to the skin and enables the pores to react instantly to heat or to cold, so that the possibility of climatic tendencies to blisterings, chappings, or even greasiness, is reduced and the complexion is maintained in a state of flawless functioning.

Hence *face-brilliance* is assured.

Sleep in Beauty

(*Continued from page* 53)

the right proportions for convenience and the background intended for it.

The best laid decorative schemes go awry when the furniture chosen, however attractive in itself, is out of proportion to the size of the room, yet this is frequently unavoidable when a suite is concerned.

Originality is a good thing to have in your scheme of decoration, but it should always come second to comfort and convenience in a bedroom. Extraneous ornamentation should be cut to a minimum. Any suggestion of overcrowding is fatal to comfort and the serenity which a restful bedroom scheme requires.

The aim should be to include everything that will supply your needs without fuss or effort.

Accessories needed for reading and sewing, for dressing and undressing, for your beauty treatments and for your hours of solitary relaxation should be there immediately to your hand. If all these needs are adequately catered for, there is very little space left for extraneous objects of decoration.

Every single piece of furniture in your bedroom and every accessory should be intrinsically beautiful and cunningly adapted to its environment. The practical should be beautiful, too, and if this is the case there will be no overcrowding.

Hitler's War Machine

(*Continued from page* 9)

table. Totalitarian leaders, and democratic premiers and presidents, shout into microphones, and orate at one another, over the cables, and through the ether.

And what sort of war machine has Hitler got now? Propaganda plays around it. Some interested parties exaggerate, others minimise, its size and real strength. All my own researches, studies, inquiries, talks and estimates, give Hitler the world's most formidable war machine.

It consists of a small but efficient sea fleet, with long-range hydroplanes capable of raiding the Atlantic seaways.

The air fleet consists probably of 10,000 machines of all sorts, with another 1,000 training machines. But the total figure includes a mass of obsolete machines made three and four years ago, when Goering, the old Richthofen Squadron commander, called in his old wartime comrades, Milch and Udet, and started to build an air force from the ground up. I put the immediate first-line strength of the machines now carrying the black crosses and swastika of the Reich air fleet at 3,500.

Foreign journalists can get a distorted view of Germany's air fleet. It's the old trick of the "conducted tour." Foreign observers are permitted to see the great aircraft plants, the show places, like the great Junkers plant at Dessau, the Henschel factories at Schönefeld, the Heinkel works at Rostock-Warnemunde and their show plant on the edge of the woods at Oranienburg, with a capacity at full blast of thirty-five twin-engined bombers a week, and its elaborate *Luftschutz* gas-proofed and steel-shuttered shelters, hospital wards, and operating rooms.

They are impressed. Productive capacity? Tremendous! Protection? More advanced than anywhere else! Designs? Equalled, perhaps, in Britain, Russia and Italy, but probably not excelled anywhere, and perhaps superior in light bombers, combat planes, and high-altitude, heavy-load bombers. The observer forms the conclusion that Britain and France cannot match the Reich, plane for plane; and he is probably right. Hitler has still a margin of possibly twenty-five per cent over Britain and France. But with Russia in, the balance is about even as between the German bloc and the British bloc, and may be against Germany.

Mass-produced machines are not everything. Highly trained men to fly and fight them are necessary. It takes six months to pass a high-education-standard youth through the training school and into the squadron for war training with organised air fleet formations. And that is high-pressure work. It is too easy to think of bombers being downed and immediately being replaced by new machines from the mass-production factories. Every machine brought down means a loss of from two to five valuable men, with anything from six months' to three year's training. Every new machine out of the factory has to find its trained air warriors and technicians: or it is so much junk. The German aircraft capacity can overshoot the training school output, and has done. The factories are turning over in low gear now.

But neither sea nor air fleets alone can win wars, carve out new empires or destroy old ones, or occupy and consolidate new territories. The Reichswehr, direct-line descendant of Frederick's compact 80,000 strong Prussian Army, is the real heart and soul of the great war machine. The most important thing about that war machine is, that it is *new*, and that it is commanded by men who regard the first World War as a mere muddled and inefficient war effort, which Germany entered with inadequate technical equipment, and without any proper organisation on the supply and political side. These men have new angles on war strategy and tactics. They are indeed the professional representatives of a new conception of war—the totalitarian war.

It helps the picture to orient the enormous new war machine against its historical background. For practical purposes one can say that the German Army began when Frederick the Great took his father's ornamental regiments and hammered them into the most efficient fighting force of his day. Frederick was more than a drill master. He was also a military innovator, and genuis. He knew more than all his generals. His instincts were surer, his judgment better. He understood better how to take risks. But he was aided by conditions which Hitler may possibly find

(*Continued on page* 110)

Admirers galore for Gloria (THE GIRL WITH GORGEOUS SKIN)

LADY ANNE HILL (above)

Before her recent marriage Lady Anne combined a social life with daily hours at business. "Luckily my skin didn't need elaborate attention between a day's work and a party, for Pond's Cold Cream has always kept it in good condition—I use this cream every night," she explains. She is out-of-doors a lot yet her complexion never loses its exquisite look. "I've found that Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths it *at once* for powder, and holds my powder perfectly for hours. It protects my skin, too. And now, thanks to the 'skin-vitamin', these creams are even more marvellous. After just a few weeks of using them my skin is much smoother, fresher and finer."

Here's help for you—in Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

ANALYSIS OF GLORIA'S CHARM

Transparent. Her skin is delicate, transparent as a baby's. *You* can clear away muddiness and dullness—by faithful use of Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin." For this vitamin *makes the skin healthy.*

Silky Smooth. No roughness or coarseness mars Gloria's skin. *You* can have that petal smoothness, too—it's one effect of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream.

No Gaping Pores. Big pores don't bother her. They needn't bother *you*, for Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin" makes pores smaller.

Without a Line. Not even frown or smile lines here. And one thing *you'll* soon notice from using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" is the way it softens lines and wrinkles.

No Blemishes. She could not expect romance if her skin were blemished. *Neither can you!* But you can make your skin healthy and clear by using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin."

DOCTORS in hospitals reported recently that one certain vitamin *when applied to the surface of the skin*, healed it quickly. Pond's had biochemists put this vitamin into Pond's Cream and test the results. It was learned that skin faults appeared when there was lack of this vitamin but they were promptly corrected by applying Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin." It was found that this vitamin enables the skin to function normally — become healthy again. Then Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into all Pond's Creams—into Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Women who tried this cream were enthusiastic, saying it made their skin smoother, clearer, finer and younger-looking. Start *today* with Pond's Cream and see the wonderful improvement in your complexion within a few weeks.

POND'S
POND'S
POND'S

Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin." This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a quick cleanser.

HORMONE CREAM
FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream
is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists
Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

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MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

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KEATING'S KILLS
ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

KEATING'S POWDER

Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

advantaging him in his turn. He was a professional dealing with amateurs, inefficients and slow-coaches. He was prepared to risk his life and ruin his State. He was ready for anything.

"What then is to be done?" wrote Frederick. "War and negotiation? That is just what your humble servant and his ministers are doing. If there is anything to be gained by being honest, we will be so: If it is necessary to dupe, let us be rogues!"

Napoleon's campaign conceptions outstripped Frederick's. Students of war hold that Frederick's general strategy is not a model to follow. But his tactics were nearly always first-rate. Having built an army superior in quality, he seized the initiative by attacking. For seven years the Prussian king held his little kingdom against France, Austria and Russia, the three great military powers of Europe. In a letter to Madame Camas written in November, 1760, Frederick describes himself as leading "the life of a dog. All this has made me so old that you would hardly know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all grey; my teeth break and fall out; my face is wrinkled like a petticoat; my back bent like the bow of a fiddle; my spirits sad and downcast like a monk of *La Trappe*." His finances were ruined, his army weakened.

But his enemies were in a worse state. The end came through exhaustion of all. On February 15, 1763, Austria agreed to the cession of Silesia under the Treaty of Hubertsburg. Prussia at last was a great power. She had achieved this through a warrior king and a warrior people. As for France, she was on the way to the Revolution.

THE Seven Years War was caused by the agreement between Maria Theresa of Austria, and the Kings of Russia and France, to partition Prussia, the King of Poland being a consenting party. The end of that business was the partition of Poland itself in 1772 between Prussia, Austria and Russia. In 1778, Frederick and the Emperor Joseph of Austria faced one another over another land quarrel. The armies moved, 2,000 guns were in position. Nearly 400,000 men manœuvred, ready for war. But Frederick did not want war unless it was absolutely necessary. At the end of November, the Tsarina Catherine offered mediation. Both combatants snatched at the offer. There was a deal, and no war. Echoes of Munich.

In old age, disillusioned and disenchanted with military glory, Frederick kept the sharpest eye on the army. He cursed the generals for mistakes, criticised the drill and discipline. He knew well that to win battles you must have trained men at the fighting end, and brains, energy, knowledge and nerve at the command end. At the manœuvres in the summer of 1785, Frederick, then seventy-three, caught a chill.

On Tuesday, August 15, he awoke at eleven o'clock. He called in his generals and secretary, transacted business, gave minute directions about a review at Potsdam on the morrow, dictated a four-page letter of instructions for an ambassador. He was dying. Next day he was unconscious. He remained in an armchair, not in bed. At midnight he awoke, saw one of his dogs shivering, ordered a quilt to be thrown over it. At twenty minutes past two he died. He did not believe in a future life. A man belonged to his tribe, a king to the State; and death meant total oblivion.

From the time of Frederick, maker of the Prussian Army, expansion by war has been the Prussian-German story. War after war, each one planned, preceded by a diplomatic offensive, and waged with a war machine designed for a swift victory. In the perspective of history, the war of 1914–1918 may be seen (it will be seen, if war is not eliminated from the human story by some collective movement and organisation) to be only a chapter in the long story of the German Army. The Hohenzollern army was lost when the Schlieffen plan broke down in 1914. The famous plan called for a lightning stroke through Belgium. It was dangerous to tear up that treaty, but worth while, because of the time gained. When the big war was won, what would a broken treaty matter?

The plan failed for three reasons. One was time—the delay in the time-table, owing to Hohenzollern hesitations, which gave other States time to start mobilising. The second was technical—the unreadiness of the German tribe for a major war. The third was the human factor—Moltke. The commander-in-chief was an ageing and sick man. His nervous system was inadequate. At the critical juncture, he failed to keep his right wing strong. The French generals saw their chance, and struck. On the Marne, the German sweep was halted. Moltke had no alternative plan. He sat at his headquarters, white, broken, nerveless. The younger staff officers looked at him, and took matters into their own hands.

But it was too late. The great plan had failed. Thereafter, Germany was really on the defensive. But even at that, she came within an ace, if not of winning a great war, at least of avoiding a crushing defeat. If her diplomacy had not made characteristic blunders, America would never have entered the War. Wilson was elected for a second term on the slogan "He kept us out of war." Eight months later the emotional Americans were in, owing to the *Lusitania* incident, a diplomatic blunder as stupid as the Goebbels–Himmler Jew pogrom of 1938.

GERMANY lost the first World War. Optimists thought she was finished as a disturber of the peace. The great fleet lay on the sea bed at Scapa Flow. Germany's fortresses were demolished. Her aeroplanes broken up, or surrendered. She was left with no artillery, submarines or tanks. Her warrior caste was discredited. Her ruling house deposed, its head a refugee in Holland. The navy had gone Red, shot a lot of its officers. The army was not only disarmed, but disintegrated. After Versailles, a crushing burden of reparations prevented any attempt at rearming for a generation or more. A fierce treaty put military Germany in a strait-jacket, presumably for ever. Her army was to be no more than 100,000. She was not even allowed to build a tank, own a military warplane, or train a military pilot!

That, at least, was the Versailles blue print. There was only one thing wrong with it. It left the German tribe with bone, muscle, brain, will. It left Germany alive. The inner force which had caused a little north European province to grow into a great power, challenging the French on land and the British on the seas, and holding out against a world in arms for four years—this remained, and it smouldered fiercely. The Fatherland party, and pan-German ideas, survived the War.

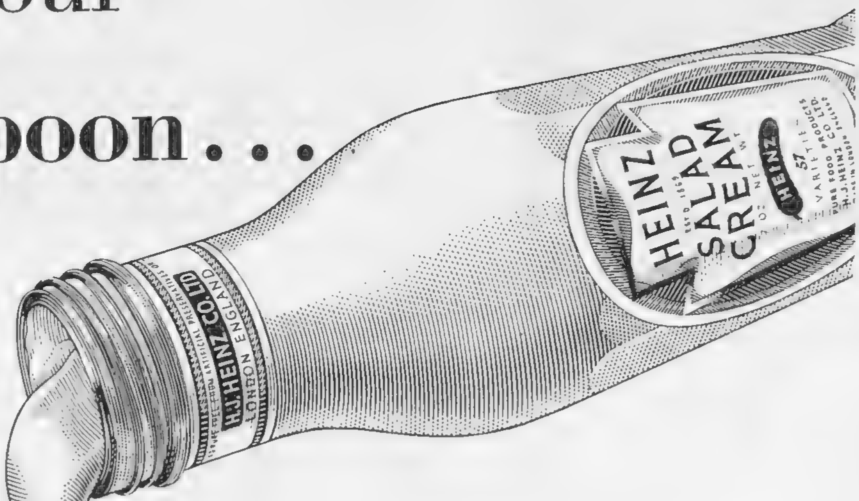
Then came a revivalist genius from Austria, and kicked the fallen giant to its feet, captured its mind, and regimented it from top to bottom.

The roots of the Nazi Party are not new. The party started in 1919, but it was only the surface emergence of a deep existing spring. The origins go back to the pan-German anti-Semitic movement of Wolf and Schoenerer in Austria, and the pan-German movement in Bohemia led by Jung. Jung is the author of the conception of Bolshevism as an offshoot of Judaism, and of a labour movement confined to the national as opposed to the international area. Hitler got his ideas, basic in the Nazi Party ideology, from Jung. One has to go to Lagarde, Gobineau and Spengler, to obtain the clue to the Nazi outlook on life, and to the Jewish sociologist Gumplowicz for the guiding Nazi idea that nations are brought into existence by the domination of a higher over a lower race.

Several classes and group interests tried to barge in and control the Nazi movement during its second-stage development, which began with Hitler's release from prison after the failure of the

(*Continued on page 112*)

one to pour—
one to spoon . . .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57 VARIETIES
H.J. HEINZ CO. LTD
LONDON ENGLAND

IT'S THE SAME DELICIOUS SALAD CREAM

Heinz is the original Salad Cream, made in England—specially prepared to appeal to the taste of the British public.

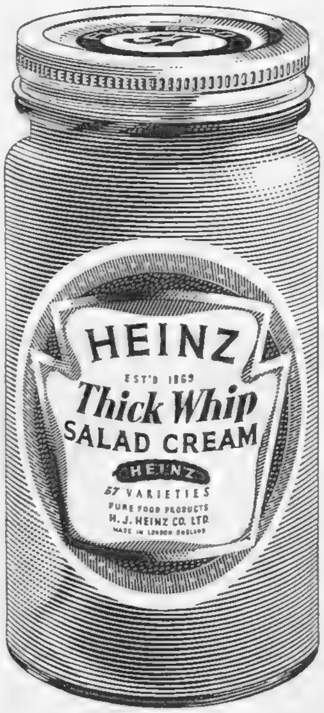
It is made of eggs straight from the nest—the purest olive oil, malt vinegar—and thick, rich cream. Not only does its delicious flavour tempt everyone to eat more salads—but its rich nourishment turns an ordinary salad into a perfectly balanced meal! Salads give you the mineral salts, vitamins and roughage you need for health! Heinz Salad Cream adds the proteins, carbohydrates, fats—and more vitamins.

It is of the right consistency, because when poured over salads, fish and cold meats, it mixes thoroughly with these foods and adds to their richness, fullness and flavour.

But for those who want a cream to spoon on top of a salad rather than to mix with it, Heinz make also a Thick Whip Salad Cream of the same ingredients. It is made fluffier, milder, lighter, and sweeter by additional whipping, but the delicious flavours which have made Heinz Salad Cream the most popular salad dressing in the Old World are still retained.

Take the salad way to health—with the dressing that has caused the nation to eat more salads.

57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EST'D 1869
Thick Whip
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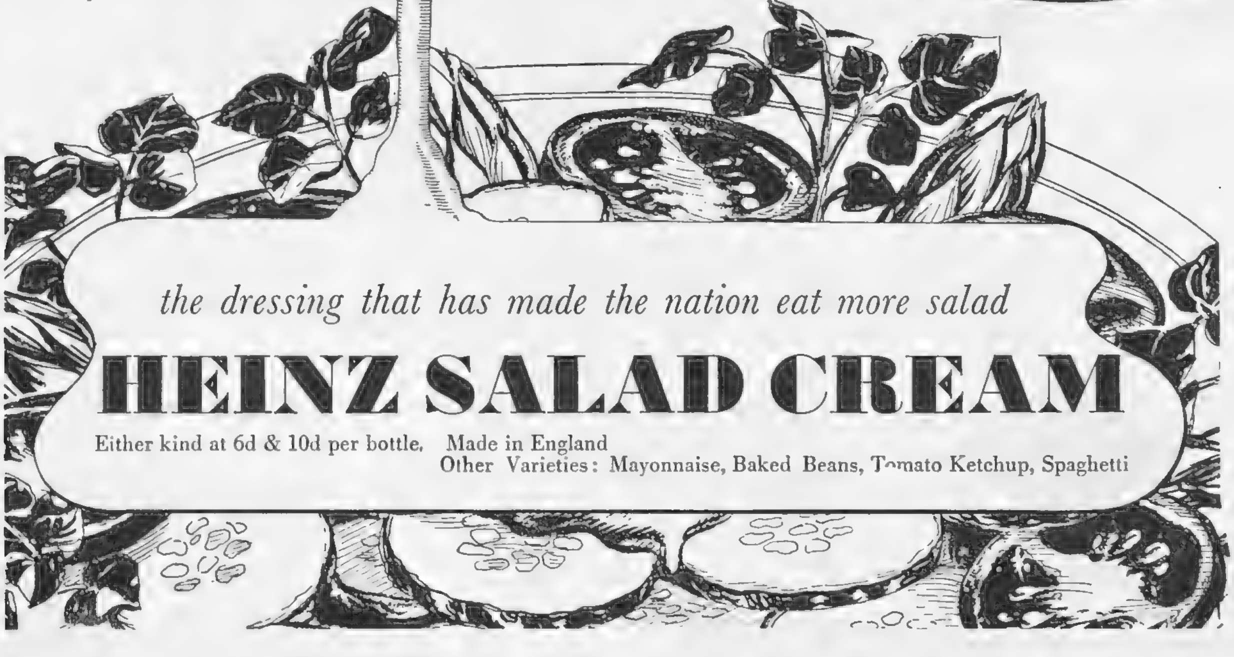

the dressing that has made the nation eat more salad

HEINZ SALAD CREAM

Either kind at 6d & 10d per bottle. Made in England
Other Varieties: Mayonnaise, Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Spaghetti

Clothes can keep secrets for the Mother-to-be

How charmingly this two-piece will keep her secret . . . how many purposes it will serve. She will wear the coat with other frocks, the short sleeved dress will be cool for Summer. She enjoys shopping at Treasure Cot, it is so unembarrassing; every other customer is a mother now or will be shortly. And the saleswomen are so understanding.

Treasure Cot

Any book sent free in plain envelope
M. Maternity Wear. (*Frocks, coats, corsets, etc.*)
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So screen-worthy . . . this model Sports Coat in Frenchlaine wool makes knitting news. Gay and youthful in white or pastels it looks debonair in the full glare of the sun. Choose Navy or Jubilee Blue for darker wear with trousers.

Ask for Leaflet 2010 (Bust 34-36 ins.) 2d. at your woolshop, 3d. posted by the makers. If any difficulty write:

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or 132/3 Cheapside, London, E.C.4

Copley's
KNITTING
Wools
IN THE COLOURS OF FASHION

Bierhall putsch in 1923. The Junkers tried to control it. So did the industrialists. Both failed.

Throughout the Weimar Republic phase, the Old Guard Reichswehr officers had been secretly organising, planning, and dreaming. A long, obscure, torturous, fantastic struggle developed between groups in Russia and Germany, to determine the direction and objectives of the next great war. It began when Russia and Germany, outcast states with mutual interests, made secret contact through their respective army leaders. The monocled artillery general von Seeckt, inventor of drum-fire, was quietly rebuilding the Germany Army, that State within a State He must have permitted his poker face to crease in ironic smiles as he saw Germany's conquerors treating the Russia of Lenin and Trotsky as an outcast. It drew the *Bolsheviki* into the German camp.

The two outcasts from respectable world society lit a little military-and-trade fire, and warmed themselves at it. The World got a shock when this fire was revealed by the Rapallo Pact of 1922. The Versailles Treaty forbade the Germans to own a military aeroplane or train a military pilot, to build a tank, or to do anything calculated to reconstruct the formidable military power which had been smashed by the united efforts of Britain, France, America, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and a few more States. One hundred thousand long-term soldiers, and no more, Germany was permitted.

But von Seeckt, who with the Old Guard officers, was secretly rebuilding the German Army, got around the treaty obstacle by routing officers to Russia for training with the tanks, artillery and military aircraft forbidden in Germany. The two professional warrior groups exchanged information and ideas. They worked together on chemical warfare courses.

The Reichswehr chiefs then had a long-term plan. It was to restore the Hohenzollern House in the person of one of the Kaiser's grandsons, and prepare for a new and more limited campaign than the sprawled war of 1914–1918, when the time seemed ripe. It was the ideas of warriors, not of political revolutionaries. In the Reichswehr there were also two schools of campaign thought. One, represented by the unlucky political general, Schleicher, was for an alliance with Red Russia, Germany to expand eastwards to the Ukraine frontiers, and Russia to move down into Asia. Hitler and his Nazi group scotched that next-war plan. "We expand to the east—as a first phase campaign," said Hitler.

The blood-purge of June, 1934, settled that argument. The Left-oriented S.A. Commander, Captain Roehm, perished, along with about a thousand storm-troop leaders, advocates of the Second, the Left, Revolution. Schleicher, the political general, the man who had been intriguing with Soviet generals, was assassinated, along with his wife.

The Reichswehr generals thereafter left policy to the strong-arm politicians, who knew how to take care of themselves and their enemies. The soldiers concentrated on the technical job. Hitler gave them what they wanted: men, arms, money, honour, prestige, privilege. But in those days Hitler was still a limited power. He was flanked by the Reichswehr, the generals, on one side, and Schacht, representing capital, on the other. The Reichswehr allied themselves with Hitler on the Brownshirt issue, and Roehm, who aspired to incorporate the Reichswehr with his S.A. organisation, was ripped up by bullets in the prison yard.

That left Reichswehr and Schacht—the regular army, and the money power. In January of this year Hitler was strong enough for a show-down with both those flanking forces menacing his regime. He swung left. The deferred Second Revolution was put through. Out went Schacht and his "sound money," and in came Funk with his Government I O Us. But the biggest surprise was the affront to the old-line officers.

There had been a shake-up over the Blomberg business. The elegant marshal, Defence Minister, had married his secretary, a masseuse's daughter, thirty years his junior. Hitler and Goering attended the wedding. A social error! The Old Guard officers were furious. Commander-in-Chief General von Fritsch protested formally. Fourteen leading generals associated themselves with Fritsch. There was a short, sharp struggle —then the Nazi politicos won, and the generals were "retired." Hitler made Goering a marshal, and himself took charge of the situation.

Now, he went further, and issued a decree restoring full prestige and power to the brown-shirted S.A., which now has full sway over the preliminary and post-military training of German manhood. The influence of the conservative clique within the officers' corps was pruned drastically. Overnight, the S.A. became a new force binding the regular fighting forces closely to the political party. Hitler had boldly invaded the sacred preserves of the Prussian generals, and got away with it.

Politically independent since the time of Frederick the Great, the Reichswehr has now become the instrument of a regime which insists that it is not a government, but is Germany itself. Odd to recall that less than five years ago, explaining the blood-bath of June, Hitler said: "My promise to President von Hindenburg to preserve the army as an unpolitical instrument of the Reich is binding from my deepest conviction and from my given word!"

WHAT is this Brauchitsch-headed, Nazi-dominated German Army to-day? It is a standing army of around 1,500,000 trained and equipped warriors, grouped in eighteen main stations within the Reich, and capable of expansion practically overnight, secretly, to 2,500,000 men. On a war basis this force would expand within a few days to 4,500,000 warriors. The fifty-four divisions which form the cadre army now in barracks would become 300 divisions. Eighteen months ago there were only forty divisions. The German Army grows fast—maybe too fast.

The French Army is probably still the best in Europe. Mussolini thinks so. But that is only because the French Army has been in training, and at strength, without any hiatus since 1918, while the German Army, smashed after that war, had a hiatus of ten to fifteen years, has expanded from a professional group 100,000 strong, and is still short of officer material and non-commissioned officers. It is a big structure, but the concrete is still soft.

Five of the fifty-four divisions are armoured divisions. The Germans are very secretive about their armoured divisions, which contain a tank brigade, a motorised rifle brigade, and a motorised artillery regiment. At the manœuvres of 1937 half of one division was on view. It consisted of 2,000 motor vehicles of all kinds. A full division numbers 5,000 vehicles. The High Command aim at having a third of the army armoured and motorised. This side of the war machine explains the Nazis' grandiose plan to motorise the whole people by manufacturing a "people's car" to sell for about £50. They must develop a motor industry capable of handling the demands of a motor-conscious army, just as they have already successfully developed an integrated aircraft industry with a capacity far in excess of current demands, and capable of outproducing the industry of any other nation to-day.

Speed mass and mobility are the keynotes of the machine. It is designed to strike with unprecedented force and velocity in any direction. The road and rail layout, the industrialisation of the country under Goering's four-year plan, fit into the general design. The pace that can be set was demonstrated by the motor cycle corps, which played a leading part in the dawn invasion of Prague. On the great concrete roadways military trucks can move seven abreast, columns carrying 70,000 troops an hour at forty miles an hour, moving from one front to another. (*Continued on page* 114)

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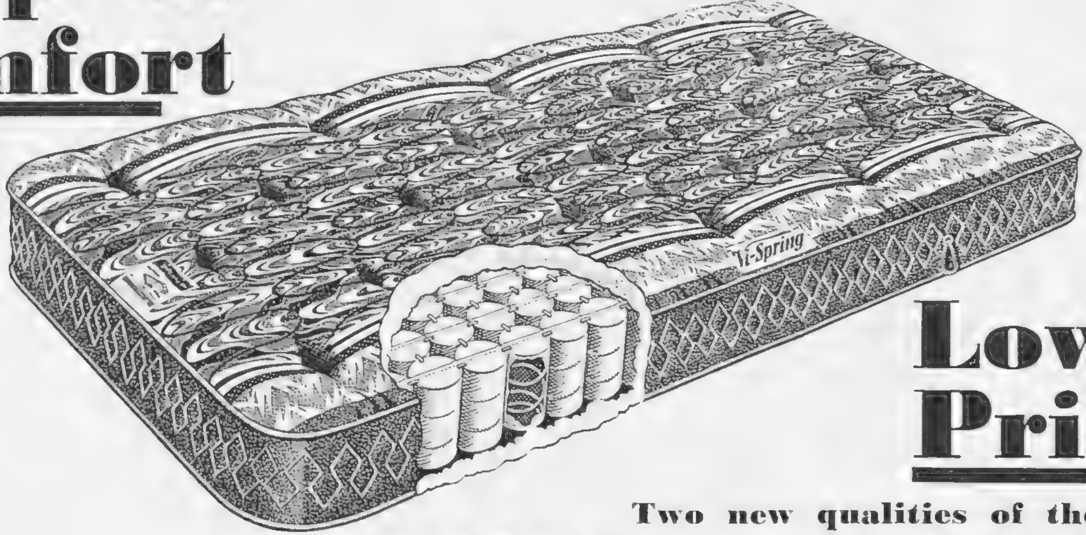

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IN war, Goering would probably play the role of a Chatfield in England and a Gamelin in France—a co-ordinator but not actually a generalissimo conceiving plans and ordering their execution by the head of the fighting forces. An interesting man, whose psychology and physiology may be important factors in the Nazi war set-up. He is the club of the Nazi movement, in which Hitler is the soul, and Goebbels the voice. His room is hung around with the men who inspire him—Bismarck, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Mussolini, Hitler, Richthofen.

Son of a Bavarian colonial civil servant, he was trained for the infantry, but in the course of the War, 1914–1918, found his real weapon. It was a combat plane. Before the War ended the man who gave his name to the most famous of all combat squadrons had joined the seventy fighter pilots he had killed in the skies. His place was taken by Goering, who entered the war as a twenty-year-old infantry lieutenant and finished it in command of the Richthofen Squadron.

Goering survived the War through weighing chances, slipping out of dangerous situations, hitting first, and destroying quickly while he had the chance. He helped the Nazi Party to success by the same tactics. His tactics were still to manœuvre until he had his gun on the other fellow's tail; then, without pause or let-up, blast away until the enemy crashed in flames. He will not willingly dash into the midst of a superior enemy squadron, and be blasted to a hero's death. Life tastes too good—and life has been very good to him, so far.

Considered from any angle, the whole set-up is formidable, powerful, awe-inspiring. But it has weaknesses. The effort needed to manufacture the monster has gutted the German State of gold and the means to buy abroad. Germany is short of food, metals, oil, and many other things. Many of the machines are not fitted for hard wear. The railway system is dilapidated: it nearly broke down during the September mobilisation. The great synthetic oil plants are targets for bombers.

Germany may be short of nerve stuff, too. The mass of the people do not want war. It would be a great blow to Hitler's prestige if he took Germany into a general war—which would necessarily be a war to the finish. The Dictatorship could not stand even one serious reverse. It has no reserve power. Its successes so far have been political push-overs, based on the Ribbentrop thesis: "Britain won't fight, France is disunited and frightened and can't fight, and America can be counted out." That situation is over.

But the main interrogation note which overhangs the giant German war mechanism is that which is always present in a new machine of unknown potentialities, and built to a blue print, and some theories. When fuelled and started up, it may start off with a fearful roar and a frightful burst of speed, like a new-type monster among a crowd of smaller racing cars. But it may skid off the track. Its drivers may lose their nerve and control of the intricate mechanism. It may break down owing to an overload on one or more of its parts. It may run out of fuel at a critical juncture (at one time during the first World War the British Navy was nearly immobilised through lack of oil). It may run itself out and be overtaken by smaller machines, running as a team.

Or it may collapse because it is taken into the wrong race by blundering drivers. That, quite easily, may be the ultimate fate of the Hitler monster which has swallowed the once independent Reichswehr. Hitler planned the machine to regain for him without war all the lost German territories. Next, it was to drive through eastern Europe, without stopping at the frontiers of the Soviet Union. The west was to be neutralised through fear. At all costs, the old Hohenzollern blunder of provoking a world in arms against the German people was to be avoided. Hitler-Ribbentrop-Goebbels blunders have spoilt that plan.

Contemplating the war machine that the Nazis have built, one may reflect that there has been nothing like it since the Spartans developed a somewhat similar system within the technical limits of mankind at that time. They subordinated everything to the purpose of war. And, brittle as cast iron, mentally rigid, and spiritually sterile, they vanished from history.

END

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It Happened in South-West Africa

(Continued from page 11)

to work in the mines, on the diamond fields, and farms of South-West Africa.

H. has an assistant, who lives forty-five miles above him, on the border of Portuguese Angola. And he has two South African civil servants who do his office work. There are, of course, no telephones or telegraph services in Ovamboland, as this 17,000 square miles is called—quick connexion with the outside world is a wireless set, with which a local post-office clerk can talk with Walvis Bay, on the Atlantic Ocean, or Windhoek, the capital.

The Finns have eleven mission stations in the territory. They have an excellent little hospital at the thatched mission station near Ondonga, maintain quite efficient clinics at three or four of the smaller stations, and are daily training a select few of the Ovamba boys and girls into capable first-aid dressers. The Church of England has two missions—run by two Cambridge graduates—and they are also trying to introduce medical service. These missions give the only schooling in the territory. As it is estimated that some thirty-one per cent of the natives are Christians, it means that that amount have had at least some rudimentary schooling. But it is a common remark in the territory that, if the white man should go, the witch doctors would be back in two years.

H., and his three assistants, govern these 107,000 natives, without a policeman, or soldier, entirely by indirect rule. H. rules these tribes entirely through three hereditary chiefs, who still remain; and four tribes which are governed by their own selected native councils. With the exception of murder, these chiefs and native councils try and punish practically every crime in their territory.

H. has been there since 1915—the date when the first white administrator entered Ovamboland. First, as an assistant, then as full commissioner, he has ruled these natives ever since. Just how remarkable this achievement is—to administer a 17,000 square miles with only one assistant commissioner, and two white clerks—may be realised when it is known that in all the thirty years that the Germans possessed South-West Africa, *they never once were able to extend their rule over the Ovamba tribes.*

The last German outpost was the white, castellated fort of

(Continued on page 116)

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Namutoni, guarding the last "drift," ford, eighty miles below Ondonga. It is a haunted spot. From its loopholed walls, in 1904, five Germans fought off an attacking force of Ovambas all one day. A bronze plaque in the fort marks their feat. Firing with rifles, they killed hundreds of natives who were trying to rush the walls from the reeds surrounding the watercourse. They killed so many that the Ovambas withdrew until dark. After dusk the Germans mounted their horses, dashed out of the fort portals; and, with one sick comrade, succeeded in riding hundreds of miles down into occupied South-West Africa.

The Ovambas, that evening, sacked the fort.

In that native rebellion, which lasted from 1904 to 1907, the Germans exterminated the heroic Herero tribe as a nation. The Hereros were 90,000 strong when the rebellion began; there were less than 30,000 Hereros left when the rebellion ended.

For years after that, the Herero women did not bear children. When the South Africans entered South-West Africa in 1915, they were struck by a large *gap* in the Herero population—*there were hardly any children between the ages of, say, three and ten.* Sentimental anti-German propagandists started the legend that the Herero women had taken an oath, swearing: "We will not bear any more children into slavery." Hereros whom I have talked with declare this is all tosh.

"We ask ourselves all the time," they said pathetically: "Why don't we have children? Why can't we?"

Whatever it is, the Hereros still do not seem able to have anything like the normal number of children. Yet, if either a Herero man or woman marries a Damara native, they seem most prolific. We can leave this little dilemma as another of those African mysteries.

THE Ovambas, living half in German South-West Africa, half in Portuguese Angola, did not get in this rebellion. The Germans had never been able to extend their rule over them; they did not venture down into South-West to try and take on the Germans. They seemed content to be left alone.

The British, however, immediately carried their conquest over South-West Africa to cover the whole of Ovamboland, below Portuguese territory. That is the 17,000 square miles that H. administers to this day.

The first fight the South Africans had with the Ovambas was in 1917. That was when a powerful chief, named Mandumi, whose tribe numbered 52,000, took to raiding into Portuguese territory again. One of Mandumi's tricks was to make his prisoners fry meat over the fire *on their own hands.* The Portuguese objected. The British warned Mandumi: H. took a risk with his own life by riding horseback up to Mandumi's kraal and begging him to obey the Government order to come down to Windhoek and apologize. This war, in which Mandumi met his death, started actually from a great misunderstanding—the South Africans did not know that in Ovamboland, if a chief leaves his territory—he automatically ceases to be a chief. He loses rank. Therefore Mandumi refused to come and meet the British, other than as a warrior. His last words to H. were quite touching. He was a splendidly built native, and standing up from the talk he and H. had been having outside his kraal, he suddenly put his hand on H.'s shoulder.

"There is something inside me," he said, "that is stronger than I. I must obey it. I must fight. *I am young!*"

The Ovambas ambushed a column of 500 South Africans. They dropped on them from the marula fruit trees. There was a minute or so when it looked as if the white force was going to be annihilated. Then a quick-thinking officer got its three Maxim guns into action, and the first burst into the high surrounding grass got Mandumi.

When the white men could not understand why the Ovambas suddenly ceased fighting, they found Mandumi with a row of seven machine-gun bullets across his bare breast.

The last show of force the South Africans had to make against the Ovambas was in 1932.

A local little despot, a chief named Impumbu, had taken to punishing his people at will, exacting the most atrocious penalties. And finally he pursued a girl he wanted, right up on to the *stoep* of a Finnish Mission.

The Union of South Africa flew up three "Wapiti" planes, and sent two thousand cars to make a demonstration. Impumbu had collected some 800 rifles among his tribe, and given them to his young men. He had refused to pay the fine of cattle he had been assessed by the South Africans for his misbehaviour, he showed every intention of fighting.

Then things happened: one of the armoured cars never got there. Ovamboland is a sandy, waterless tract, dotted with fan-palms and mopani forests. For thousands of square miles there is not even a single stone in it. But when it rains, the sand simply turns to mush. It has taken twenty-four days to bring the mail to Ondonga, 180 miles from Tsumeb. It often takes weeks. Going in, I spent from 9 a.m. until 2 a.m. the next morning, doing just the last eighty miles.

An excellent description of this 1932 South African expedition against the Ovambas has just appeared in the *Journal* of the Royal United Service Institution, November, 1938, written by Major H. G. Willmott, South African Air Force, who flew one of the "Wapitis." In it he explains how the South Africans were anxious not to kill any of the Ovambas, if possible.

But he also tells how, one night, the three "Wapitis" zoomed down on Impumbu's kraal, firing Very lights, with wing-tip flares, hoping to terrify the natives, and learned through spies that *the Ovambas did not even look up*.

Later, when they had notified that they were going to bomb his kraal (Impumbu having fled), some three hundred natives emerged from the bushes around it and simply walked away. They did not even run.

The only consternation, in fact, was from the inhabitants of the armoured car. It had been arranged, with the air, that the armoured car should fire Very lights, if it was being attacked, or wanted help.

The circling "Wapiti" saw Very lights being fired in all directions from inside the car. They did some sporadic bombing of the bushes around the car. But then they saw that the occupants of the car were all leaping out and running away from it.

It had run into a storm of bees.

Impumbu was caught, deposed, and banished for five years from Ovamboland. He is now back, living quietly in a kraal, tended by a few faithful servants—because royal blood is always royal, in Ovamboland—although, to the British, he is a chief in memory only.

This little dust-up in 1932, recent as that was, has been the last outbreak of trouble with the 107,000 Ovambas.

To-day they are happy communities of what is nothing less than pastoral farmers. They live in kraals of pointed stakes or just rushes. Some kraals have a husband and only one wife, as they are Christian. But most have a plenitude of wives. One headman that I saw quite a lot of had thirteen wives and fifteen hundred head of cattle. His last and first wife was both beautiful and humorous.

The wives have their own strip of land and their own personal cattle around each kraal. They have their own grain baskets in which they store the produce of their field, And, as succession is matrilinear in Ovamboland, they also own their own children.

When a wife leaves a husband in Ovamboland, she takes her servants, her stores of maize and kaffir-corn, her own personal cattle, and her children with her. The husband is left *plante la* to think it over, and perhaps decide to

(*Continued on page* 118)

"The week-end is my beauty test, Jane Seymour"

" Yes," said this client of mine, " when I wake up in the morning in the country and look at my face in the mirror, I see lines under my eyes and open pores round my nose that I never notice in town."

" Well," I said, smiling. " Penetrating 'open air' daylight has a habit of showing up one's blemishes. But isn't it rather a good thing? It stops you living in a fool's paradise and makes you want to be more careful about skin care."

" It does indeed," she said. " I wish you'd tell me what to do."

" Go in for really thorough cleansing every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Treat those pores round your nose with Pore Cream. Pat Anti-Wrinkle Cream over those offending lines. Give your skin a good general tone-up with Vitamin Cream. Brace with more Juniper in the mornings. And keep at it! It's that little regular care that keeps you young and blooming! "

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be more attractive to his remaining or future wives.

The "boys" who go down to work in the "south" bring back about £5 each for a year's toil. But that is the only way any money can come into Ovamboland. Everything exchanged is done for barter.

The only tax these natives pay the Government is five shillings a year. This goes into a tribal trust fund, and is all spent back upon them. A "boy" who is in the south, pays this five shillings in cash. A home-staying Ovamba can pay it in corn. This tax which is imposed on only adult male natives is all that an Ovamba pays, in any form whatever, to the white man.

The kraals have big storage receptacles, wicker baskets, for grain. Dotted about the 17,000 square miles are huge corrugated iron towers holding grain stored against famine. Each male head of a kraal has a large area of land which his retainers and wives cultivate communally. The wives work a certain number of days on their own fields; then they work on their husband's land. This food is stored for guests, and for the kraal's purposes, as a commune. The man is fed by the wives. They usually take turns cooking for him.

The Ovamba men, therefore, are rather aristocratic in their bearing. Were there no white men there whatever, they would very likely do no work at all. But under the energetic leadership of Major H., and their own councils of headmen, they voluntarily now build roads open up new territory on their own lands, add to their storage baskets of grain—against the periodic famines, which used to be so terrible in this district—and, with H.'s technical and mechanical help, they are now using European machinery to bore for bigger and better waterholes.

When you can get a native in Africa to do this work without any pay whatever, when you can get native headmen themselves to plan and execute this development under only the faintest indirect rule of a white man—then you have reached a remarkably fine level of white administration.

It has been said that the 17,000 square miles of Ovamboland are a laboratory for experiments in government. It is a model administration.

Now to go back to old Chief Muala, sitting querulously under a gigantic baobab tree. H., the native commissioner, is sitting in a deck chair facing him. Beside H. is a white-helmeted detective-sergeant from the Cape, who has been living under this baobab tree for three weeks—trying to find out just the date when Muala gave the order to have the woman murdered.

That makes a lot of difference to old Muala. If he can prove, what he is insisting, that he did the job before 1915—before the British came—then no retribution can be exacted from him. There was no rule over Ovamboland then. The Germans were not here. A native could kill whom he liked.

"All this," said old Muala, his lips slobbering, "all this happen in German-time."

Old Muala must be far past eighty. His photograph appears in the text book on the native tribes of South-West Africa. He is dressed, this blazing day, in heavy brown corduroys, and a fawn sweater. (The women in Ovamboland, go around dressed in nothing but a few ostrich-shell beads from the waist up.) But, in spite of Muala having his photo in a book, despite his vestige of European attire, he is still a pagan at heart.

One side of his head is bandaged completely because that eye, from some ailment, is sticking out like a rabbit's, after it has been hit on the head. H. has inquired solicitously what is wrong: Muala has replied surlily that he doesn't know, neither do the Finn doctors. It just burns him, he says, as if there was a red wasp under the eyelid. People have spat in it, they tried all the native cures; but nothing has worked. As the interpreter continues to translate H.'s steady succession of more and more embarrassing questions about the murder, old Muala answers: "Ha! . . . Ha! . . . Ha! . . ." The sign that he has listened, taken that sentence in. Then, suddenly, he seizes the interpreter's finger—holding the man's finger firmly, old Muala begins to state his case. He binds that finger in his left hand, reaches down and seizes hold of another finger of the poor black interpreter man.

"He say," says the patient interpreter, looking up. "He say : yes, he tell the men to kill the woman. He don't remember if she was knobkerried (beaten to death) . . . or whether they take and choke her. He don't remember that far back. Chief Muala say all of this happen in German-time."

Now, while old Muala has been stating his defence—almost tearing out the fingers of the interpreter man—his good eye has from time to time been fixed venomously on a beehive shaped hut near his stockaded kraal of storage baskets.

In that hut lies the woman who is the cause of all this. She is an Angola princess. She and Muala have never been "churched," or even married in Ovamba fashion. (Which is just as good, incidentally.) But there are several reasons to believe that they were sweethearts, once. In fact, it was the inexplicable illness of one of her children which caused old Muala to give the word that her servant girl, who had the Evil Eye, should be murdered.

Shilahula, as this wrinkled princess is named, has not turned State's evidence against Muala. But she has admitted that she and Muala discussed the extermination of her servant girl. She declares, on the other hand, that she had nothing to do with the actual assassination. She had merely broached the subject—and Muala went ahead on his own bat.

The fact that her servant girl *did* have the Evil Eye, however, she insists has been proved. The instant her servant was done away with, her child became well.

And her dignified scorn of the Cape detective held more uncomfortable menace than even Muala's poisonous glance. And "poison," as you will soon see—was just what was in his glare.

The story is quite African.

A few years before the World War, Shilahula fled Angola before a famine. Being royal, she took quite a large retinue of servants with her. African royalty, like its European counterpart, befriends its refugee members. Therefore, when Shilahula crossed the Kunene River, and came into Muala's territory, she was automatically given a kraal on his land, and a large area which her servants could cultivate for her.

This neighbourly friendship had but one result.

When I went to talk to Shilahula I found a woman of some sixty years, slender as a girl. She was wearing a *lapi*, a little apron, made from the soft skin of an ox stomach. From head to toe she was painted red with ochre. Her breasts were withered, and the skin over her flat stomach was wrinkled as crepe. But her shoulders were fine, she had slender arms and legs and long, tapering fingers. And the expression on her dignified face was one of complete disgust.

There was nothing "nigger mammy" about old Shilahula. She had been a beauty in her day. Facing me silently outside that hut of thatched poles, she had all the dignity of the late Sarah Bernhardt. She was rimmed around her slender waist and her long column of neck with rows and rows and rows of tiny flat beads, made from coloured disks of ostrich egg. And her high pompadour, which was now a natural snow white, had been stained with this ochre, the colour of a flamingo's wing.

She looked as if she had been lipsticked all over.

H. called these sessions with Muala under his tree—*indabas*. We held several *indabas*. One was with a fat headman, some fifty miles back, who was sheltering one of the dead servant woman's children that Muala's assassins had not killed.

We had that child with us. We had brought her these fifty miles on the back of a motor lorry. She

(*Continued on page* 120)

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was a child no longer; in fact, one of her children was perched happily between our blankets and rifles—and, she said, she was going to have another child, any day now. It might be to-day.

I think that the conversation, fifty miles back, between H. and the fat headman, as to whether this witness was in a sufficient state to travel, was one of the most intimate, touching little scenes I will ever see in Africa.

She had some circumstantial evidence to offer about the date of the killing. She says she overheard Shilahula and Muala planning the murder of her mother—that was why she ran away. And she places the date as being after the time when the white master—that was H.—had come to Muala's kraal with two other white masters, to shoot elephants.

That, H. remembered, was 1920.

I watched H. hold two *indabas* with Muala. They were separated by a space of a few days. Days when H. and I had gone up to the Kunene River, on the border of the Kaokoveld. I was anxious to get a lion, and also, if possible, get some photos of giraffe and elephant. Days during which old Muala changed his mind about several things.

At the first *indaba*, on our way up, old Muala even denied stoutly that he had even killed the woman. He declared his brother did it. His brother was the chief before him. His brother was dead.

But only a few miles after we had left Muala, as we were proceeding through a mopani forest, a native knelt down before us as our car tore its way through the bushes along the sandy game trail. After a dramatic exchange of Ovamba sentences—and "*Ha's!*" —between this semi-naked man, with the bow and arrow, and H.'s interpreter, the interpreter-man calmly said:

"He say he is one of the men who kill the woman. He say it was when the white master had the trouble with . . . (I did not get that chief's name). . . . The corn was so high. . . ." Our man, to show the season of the year, placed his hand about knee high above the sandy trail.

"Hummnnn . . ." said H. "That trouble was 1920." Then, to the interpreter: "Ask how she was killed."

The interpreter exchanged a few words. Then he pointed to the heavy knobbed stick that every Ovamba male carries.

"With that, master," he said.

The Kunene was unproductive of big game. On the way up we shot some Egyptian geese and a few huge horned Muscovy ducks in a few pools of water that we found. The sound of our shots made four Ovatjimbas appear from the ground. These tall, Arabian-Nights-looking natives, with their red turbans of ox stomach, are semi-wild. They live in these uninhabited regions, herding a few cattle. Some of them are the remnants of the fleeing Herero tribes—survivors of the 60,000 who perished before the Germans. They were the first natives I met in Africa who started to beg. They begged us for tobacco.

We spitted the Muscovys and roasted them over our camp fires. Our three "boys" cooked the unsavoury Egyptian geese, and a big Spur-wing goose I shot, in a Shell petrol tin. I would call this part of the world "The Land of the Bedside Rifle," because I noticed that "James" had placed mine beside my mosquito net. This was chiefly because of a big hippo we had watched frolicking about.

"And when you shoot at night," said H., "shoot low."

But although we were in this strange wonderland on the edge of the Kaokoveld, with its rose-coloured terraces, and although we went up to within twenty feet of a group of tame impala; and although I had the delight of watching for several minutes that tiny horned dwarf owl, so rare, that expeditions have come all the way from the United States to shoot a pair, we did not fire our rifles once. The long trails of elephant droppings led up the red cliffs into the great grazing plains above us. With them went the lions. Only when the rains ceased, and the waterholes on the plains dried, would the game return to the river.

A few days later we were again at Muala's kraal. At this *indaba*, he admitted to the murder. He still stuck to his story that all this happened "in German-time." The Cape detective, who had been living for three weeks under a tree, with the flies buzzing about him, doubted if any amount of threat or persuasion could make him shake his story.

And for some reason, said the Cape policeman, *all the witnesses had suddenly started to lie !*

The feelings of H. and the Cape policeman were obviously partly sympathetic with old Muala. After all, the crime was at least eighteen years old. "And this is the devil of a time," grinned the sergeant-detective, "to have this thing dragged up against you !"

But, as H. pointed out—it was a letter from Portuguese Angola which had really started this investigation. Suddenly, after all these years, a native up there had told them he had heard that one of his relations had been murdered down in South-West Africa. And would the British please reply.

"We can't just let this thing slide," said H.

H.'s last words to old Muala were these :

"The Government will not let people disappear in this country. It must know what has happened to them. You can not take a human life. The Government law is that if any man kills another man, then that man must die. And the Government's law must be obeyed. When a man or woman disappears in Ovamboland, the Government must know what has happened. The Government will at once take up the spoor (the track), and it never lets go."

H. said words to the effect that here, eighteen years after, the Government was insisting to know everything about the death of the servant woman. That was the law.

"All this happen in German-time," said old Muala, sullenly.

"Well," said H., standing up. "Tell old Muala to keep well. Tell him that down at Ondonga the people say he is holding the rain back. He keeps all the rain up here."

The interpreter translated this verbatim. Old Muala suddenly seized his fingers again. Then the interpreter said :

"Muala say : 'How can he keep the rain back?' Muala say : 'People down at Ondonga always saying I keep the rain back.' Muala, he say, ask master : 'How can I keep back the rain?' "

"Your witch doctor," said H., with the faintest of smiles.

It was an interesting thrust in repartee—it led straight back to the ritual murder involving the evil spirit. It showed old Muala that H., although he was a white master, could think like an Ovamba—when he wanted to track back in a talk.

It was practically certain that Muala had used his witch doctor to "smell out" the evil spirit.

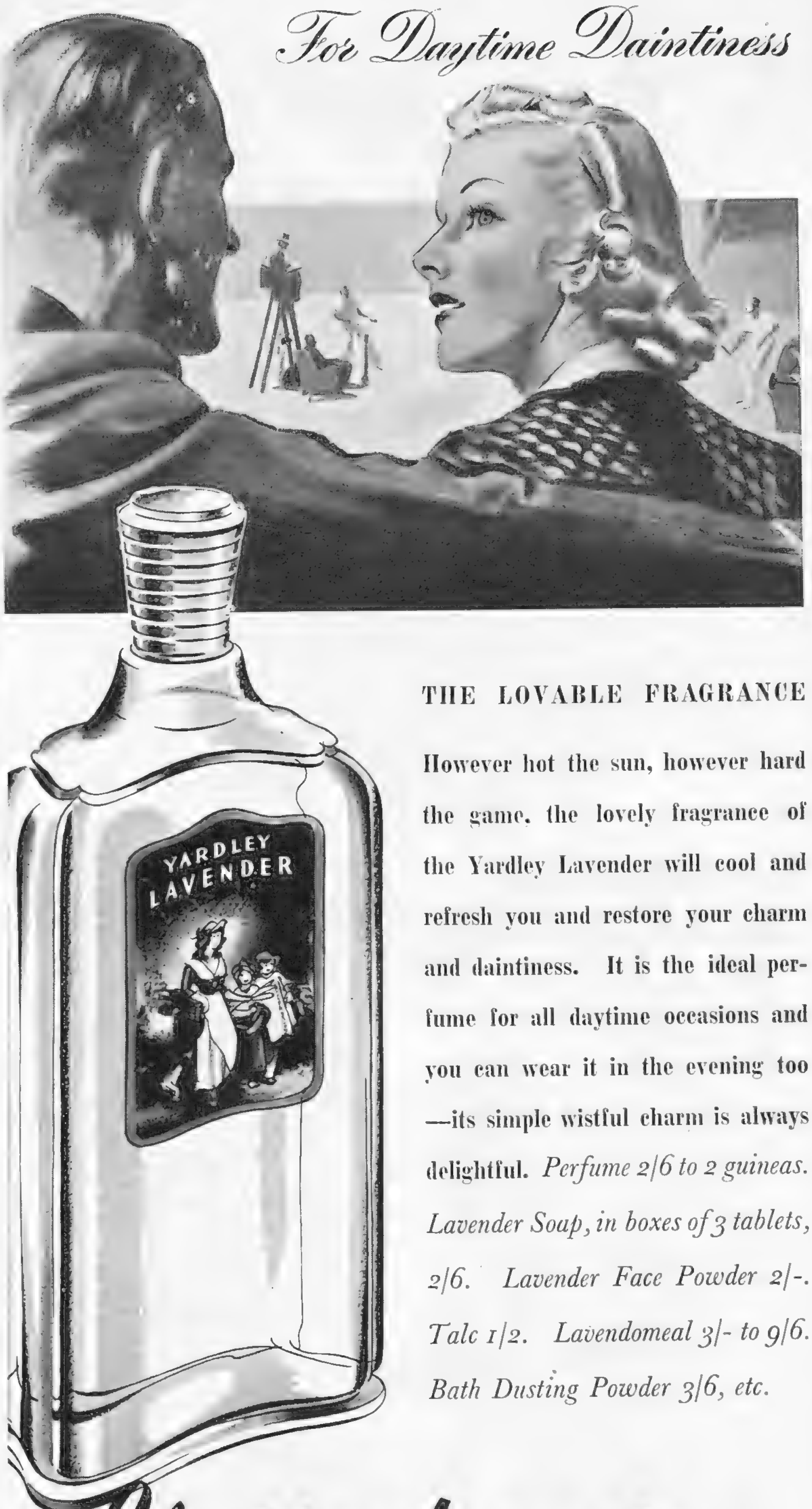
Old Muala stared, then moved uncomfortably, then let his one serviceable eye wander to the silent beehive hut containing his former mistress. He slowly bowed his head. . . .

"The native punishment for murder was usually a fine of ten cattle," said H., as we tore through the brush, trying to reach some open spaces after darkness. "The murderer has to pay that to the family of the deceased. They do not believe that murder is a crime against the community; it is against that dead person's family. This crime is at least eighteen years old. I hope it will be possible to punish him under the tribal law—say, fine him a large number of cattle, say, forty or fifty—and take away a few of his privileges. We mustn't condone this sort of thing—old as it is."

But that night, under flashes of lightning and patches of cloud-swept moon, we had another *indaba* which, I must say, robbed old Muala of some of our sympathy. It was with the fat headman, who squatted on the sands before H. The headman said :

"Yes, master, everybody round here know that Muala kill

(*Continued on page* 122)



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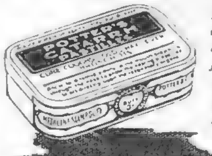

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P 7

It Happened in South-West Africa

that woman in 1920. But nobody going to speak now."

As this headman could talk English, I got the whole of this.

"Muala been threatening?" said H.

"Yes, master. Muala say he poison any one speak. Any one come say that Muala kill that woman 1920, that person be poisoned."

"Ha . . ." said H. He stood up. "Well, keep well, Simon. People say one thing, now they say another. I told Muala he had better tell the white boss (the Cape detective) what is on his heart. The Government is on the spoor . . . and it won't let go. . . ."

"Yes, master."

The fat headman stood up. Behind him in the murk, a group of sub-headmen stood up behind him. These under-officers always walk at a respectful distance behind their headmen and chiefs up in Ovamboland. They had been sitting, as custom prescribes, well beyond ear-shot while their headman talked with H. Now they chorused some native farewell to H., and called him by his native name—"The Whip."

H., who is without a doubt the most brilliant, breathless driver I have ever sat beside, jammed the American one-ton lorry through some gripping mopani trees and around a reedy water saucer, from which black and white ibis, and geese, and storks, and golden cranes rose and passed away into the night. Ahead shone the brilliant pink disks of leaping "spring-hares" eyes—the rabbit like a kangaroo. Lightning flashed and remained quivering in the heavens, like white trees. H. grunted:

"Poor old chap, Muala. I'm afraid he's a bit desperate. Guess he thinks he's 'in for a penny,' might as well be 'in for a pound.' That poison business."

It was obvious that the commissioner heartily wished old pagan Muala had left poison out of the matter. Poison is a thing which must always be guarded against in native life. And now, of course, after Muala had foolishly circulated that threat—the Government must pursue this case to its very end.

The natives must not be allowed to think that any threat could throw the Government off the spoor.

END

Holidays

(*Continued from page* 39)

with the expenses of a conventional golfing holiday at Gleneagles or Sandwich.

Hobbyists know what to wear. They have a clear-cut idea of what they want to do. This is one of the reasons why—weather permitting—they are the happiest members of the holiday crowd.

SEASIDE RESORT You feel like a long laze somewhere quiet on golden sands, in or out of England, out of the town, yet within easy reach of gaiety.

In England, such good hotels as Branksome Towers, Bournemouth, and the Royal Palace, Torquay, are ideal seaside semi-retreats. Branksome Towers has its own wooded cliff walks and beach; the Royal Hotel its own cove with a wonderful view of the bay. Both combine a maximum luxury of seclusion by day, with dances and other entertainments by night.

The time-table at such places is the same as for the Riviera: rise late and descend exquisitely dressed in a knock'em beach outfit, with hair perfectly glossed and a honey-tan make-up. Saunter to beach, maybe bathe, maybe sunbathe, certainly use sun-tan bloc for sun-brown, and dark glasses. Eat a large lunch; play tennis in the after noon, possibly sail, go into the town, or doze. In the evening, scintillate.

A room at one of the super-hotels would probably cost you 45s. a day, at some smaller caravanserai it would be considerably less and you could visit the Grand Babylons on gala occasions.

Nice Cool Drinks for Nice Hot Days

(*Continued from page 67*)

of an orange with a very sharp knife, carefully, to avoid any of the pith. Put it in a jug or bowl and cover with half a cocktail glass of Booth's gin for each person. Cover and let it soak for three or four hours at least. Have ready the same amount of strained orange juice as you have of gin, put it into the shaker, add the prepared gin, ice, shake thoroughly and serve while frothy.

American Lemonade

Port, Schweppes Lemon Squash.

Have the Schweppes lemon squash well iced and pour it into each tumbler in which you have put a quarter of a gill of port.

Gimlet

Schweppes Lime Juice.
Gin, soda water.

Put two-thirds gin and one-third Schweppes lime juice into the shaker with ice. Shake and pour a little into large glasses, filling up with Schweppes soda water.

Ginger Fizz

Lemon and orange rind.
Lump sugar, orange bitters.
Schweppes Ginger Ale, ice.

Put a dash of orange bitters on to each lump of sugar and drop one of these into each glass. Add a small piece of lemon and one of orange rind, a small lump of ice and fill up with Schweppes ginger ale.

Barley Cooler

Robinson's Lemon Barley Water.
Mint, cucumber rind.

Make the barley water in the usual way in a jug, diluting with iced soda water. Add a few sprigs of crushed mint and cucumber rind. Strain into tumblers.

Barley Cocktail

Robinson's Lime Barley Water.
Pineapple chunks, mint, gin.

Take one pineapple chunk, one sprig of mint and a cocktail glass of gin and Robinson's lime barley water in equal proportions, for each person. Chop up the chunks roughly, put in the shaker with the crushed mint and the liquids. Add ice, shake thoroughly and strain into the glasses, serving immediately. You can make a very good soft cocktail in the same way by omitting the gin.

A. H. A.

I Give My Daughter Away

(*Continued from page 66*)

matters, she is just a simple, natural and unsophisticated girl."

As we reached the church, I knew that my wife was right.

As a little girl, my daughter was allowed a candle to soothe her fears at bed-time. But sometimes even that failed to disperse them, and she adopted a neat expedient to get her mother to go up to see her. Blowing out the candle, she cried: "Mummy, my candle's blowed out: come up and light it."

That appeal grew into a family saying, and when any minor crisis occurred, and she needed her mother's help, it was always: "Mummy, my candle's blowed out."

As we entered the church porch, she turned suddenly to me, gave mv hand a squeeze, gave me a look utterly revealing and whispered: "Daddy, my candle's blowed out."

At which my heart gave a leap and I walked on happily to give her away.

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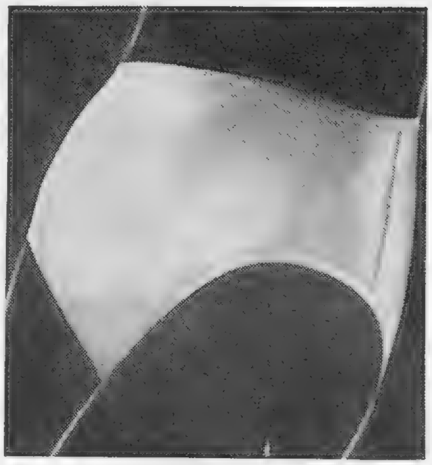

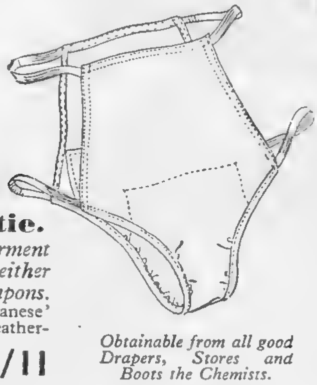

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Monsieur Duchet

(*Continued from page 45*)

government clerk, dealing with red tape in fathom lengths. Because his work was unexceptionable and because he was disapproved of, he was given the supervision of the paper work of the leprosarium on Pehoa. It was not a promotion, because nobody likes to admit that there is leprosy on Tahiti and the government ignores everybody—officials included—who have anything to do with it. Ignored, young M. Duchet and his wife Tetua seemed to spend a year, and then a second year, and then a third, in a sort of passionate idyll. They had moons and stars and scented soft darknesses. They had all the adjuncts to a paradise of the senses and the emotions. And since Tetua was very beautiful and her husband at least ardent, they must have been absurdly happy. They had even the fine high elation of recklessness rewarded; of being figures in a grand passion of the most authentic sort.

That was the way it appeared. But this was Tahiti, none the less. And though nobody knew when the thing happened, or how, or who was involved or what actually had taken place, nevertheless on a certain morning young M. Duchet went to his desk in the municipal office with his face a queerish grey. He spoke dazedly, like a man half-stunned and groping. He moved like a sleep-walker. There was a party scheduled at his home for that night, but messengers ran hastily about, carrying messages of cancellation. And for a week young M. Duchet looked like a man with a mortal wound.

Then invitations went out for the postponed party, and everybody—knowing of the young husband's queer manner of the past week—looked at everybody else and tried to guess who Tetua and her husband had quarrelled over. Everybody saw too, to-night, that Tetua looked as wretched as M. Duchet himself. But she tried gallantly to pretend that nothing was the matter, while her husband looked like a man who had lived through hell. He watched her with a veiled fierceness all evening. As a gay gathering, that party was not a success.

THREE days later the scandal broke. Young M. Duchet went to his desk as usual, that morning. He looked shrunken, somehow. Plainly the quarrel—if it was a quarrel—had not been patched up in a fashion to destroy all memory of its cause. And on this morning Tetua put into effect what was plainly a carefully-worked-out plan. She told her two servants to go home. They could have a day's holiday. She was kindly but very firm. To the later furtive interrogations to which they were subjected, the servants admitted that she had seemed much distrait. Enormously wrought up. On the verge of tears.

They took the day off. They went about such private businesses as pleased them. And Tetua vanished from her husband's home. Nobody saw her leave—nobody saw her at all. But since the garden was walled, that was not remarkable. Nobody saw young M. Duchet return. Nobody at all knew what he found on his arrival at home. But everybody guessed. The house empty. Resonant and echoing. No servants, no wife—but perhaps a note placed conspicuously for him to find. That was guesswork, but it was positive that next morning when the two servants returned they were met at the gateway by M. Duchet. He was grey-faced and stricken. He said hoarsely, "*Madame non est ici,*" and thrust wages upon them with shaking hands and told them harshly that he would no longer need their services.

He did not go to the office that day, and tongues wagged freely. The morning after, however, he went blindly to his office. He tried to work, but his eyes—they said—filled repeatedly with tears. And the tale of his desertion was all over the town by now, and even his official superiors now felt a sort of smug justification which made them sympathetic. The *chef du département* himself paused, in his portly fashion, and put his hand gently on the deserted husband's arm.

"*Mon cher*," he said kindly, "I have heard a rumour I hope is false."

M. Duchet stood up and said dully:

"It is useless to deny that Madame Duchet—that M-madame——"

He choked. The *chef du département* clucked commiseratingly.

"And do you know, M'sieur Duchet, what scoundrel——"

"She—they took precautions," said young M. Duchet, from an aching throat, "that I should not know."

"It is best," said the *chef du département* kindly, "that you should take leave of absence. These things—but it is useless to try to comfort you as yet."

"Quite useless," said the young man, through stiff lips.

But he took the leave of absence. He spent it, alone, in the house he had bought for Tetua. No servant. He did not even go out for his meals. McClintock and Tomlins left him alone for a week. Then McClintock began to worry about him. He went to the house and knocked. After a long time young M. Duchet answered. He was white and worn and thin. He looked as if he had been ill.

"I worried about you, mon," said McClintock bluntly. "'Tis natural enough to grieve, but you'll not let this thing spoil your whole life. Come to dinner with me the night. I'll not talk of anything that would bother you."

Young M. Duchet managed a rather ghastly smile. He came outside the house and closed the door.

"It is good of you," he said with difficulty, "but I shall not destroy myself, whether with drink or a bullet."

McClintock growled inarticulately.

"It so happens," said M. Duchet hopelessly, "that for Madame Duchet I feel a sentiment which—nothing can change. Nothing! And it seems to me that some day she will regret the step she has taken. So I—I shall wait here to welcome her on her return."

McClintock stared, startled.

"I shall be considered a fool and a cuckold and a man without honour," added M. Duchet apologetically, "and therefore I will not come to your home."

And he held to it. But at the end of two weeks he returned to his official duties and began a routine which from that time on did not vary a hair's breadth.

He came out of his house in the morning, and he went to his desk, and there he worked resolutely all day long. He lunched sometimes with McClintock or with Tomlins, who elaborately avoided any reference to the running-off of Tetua with some person or persons unknown. Mostly, he lunched frugally and by himself. At night he returned to his house and apparently cooked his own dinner. Next morning he went down to his desk again. And the fixed, immutable routine went on for months. Ultimately, in fact, it went on for years. At no time did he do more than respond with the utmost of reserve to those who made clumsily cordial advances to him.

In three months, anyhow, people grew more or less accustomed to his changed manner and habit of living. And any scandal loses its savour with the passage of time. McClintock and Tomlins tried off-handedly to rouse him, once or twice, but it was useless. He lived alone in the house with the walled garden. Once a month or thereabouts he had a woman come in to clean. He remained with her, supervising with some sternness so that everything was replaced exactly where it had been when Tetua lived there with him. That was all.

No. There was a mild revival of interest when it was discovered that he still bought regularly the magazines of exclusively feminine interest that Tetua had studied for the latest fashions. Tomlins suspected cynically that he had acquired himself *une amie*, but when he hinted at it, M. Duchet shook his head.

"There is no reason why I should not," he said apologetically, "but I am a fool. Some day Madame Duchet will return. She will be pleased to find even such little things waiting to welcome her."

Tomlins said cynically:

"My dear fellow, haven't you heard she was seen in Viti Levi?"

Young M. Duchet—though he did not look very young any longer—went deeply pale. Then he said in a low tone:

"I have heard it."

And after that, Tomlins had a little trouble maintaining a feeling of tolerance for M. Duchet. His superiors, however, were more comprehending. Much of the disfavour under which he had laboured was removed. He was actually invited to one or two official functions. He did not attend. Then somebody's wife meditated a divorce and a marriage to one of the heat-dimmed virgins of Papeete. He was not responsive to the delicately phrased suggestion. And then it was disclosed that instead of taking his paper work about the leprosarium as a routine matter, he was actually going beyond the strict limit of his duties. A sort of scandal-hunting commission came out to Tahiti to look over all the departments of the colonial administration. It went back, and presently its printed report arrived. It grudgingly conceded the relative immaculacy of the whole colonial government, and then warmly commended the conduct of the leprosarium. The sympathetic interest and scrupulous attention of M. Jules Duchet was responsible, and his indefatigable labour on behalf of the unfortunate lepers was worthy of the highest praise.

That was news. It was more. It restored M. Duchet to a definite status. He was in line for promotion once more. Even for the ribbon for his buttonhole that before had seemed impossible. McClintock congratulated him dourly.

"They say," he said gruffly, "you've watched the francs not only on the books but out at the place. They say the poor devils are better fed and better tended than any other place in the East—and for less money. How d'you do it?"

"I have——" M. Duchet hesitated, and then said apologetically, "I have little else to think of."

"But they say you go there yourself!" protested McClintock. "You poke around in the kitchens an' the infirmary and all. You're taking risks!"

"It is no risk,"

(*Continued on page* 126)

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WHISKS AWAY UNWANTED HAIR

said M. Duchet. To McClintock's amazement he spoke with precision of the disease. He seemed to know all that the doctors knew about it. "With the most elementary of precautions," he observed with complete certitude, "there is no risk."

"The devil!" said McClintock. "You're the first damned government man I ever saw who knew more of his work than regulations!"

He spread the news. It came to the ears of high authority. And, hastily, high authority offered M. Duchet a sop of promotion. It would be good politics. High authority offered M. Duchet the governorship of an island where leprosy was prevalent.

But M. Duchet declined the promotion. He went on as a minor clerk in the municipal building, and he lived alone in the house he had bought for Tetua—and from time to time he heard a new rumour that she had been seen here, dancing, or there in an even more dubious occupation. And he admitted reluctantly to McClintock that he had refused the promotion because he wished to be at home to welcome Tetua back when she wished to return, and as governor of Otearoa he could not do so.

McClintock threw up his hands then, and M. Duchet—young no longer—went on the even tenor of his way. He was quite grey now. He lived alone, and the cleaning woman who cleaned under his immediate supervision was the only other person who ever entered his house. He refused all invitations, and only spoke politely to those who went out of their way to speak to him. How he occupied himself no one knew. He apparently kept the latest magazines of feminine interest in his house, and once or twice he was even known to buy an article such as a man might buy for a woman. "When Madame Duchet returns," he would explain, "I wish her to be supplied with articles of the toilet."

But then, at last, when nobody noticed him any longer and some people had even forgotten the whole story, quite suddenly M. Duchet began to fail. He was still a fairly young man, as years go, but no one would have guessed it. His hands began to tremble again. He was absent from his work for one day after another. Then one morning a native brought a note to the *chef du département* who was M. Duchet's immediate superior. Then there was tumult in the administrative building. The *chef du département* tore his hair, swearing furiously. Officials went out to the house that M. Duchet had bought for Tetua. They found natives loitering around curiously outside. They asked questions. The natives said there had been a shot in the house a half-hour since, and there was something wrong.

The officials prepared to break down the door, but it was unlocked. They went in. M. Duchet was dead. McClintock came in.

"I, Messieurs," said McClintock savagely, "have been asked by my late friend to take charge of this affair. I have a letter from him for authority."

And he did take charge. His difficulties were extraordinary, because there were two funerals to arrange for. Two, even though there had been only one shot. And the lesser authorities insisted that one of those two funerals should take place at the leprosarium. But McClintock carried the matter to high authority, and high authority was first stunned and then incredibly sympathetic. So—well, M. Duchet and Tetua were buried together, while everybody still tried dazedly to realise that she had never left her house at all.

Tomlins made the only possible comment, as he and McClintock came back from the funeral. It was a luridly bright day, with the sky bluer than was seemly, and the green things greener than was suitable, and the flowers larger and much more colourful than was at all respectable.

"He took care of her all those years," said McClintock heavily, "while we thought he was a ninny! My God! What can you say about a thing like that?"

"'The French,'" said Tomlins in a detached voice, "'are a very polite people, fond of dancing and wines.' Let's get a drink."

END

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Knitting Page

(Continued from page 70)

p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 5.

10th row : * P. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 6.

11th row : K. 5, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.

12th row : K. 2, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 4.

13th row : K. 3, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

14th row : P. 1, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

15th row : K. 1, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

16th row : P. 3, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

17th row : P. 2, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 4.

18th row : P. 5, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.

These 18 rows form pat. Change to No. 9 needles and work until 11½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Work 4½ ins. on remaining 39 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 2½ ins. casting off 3 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 51 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Continue as follows:

1st row : K. 6, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * to end.

2nd row : P. 5, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.

3rd row : P. 2, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 4.

4th row : P. 3, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

5th row : K. 1, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

6th row : P. 1, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

7th row : K. 3, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

8th row : K. 2, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 4.

9th row : K. 5, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.

10th row : P. 6, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * to end.

11th row : P. 1, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 5.

12th row : P. 4, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

13th row : * P. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

14th row : P. 2, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.

15th row : K. 2, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.

16th row : * K. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

17th row : K. 4, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

18th row : K. 1, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 5.

Continue as for right front with shaping at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 87 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Continue as follows:

1st row : K. 6, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * to end.

2nd row : P. 5 (k. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 5, p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 5.

3rd row : K. 4 (p. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 3, k. 1, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 4.

4th row : P. 3 (k. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 3, p. 3, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

5th row : K. 2 (p. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 3, k. 5, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 2.

6th row : P. 1 (k. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 3, p. 7, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 1.

7th row : (P. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 3, k. 9, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 3.

8th row : K. 2 (p. 6, k. 3, 4 times), p. 11, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending k. 2.

9th row : P. 1 (k. 6, p. 3, 4 times), k. 6, p. 1, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending p. 1.

10th row : * P. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending p. 6.

11th row : K. 5 (p. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 5, * k. 6, p. 3; repeat from * ending k. 5.

12th row : P. 4 (k. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 3, p. 1, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 4.

13th row : K. 3 (p. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 3, k. 3, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

14th row : P. 2, (k. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 3, p. 5, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

15th row : K. 1 (p. 3, k. 6, 4 times), p. 3, k. 7, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending k. 1.

16th row : (K. 3, p. 6, 4 times), k. 3, p. 9, * k. 3, p. 6; repeat from * ending k. 3.

17th row : P. 2 (k. 3, p. 3, 4 times), k. 11, * p. 3, k. 6; repeat from * ending p. 2.

18th row : K. 1 (p. 6, k. 3, 4 times), p. 6, k. 1, * p. 6, k. 3; repeat from * ending k. 1.

Change to No. 9 pins and work until 6 ins. from start, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 21 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles cast on 14 sts. Rib ¼ in. k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: Rib 4, cast off 6, rib 4. Next row: Rib 4, cast on 6, rib 4. Make 8 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Work until 17 ins. from start. Cast off. Work another strip omitting buttonholes.

NECK EDGING

Sew shoulder seams. With No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 86 sts. along neck. Rib ¾ in. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves, pleating at top of shoulders. Sew front strips to fronts. Bind right front strip with ribbon. Cut buttonholes and work with silk. Sew on buttons.

J.313
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Make lemon jelly as directed on packet and set about one inch in bottom of mould, when set stand a thin bottomed tumbler half filled with cold water on this and pour remaining cool lemon jelly around tumbler. Make up raspberry jelly and allow to cool. Replace cold water in tumbler with fairly warm water and gently remove tumbler. Fill cavity with cool raspberry jelly, turn out when thoroughly set. Any remaining jelly may be chopped and used for decorating.

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In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

If That 30,000-to-One Chance Came Off

(*Continued from page 27*)

somebody who might do something to help her inside the studios—if she had enough patience to wait. Instead of wearing herself out by pounding on the doors of every casting office, she did her simple job to the best of her ability; kept smiling—and waited.

Let us imagine that Mary Smith has done the same; that her chance has come along; that the contract is signed and tucked away in the family strong box. Then let us follow Mary Smith inside the studio gates, and find out what happens to her, before she is given even a ridiculously small part, as her first step towards fame. The gateman does not know her; but he will. He telephones through to some hidden office before she is allowed to walk on the lot. And there she is, with stars driving past every minute, famous faces on every side, famous voices raised in greeting as celluloid celebrities go about their day's work.

The contracts that come to young players who are to be groomed for brighter and better things are never large, as far as money is concerned. Robert Taylor started with the figure "thirty-five dollars a week" on his contract. Janet Gaynor began with even less. Richard Arlen was a star when his salary was under £15 a week; and so was Gary Cooper. But the expenses of these beginners are not excessive. Everything is found for them, everything is paid for them, that comes under the heading "grooming." All they need to do is to keep a roof over their heads, dress quietly but in good taste, and buy enough food to keep body and soul together.

That "long term contract" which carries with it so much tuition, so much work, so much valuable experience, sounds terrifically grand; actually, it means nothing more than that a studio has an option on the services of the player in question—*if he or she makes good!*

So from the moment Mary Smith sets foot inside the studio gates for the first time, as a contract player, she is under constant supervision from a number of exceedingly keen-eyed individuals. Some of this scrutiny is obvious to Mary Smith; but some of it she never realises. She is stopped here and there, as she walks along the studio streets, and somebody speaks to her. Probably some trivial question is asked. She answers, and a brief conversation takes place. She has not the dimmest idea of the identity of the man or woman who is talking to her. They may be Somebody—or Nobody.

Usually they are Somebody; and while the talk goes on, some flaw will be discovered in her teeth, her hair, her make-up, her voice, her manner. A report goes through to the proper quarter, and a campaign starts that same day to put the flaw right. Often a girl goes into the studio an attractive brunette, and two weeks later comes out a radiant blonde. The make-up experts have decided that she looks and photographs better with blonde hair; or the dramatic coach has sent a message through to the effect that Mary Smith has the kind of manner and personality that is far more "blonde" than brunette.

Whether she likes it or not, her hair is changed; and more than once it has happened that the change has not come up to expectations. So back goes Mary Smith to her original brunetteness! I was in the make-up room of Paramount one day when Dorothy Howe came in, with her dark hair and warm brown eyes. Two hours later she went out a blonde; her soft curling fair hair making those brown eyes ten times more lovely. Cameramen say fair hair is easier to light and photograph than the dark variety. Think over the really small number of brunette film stars—actresses, I mean—and the truth of this becomes obvious.

Tests are the first and most important part of the grooming of a new contract player.

Tests, that is, together with daily attendances at the dramatic school and in the gymnasium. There are stages set aside exclusively for tests; there are directors who do nothing but put young actors and actresses through their endless paces before the test cameras. It is nothing for a hundred tests to be made of a newly signed player.

Some are for acting ability; and for these, special dialogue is written, while some of the players who are already starting to make names will be called in to play a test scene with a newcomer. Beginners are lucky when somebody with more experience than themselves appears on the test stage to play scenes with them. When two beginners are together their mutual nervousness often ruins work that might otherwise be good.

Some tests are to determine the type of make-up that is best suited to a new face. Remember the amusing scene in *A Star is Born* when Janet Gaynor sat helplessly in a chair while half a dozen eyebrows and four or five different sets of lips were painted on her bewildered face by the make-up staff? That was no exaggeration; it goes on every day.

Great make-up experts like the Westmore brothers, Lillian Rosine, at M-G-M, Jack Dawn, at the same studio, Mel Berns and James Barker, at R-K-O, have done a tremendous amount to develop many of the screen's best-known stars. Clever make-up, properly applied, can do much to put over a personality; but the trouble is—to find the *right* make-up! Hence the tests that are for make-up only, and that go on day after day, for weeks. Film make-up experts all believe in brushes for applying almost any kind of make-up; they say the result is better, smoother, and more clear-cut than that achieved by any finger in captivity.

Day after day, while Mary Smith sits at home wondering shakily if the day's tests were good or rotten, those same tests are being gone over with a fine tooth comb in the studio projection rooms. When thousands of feet of film have passed before the cold, unbiased eyes of the Somebodies, it is announced that Mary Smith looks as good as she will ever look; so the make-up that won the day for her is recorded, and is applied to her face thereafter.

Teeth play a big part in tests. So many lovely faces are ruined by teeth that are not as perfect as the camera wants them to be. Hollywood provides immense incomes for dentists whose job it is to disguise the dental defects of screen stars. Eleanor Powell had two crooked front teeth—but you would never think it, to see her smile now. Clark Gable had a gold tooth that the cameras simply loathed. Norma Shearer had fine teeth, but they wanted a little straightening. And I know an English actor who won a contract for Hollywood, with a special clause inserted that he must agree to spend not less than £100 on his teeth—with a Hollywood dentist whose name appeared on the contract.

There is a doctor in Hollywood whose forte is remaking noses, and dealing with ears that are inclined to be obstreperous. He has a very flourishing business. Harking back to the subject of make-up and hairdressing, let it not be forgotten that Robert Taylor, when he signed his first contract, had no sign of that "widow's peak" in his dark hair which proves so attractive on the screen to-day. His hair, in early tests, looked very hard and black. Somebody started pulling it out, in the centre of the front, until the widow's peak appeared; and directly this was tested it was pronounced O.K.

Visits to the studio wardrobe are important, and take up a lot of time. A "form" is made of the figure of the new player; but this is subject to much modification and alteration, because Mary Smith is told to diet and exercise, and generally reduce her figure as rapidly as she can. Her right size in shoes is found; also her size in gloves and hats. She is inspected by Edith Head, at Paramount, and Adrian, at M-G-M; and as soon as her hairdressing style is fixed and her final make-up agreed, she begins to pose for fashion stills,

(*Continued on page* 130)

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Donald Loomis, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio physical instructor, is shown here demonstrating to Betty Furness an excellent abdominal exercise

which are such a vital part of the grooming process.

Special dresses are designed; she puts them on, and departs to the portrait gallery, accompanied by a member of the publicity department. There she is photographed, dozens of times; as a rule, the pictures are designed to show off some trick in a new type of button, or artificial flowers, or costume jewellery, or gloves. All the screen actresses I know say they hate posing for fashion stills more than anything else in the business of being made into a star.

When it seems obvious that Mary Smith will have at least one of her options taken up, portraits are made of the new young player, who has not yet been seen by the public. She is given a small rôle in a "B" picture, as a breaking-in step; and the portraits are sent out in hundreds, announcing her as a radiant newcomer to the screen, of whom tremendous things are expected.

But before she rises to the glory of a portrait sitting she will have been called by telephone, in the cold grey hours of the morning, to show up for dozens of gag picture sittings. The weary voice of somebody from the publicity department bids her be ready at eight-thirty, prepared to visit the zoo, or the alligator farm, or the harbour at Wilmington, in order to pose for a string of gag pictures. These are intended to be amusing and/or decorative; they plant grey hairs among the brown on the heads of many members of hard-working publicity staffs. To think up a new idea for gag pictures means a terrible headache—and to pose for those pictures brings woe to the heart of many a new contract player. But they have to be done!

Well, so much for the beautifying side of the business. Now turn to the sterner matters connected with voice, carriage, and acting. Every studio has its gymnastic instructor, who puts the young player through a series of exercises invented for the express purpose of taking off unwanted fat, and keeping muscles supple without allowing them to become obtrusive. There is Donald Loomis at M-G-M, and Sammy Waxman at R-K-O, for example; both of them are physical culture experts, and the graceful figures we admire on the screen are largely due to their hard work, and the exercises they devise to suit shapes of every size and type. They advise their students on the subject of diet, too; and when Mary Smith sits down to her luncheon of iced tea and pineapple salad, she knows her physical culture instructor would beam with joy if he could see her carrying out his directions. Girls and boys who won't "play ball" with the studio make-up department, the wardrobe, and the

(*Continued on page* 132)

Film stars must know how to deal with autograph hunters. Here is a young player sent to a Sneak Preview getting some experience in signing autograph books for fans

Advantages of

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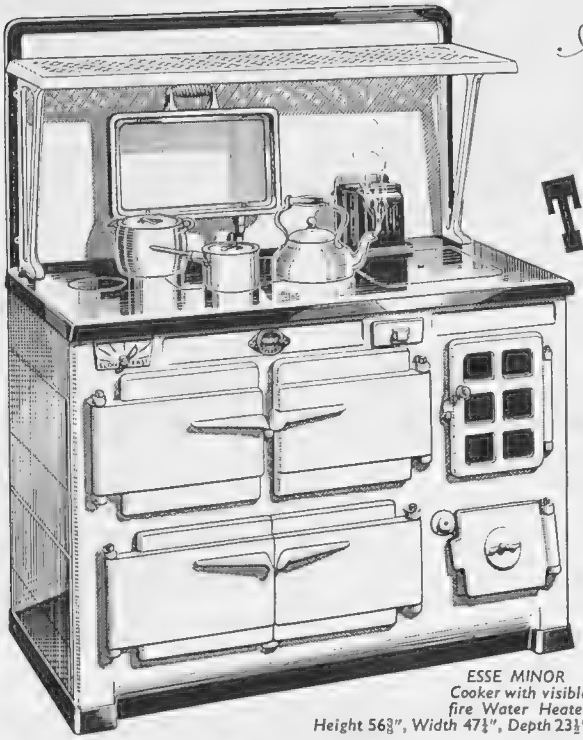

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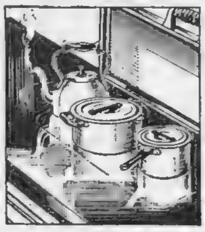

The hot-plate of the ESSE is continuously hot. Lift the bolster, put on the kettle and the water will boil at the rate of a pint a minute. The fast boiling area is ample for the heaviest demand.

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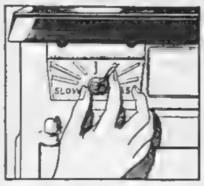
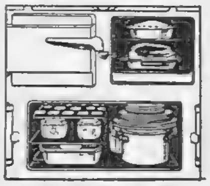


All ESSE domestic models have thermostatic control ensuring not only the exact cooking temperature at any time but remarkable fuel economy as well.

OVENS



Two roomy ovens scientifically designed so that every inch is efficient cooking space. The Roasting Oven (top) is 12 ins. wide, 10 ins. high by 17½ ins. deep, and the lower Oven is 23 ins. wide, 10 ins. high, by 20½ ins. deep.

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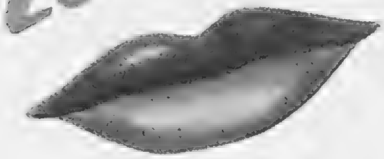
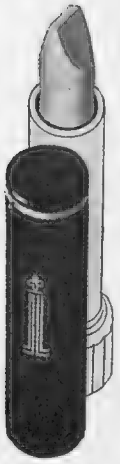
Lips by Lenthéric



Mrs. Vincent Paravicini wears Lenthéric's Deep Orchid



Lenthéric makes the subtler lipsticks for to-day. Colours are vivid and yet soft, and most precisely created for the season's fashion shades. Important is the fact that Lenthéric lipsticks do not change colour on the lips. Texture is very fine, not dry or greasy. With the fuchsia shades, and with black, wear *Deep Orchid*—red with an echo of blue—unbelievably becoming. For the pink and white, dresden-china effect, wear *Hunting Pink*—clear red—without orange, without blue—gay as its name! *Hunting Pink* is No. 2, *Deep Orchid* is No. 7. Black and gold case: 5/6. White cases: 4/6 and 2/6.

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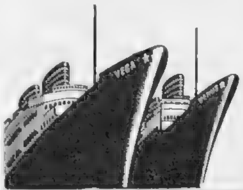

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If That 30,000-to-One Chance Came Off

gymnastic experts soon find themselves reported; and anybody who gains a reputation for being "difficult" is quite likely to be dropped with a good hard bump when option-renewal time comes round.

THERE are dance instructors who put in hours of hard work, giving lessons in tap dancing and ballet work. There are other teachers who specialise in deportment; walking up and down a long room balancing a book on one's head is inevitably part of the process of making a film star. There are teachers who give fine lessons in voice production; anybody who compares Janet Gaynor's screen voice to-day with the voice that proceeded from her lips in the early days of talkies, must pay a sincere tribute to her voice teacher. The improvement is indeed remarkable.

The young players who have singing voices are sent to the best voice coaches in Hollywood; records are made of their vocal efforts, and any one who shows signs of becoming a valuable screen singing star is encouraged to devote many hours a day to the doh-re-mi business.

That is all work; but there is a little play as well. When a new contract player is reported to be going along nicely, as far as the various studio departments are concerned, she is let loose in Hollywood itself, to feel her feet. She is told to attend a big film first-night. A car is loaned by the studio; a fur cloak is borrowed from the wardrobe department, also a lovely evening gown, shoes, handbag. Off she goes to the first-night, with an escort who is selected for her by the publicity department. The loaned car draws up by the red carpet; flashlights wink, fans gape, and out steps Mary Smith, in her borrowed finery, to face cameras and microphone, and to make her début at a Hollywood première.

It is all good practice; and so is her attendance at a sneak preview, when fans dash up and demand autographs. She has to learn how to sign graciously, while saying a few suitable words; and that sort of thing is disconcerting when it is sprung on any one for the first time. Then come the big-time night spots: dinner at the Trocadero, the Biltmore, the Cocoanut Grove—still with the escort selected by the studio. Romance is in the air; the kind of romance that a good publicity department adores. It sounds so fine; it means so little. And the studio pays the bill!

THUS it goes on, until the great night when Mary Smith or John Brown drives to the Chinese Theatre for the first performance of a film in which, at long last, they play a real part. No longer in a loaned car, no longer in borrowed clothes, they walk along the red carpet, proudly smiling while news cameras take the photographs that will send their names and faces right round the globe. The thirty thousand to one chance has come off!

END

The Treasure Chest

(*Continued from page 51*)

of a Chinese cook who'd never been picked up. Li Chang, an old man by now, could easily be that cook. This, plus Li Chang's three trips to Snark Island for gold coins, was enough to convince Shannon."

"They tried to bully the secret out of him?"

Horn shook his head. "They knew they'd never crack an old pokerface like Li Chang. So they had to figure some other way. Each of those three swabs had a different idea, and tried it out."

"They went to the Solomons?"

"Only Shannon. His idea was to ask natives around Ono Cove about Chang's three trips there. He figured he could pick up something that way, but didn't."

"What about Hibbs and Coy?"

"They stayed in Papeete. Hibbs figured he'd wait till Li Chang made a fourth trip, and then tag along. Hutch Coy figured the easiest way to get that treasure would be to marry its heiress."

"Li Chang's half-French granddaughter?"

"Aye. Suzanne Andres. She was just out of a convent by this time. Her parents were dead and she was keeping house for her only living relative, Li Chang. Running his shop, too, because Li Chang was close to eighty and getting feeble. Hutch Coy spent a year courting her. He was a big bruiser, with a sort of shifty good looks, and in the navy at Pago he'd been a heartbreaker among the Samoan girls. But at Tahiti he didn't have any luck with Suzanne."

"Did Suzanne know about the treasure?"

"Not until a bit more'n a year ago, when Li Chang died. Suzanne was at his bedside. With his last breath Li Chang told her about the buried chest."

"Everything?" I asked.

"He had to tell her everything to convince her it was there. She'd been the faithful comforter of his old age, you understand, and he wanted her to have a rich dower. So he told her where it lay—under the only thicket of Javanese bamboo on Snark Island."

"But how, without help, could she get it?"

"She didn't want it," Horn said. "Don't forget she'd been schooled in a convent. To Suzanne Andres, a good Catholic, that pirate loot was untouchable.

"I can understand that, captain."

"At the same time—she wanted to make amends. As nearly as she could, she wanted to right the crimes of Li Chang." A note of reverence came into Horn's voice. He spoke softly, not facing me, as though he had forgotten his impudently curious audience and was reviewing in reverie something which had cut close to his own life. Clearly it *had* touched his life; else how could the chest be in his cabin?

"So what," I made bold to prompt, "did this Christian grandchild of a Chinese pirate decide to do about it?"

"She decided," Horn answered, "that all of it must go to Church and charity. Half toward the establishment of Catholic missions in Polynesia; and half to refugees of her grandfather's race in China. She knew about the war now going on there; that millions are starving in Shanghai and Hong Kong. Charity to the poor of his own country, she thought, would erase the shame from Li Chang's past. And because much of this treasure had been looted from temples, she would divert half of it towards South Seas missions."

"But the British might confiscate this pirate loot," I suggested, "if she brought it to light."

"Suzanne felt sure they'd do just that," Horn admitted, "if she tried taking the chest off Snark Island. But if she turned it directly over to a priest there, no questions would be asked. As Church property, it wouldn't be subject to tax or confiscation. So she went to her own priest at Papeete and asked him for a letter of introduction to the priest at Ono Cove in the Solomons.

"'Father Michael has the church there, my daughter,' the priest said. 'I know him well, and he is a grand man.'

"And Suzanne said: 'I've an estate on Snark Island that I do not want or need. I'd like to turn it over to the priest there.'

"The Tahiti priest blessed Suzanne. He gave her a letter of introduction which stated simply that Suzanne owned property in Father Michael's parish which she wanted to sign over to the Church.

"And then," said Horn, "she booked passage on this very ship. I was at anchor at Papeete and due to deliver a cargo of roofing iron in the Solomons. My port was Kieta, to the leeward of Snark Island. But because mine was the first boat going that way, Suzanne came aboard to ask about passage."

The glow in his eyes made me smile. "You seem to remember the incident quite well, captain."

"Only a blind man wouldn't. You should have seen her that morning, Sullivan. In a long white cape, and a hood with her small pink face peeping out at me, I thought at first she was a French nun. Then she spoke in Tahitian to a boy who brought along her bags, and I knew she was part native. Later, when she took off the hood, something about her eyebrows made me think of the Orient. I didn't dream, though, that she'd just lost a grandfather named Li Chang."

"You agreed to stop at Ono Cove on the way to Kieta?"

"No. I said I'd have to drop off the Kieta cargo first. Then I could shift course a few points and land her at Snark Island."

"Did she tell you her errand?"

"Only that she had business with a priest there. Then, just as I was showing her to the best of my two cabins, two more passengers popped over the side and wanted passage to Ono Cove."

"Hibbs and Coy?"

"None else. And right away I began smelling things. One passenger to an out-of-the-way corner like Ono was queer enough; but *three* of them, all at the same time, kind of bowled me over. It looked like these lubbers were tagging along after a good-looking girl. But I couldn't prove it. So I booked them."

"So with three passengers you cleared for the Solomons."

"Aye. The two thousand-mile cruise took eight days."

"Trouble?"

"Two licks of it. Only I didn't know about one of 'em till later. The other time was when Hutch Coy got fresh. He was polite to Suzanne, generally, called her 'Mam'selle.' Sat next to her at the table. Held the chair for her and all that. Kept himself shaved and in whites, with a waxy smile on his face. I could see he was making a dead set and was on the boat only because Suzanne was. And she didn't like it. Still, there was no chance to make him pipe down until one night he got liquored. He started a phonograph and then wanted her to dance with him on deck. When she wouldn't, he grabbed her, anyway. She was fighting to get free when I came aft from the bridge."

Horn didn't explain just what punitive measures he'd expended. But I saw his right fist clench and a fierceness gleam from his eyes. I smiled, rubbing my own jaw and rather glad I'd never been caught hugging an unwilling lady by Robin Horn.

"Hutch Coy was sick, rest of the way to Kieta," he said.

"Sick with a broken head," I guessed. "What about Hibbs?"

"He kept pretty much to himself. A ratty little swab, Hibbs, in dirty dungarees most of the time, and with the looks of a mangy monkey. I mean he had a round scaly face with hair on the edges, always grinning. But he didn't seem to pay any attention to Suzanne. That was what fooled us. One night when the rest of us were at mess, Hibbs got in this other lick of trouble."

"Which was?"

"I'll come to it later. We made Kieta on schedule and I dropped the hook there to unload cargo. When Coy took his duffel and went ashore, I wasn't much surprised. It looked like he could see he wasn't getting anywhere with Suzanne, so was just taking himself off at the first port. Hibbs, stringing along with him, got off too. I could tell that Suzanne was mightily relieved to be rid of them."

"Had she told you any more of her errand?"

"Not a whisper. Although we were pretty chummy by that time. We'd done a lot of reading together,

(*Continued on page 134*)

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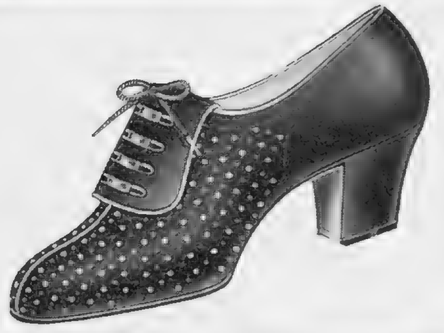

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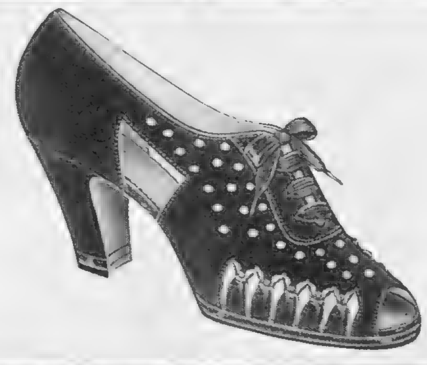

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under the aft deck awning." Horn glanced up at the books along his cabin walls. "She wasn't quick at reading English, so usually I read aloud to her. She had Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* with her, and she read chapters of it to me in French. One day I brought out Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—but she stopped. She said she didn't like that one."

The reason was clear, now. She hadn't wanted to be reminded of pirates and buried loot.

"But she was a bit of brightness about the ship," Horn went on, "and I hated to see the time come when we'd have to drop her off at Ono Cove. We weren't more'n a hundred miles from Ono, you understand, only we had to stay three days at Kieta to unload that roofing iron.

"At daybreak of the fourth day, we dipped anchor for Snark Island. Raised it about sundown. I didn't have any business there; so I told Suzanne I'd take her ashore in the gig, then come back and head out through the reef for Suva.

"She looked ashore and seemed a bit frightened. A thatched village, a dozen ramshackle shacks and trading shops, a pub or two, and back of this a steep dark bush It wasn't like her own Papeete, with its parks and bright roofs and gay girls on the quays waiting for sailors to come ashore. This place she saw now was just a scraggly little backwash. The natives in sight were not brown, like Tahitians, but black Malays.

"The only thing to reassure Suzanne was a Roman Catholic mission, well down the beach, with a gilt cross on it. 'There,' she said to me, 'is where I'll find Father Michael.'

"'Yes, miss,' I said, 'you'll find at least one good man there.' And Suzanne said: 'My business will not take long, monsieur captain. Perhaps by to-morrow it is finished.'

"'And then?' I asked her.

"She said she'd be ready, then, to go home. I thought fast. It rubbed the wrong way to leave her on Snark Island. 'Maybe I can pick up a bit of cargo here, for Suva, miss,' I said. 'Anyway I'll lay over till to-morrow, to see about it. If you're ready to go by then, I can take you to Suva. From there you can catch the French line to Papeete.'

"She was a lot relieved, and thanked me. So we left her bags on the ship, got in the gig and I rowed her ashore. On the beach, I offered to take her to the mission. But she said she'd rather see Father Michael alone. She had a letter in hand. 'It's from the priest at Papeete,' she said.

"So I watched her walk downshore to the mission. When she disappeared in there, I began making the rounds of traders at the other end of the beach. They were a hard lot, most of them. But I found one rather decent chap, manager of the Burns Philp station there. I asked him about Father Michael. 'Salt of the earth, Father Michael,' the manager said. 'Is he at home now?' I asked. 'He's always at home,' the man said, 'and ready to help all comers.' So I knew Suzanne wouldn't be delayed through waiting."

Horn made a self-abusing grimace. "Someone should have kicked me, Sullivan, for not going there with her."

I was puzzled. "But if Father Michael was 'salt of the earth,' and at home, how could she get into any trouble?"

"You'll see soon enough," Horn answered bitterly. "She went into the mission study and found what seemed to be Father Michael at his devotions. He wore Father Michael's priestly gown and sacraments, and white stiff collar, had a bald tonsure and a benevolent smile. It was dusk, and the study was in gloom. How could she know that Father Michael lay gagged in the vestry?"

"You mean," I gasped, "that she was facing Hutch Coy?"

"No, she'd have recognized Coy. The impostor was that Australian swab, Shannon, who'd been a year here at Ono Cove kicking around for Li Chang's treasure. Now he was in once more with Hibbs and Coy—who were guarding Father Michael in the next room."

"But that precious pair," I protested, "got off at Kieta!"

"Only long enough to hire some native yawl for Snark Island. We were three days unloading at Kieta, so they beat us to Snark. And they knew something, by then. On the way from Papeete, Hibbs had prowled into Suzanne's cabin. He'd found and read her letter of introduction to Father Michael. So all they needed was to make Snark Island ahead of us, and frame Shannon to be Father Michael for ten minutes."

I saw it clearly. Ten minutes would be long enough for Suzanne to present her letter and confide everything.

"Shannon blessed her, damn him!" said Horn. "Unctuously he told her she'd better return, for the night, to her cabin on the ship. No decent place for her to stop ashore, he said. In the morning she could join him again at the mission, where he would have a crew of his most trustworthy laymen assembled. Together they would go to a clump of Javanese bamboo less than a mile off in the bush. They would dig up the chest and bring it to the mission. Once she saw it so delivered and accepted, she could go her way with blessings from the Church."

"She suspected nothing?"

"Why should she? She was young, Sullivan, and inexperienced. Suzanne thanked him and went back to the boat. I met her there. She said her business was under way and would be finished quickly in the morning.

"I rowed her back to the ship. It was just a year ago. A hot, sticky night it was, just like this one, with the trades overdue. But in spite of the heat, that evening Suzanne seemed happier than I'd ever seen her. The mate started a phonograph and she wanted to dance. So we danced on deck, while the big red ball of a moon dropped beyond the palms of Snark Island. And all that while Shannon and company, you can be sure, were busy ashore."

I nodded. "Digging under Javanese bamboo, of course."

"Aye, digging like hellions. Shannon'd been around long enough to know the lay of the land. Javanese bamboo was the only cue he needed. And so they lost no time. Before morning they dug up that chest."

Rain began pattering on deck, but I did not hear it. I wasn't even aware that the watch dashed forward and aft to batten hatches. Instead I sat staring at Bully Cutler's chest, even now within reach of my hand and a grim witness for Horn's story. "You found it empty, of course, after they'd stripped it?"

"They didn't strip it that night," he said. "Understand, they didn't have much time. Father Michael might get free any minute and set the whole island on their heels. So the lubbers only opened the chest long enough to make sure it was no blind haul. Then they closed it and made off through the bush."

"Tracks?" I questioned.

"Only to the first creek, which they waded to tidewater, then knee deep along tidewater to another creek and up this."

Rain was pounding hard on the cabin roof now. One of those sudden tropic squalls which smother you like a Turkish bath. In the swelter of the cabin I could see sweat gleaming on Horn from neck to belt.

The mate poked his head in. "Hatches are tight, sir," he reported, and passed on.

Horn, raising his voice to outsound the drumming rain, continued: "You see their position, Sullivan. That night they had no chance to steal a sea-going boat and get clear of the island. So they only lugged the chest as far as they could, and then hid it safely. They went back to Shannon's shack. And at nine in the morning, I took Suzanne ashore. She went one way, toward the mission, and I the other, toward the Burns Philp store.

"Before I got there, I passed a beach shack and saw Hibbs and Coy on the steps of it. I'd left them at Kieta, so it worried me to find them here. They grinned at me like alley cats and I saw a big bald man, Shannon, come out to join them. He had a bottle of beer and he drank my health in derision. Then, far down the beach, I heard a cry. It was Suzanne at the mission. She was waving, calling me, and I went there on the run. She took me inside to Father Michael, who was still trussed up and all but smothered."

Two bells struck. We could barely hear them above the pounding of rain. Announcement of the hour startled Horn. "I didn't think it was that late!" he exclaimed. "Am I boring you, Sullivan?"

"You'll have a mutiny," I said, "if you don't tell me the rest."

He relaxed with a smile and again passed the cheroots.

"Well, we released the priest. Suzanne told us everything. It was my first knowledge of her real errand. It made me fighting mad, but no madder than Father Michael. There was Irish in that priest.

"I asked him if he knew where Javanese bamboo grew, and he did. He took us up a path into the bush. We came to a bamboo thicket and saw a swath of fresh cuttings. At the end of it we found a hole which had held the chest. Right away we knew who'd grabbed it."

"You could have Shannon arrested," I put in, "for impersonating a priest."

"Aye, and Father Michael wanted to do just that. He wanted to send over to Kieta for the resident commissioner, and swear out a warrant against Shannon. But by the time we got back to the mission we cooled off a bit. It boiled down to this: Suzanne had no more legal right to that chest than Shannon. It was treasure trove, and so a case of finders keepers. Possession of it was at least nine points of the law, if not ten. Courts would have a hard time proving it to be Cutler's loot, after fifty-seven years; and if by any chance they did prove it, it might be confiscated by the State."

And Suzanne, I agreed, would lose her objective, which was to turn the fortune into channels of charity. "So what did you do?"

"It was up to Father Michael, now. He went into seclusion to ask divine guidance. When he came back to us he said: 'The treasure you speak of, my children, was spawned here by evil men. Other evil men have now taken it. They will use it to spread still more evil in the world. I myself decline to join any forceful attempt at recovery—and yet I would like to have it become a blessing instead of a curse. And so if you bring the treasure here and lay it on the altar, I shall be glad to disburse it for the building of God's kingdom.'

"He left us with bowed head. A grand man, Father Michael. Suzanne and I went back to the boat. I was still fighting mad, blaming myself for letting Hibbs prowl a cabin on my ship. 'Leave it to me, miss,' I said. 'I'll get it back from those swabs if I have to stay here a week.'

"'But you can't delay here that long,' she protested.

"I told her I could, if I stretched a point. As you know, Sullivan, I own a third interest in this little freighter and the other owners give me a pretty free hand. 'But what,' she worried, 'could you do in a week, or a month, or even a year?'

"I didn't know. But I sent her out to the ship and then went to have a showdown with the Shannon crowd. I saw all three of 'em on the stoop of Shannon's shack and Hibbs sang out, 'Yer ain't lorst anything, 'ave yer, mitey?' Then I knew it was no good starting a row right there. They'd be too smart to keep that chest in the shack. So I passed by and went on to the Burns Philp store."

"To confide," I asked, "in your friend the manager?"

Horn shook his head. "No, I just asked him to get me a couple of honest natives. I specified big strong fellows, and they must be converts of Father Michael's flock. The manager furnished me with two young chiefs of a religious turn, and I soon found out they thought the sun rose and set in Father Michael.

"I put one of them to keeping an eye on the Shannon (*Continued on page 136*)

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bunch, and the other one to watching all power boats along the beach. I thought Shannon'd be making a break for the open sea with that treasure."

"And did he?"

"He did not. The only move they made was to the pub each day where they soaked up plenty of beer. I borrowed the Burns Philp motor boat and moored it, without a padlock, at a pier close to the Shannon shack. Thought I could tempt 'em to steal that boat. We were watching like weazels all the time. But they didn't make any play for it. The week passed and nothing happened. Every day I went out to the ship and saw Suzanne. She gave up all hope. And so did I. I couldn't keep anchor there forever—it wasn't fair to my owners."

"It looked," I agreed, "like a stalemate."

"It did," Horn assented, "until I noticed that Shannon and his two mates always kept in a close bunch. When they went to the pub, it was together, and they always came back together. No two of them ever let the third out of sight. It meant that while we were watching them, they in turn were watching each other."

"Jippers like that," I nodded, "wouldn't be likely to trust one another."

Horn chuckled. "Once I figured that far, it was easy. That last night I took my two big blacks and hid out back of the shack. We saw our three men come home about midnight from the pub, all bleary, and I gave 'em two hours to get fast asleep. Then I slipped in and got my fingers on Hibbs's windpipe. He had no chance to make even a peep, and I got him out of there without disturbing the others. I picked Hibbs because he was a lightweight and easily carried. We simply kidnapped that little limejuicer and hid him in a warehouse down the beach.

"Then I started the engine of the Burns Philp motor boat and made as much noise with it as I could. I ran it passed Shannon's shack, killed the motor, cranked it again, then went banging out to sea and around to another cove.

"The racket woke up Shannon and Coy. They saw that Hibbs was gone. A power boat had just put to sea. It looked like a run-out. And in the morning I got my friend the Burns Philp manager to do me a favour. I asked him to go up and down the beach raising hell about somebody stealing his boat last night. To Shannon and Coy, it looked plain as day that Hibbs had skipped with the chest. So they went to find out."

"You followed them, I take it."

"With one of my blacks," Horn grinned. "The other was guarding Hibbs at the warehouse. Shannon and Coy led us straight to a pool, two miles up the bush, where they'd sunk the chest in ten feet of water.

"Well, that's all, Sullivan. Except for a broken head or two—and this." Horn touched the knife scar on his cheek. "I got it from Shannon," he said, "just before I laid him out cold. My black man had a barong and for a minute, in the thick of it, he forgot his religion. He was the son of cannibals, you understand. When he tied into Coy with that barong, it looked like he was out after trophies. I managed to call him off, just in time."

The pounding of rain stopped now, as suddenly as it had begun. I took a towel and mopped my face as Horn went on: "We fished the chest from the pool and took it down to the mission. Suzanne was waiting there. She helped us put it on the altar. Then we called in Father Michael. His eyes were saucers when he saw the chest there. But he only asked one question. 'Is it your free gift of love, my daughter?'

"'It is, Father,' Suzanne said. She crossed her heart. 'Half for home missions, half for relief of starving Chinese.'

"Then," Horn said, "she turned to me, thanked me with tears in her eyes and wanted to know how she could repay me. 'All I want,' I said, 'is the empty chest.'

"She asked why I wanted it, and I fished for a reason. The best I could think of was: 'Well, miss, so that when I'm an old man and tell this to my grandchildren, they'll know I'm not yarning.'

"Really, I had a better reason, as you'll see in a moment. Suzanne and Father Michael were glad to let me have the chest. So we emptied it, put the gold and jewels in copra bags and stored 'em in the mission vaults.

"An hour later Shannon and Coy came limping out of the bush. At the same time we let Hibbs loose from the warehouse. All three of 'em saw Suzanne and me parade to a beached boat with four big blacks. The four blacks had that chest, and they carried it like it was heavy. Every few steps they set it down to rest. Shannon's crowd saw all that. They saw it put into a boat and go out to the ship with Suzanne and me. We sailed on the sunset tide, with blessings from Father Michael."

"A neat take-off, captain," I applauded. "With the Shannon crowd dead sure the treasure went away on the ship, they were less likely to raid the mission vaults. You and Suzanne, I suppose, sailed to Suva?"

"Aye," Horn said, "and dropped anchor right where we are now, just a year ago." His face clouded. "A French liner was in harbour. Suzanne said good-bye to me and boarded it for Papeete."

"You've seen her since, though."

To my surprise he said, "No, I never saw her again."

"Or heard from her?"

"Nor heard from her. But I've heard often from Father Michael." His face brightened a trifle. "He's kept me posted about his disbursements of the treasure. He got half of it into the hands of relief agencies in China, all right. And with the other half he built a fine church on Snark Island. I had a card from him just the other day, with a picture of it. He calls it the Cathedral of Ste. Suzanne." Horn began raking through a desk drawer, looking for the card. "Know what he did, Sullivan? He built that church on the exact spot where the chest was buried for fifty-seven years. Cleared off that Javanese bamboo, and put it right there. He'd fill it with Solomon Islanders, he said, every one of them descended from the cannibals that butchered Bully Cutler."

Horn found the card and passed it to me. It was an ordinary picture post card in colours, showing a handsome mission church with a high spire, its cross framed against a background of tropic bush. Beneath this, in his fine staunch hand Father Michael had written a verse from Isaiah. I read:

> "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

"A blessing instead of a curse," Horn murmured. He looked off toward the Suva wharves, where only a few lights were burning now.

"But I can't understand why you haven't heard from Suzanne."

"Can't you?" He turned on me almost fiercely.

And then I knew. Or thought I did. He was in love with Suzanne Andres. And yet he couldn't quite forget she was the granddaughter of a Chinese pirate.

I nodded slowly. And my face perhaps was too expressive. Or maybe Horn was psychic that night. For he read accurately what was in my mind.

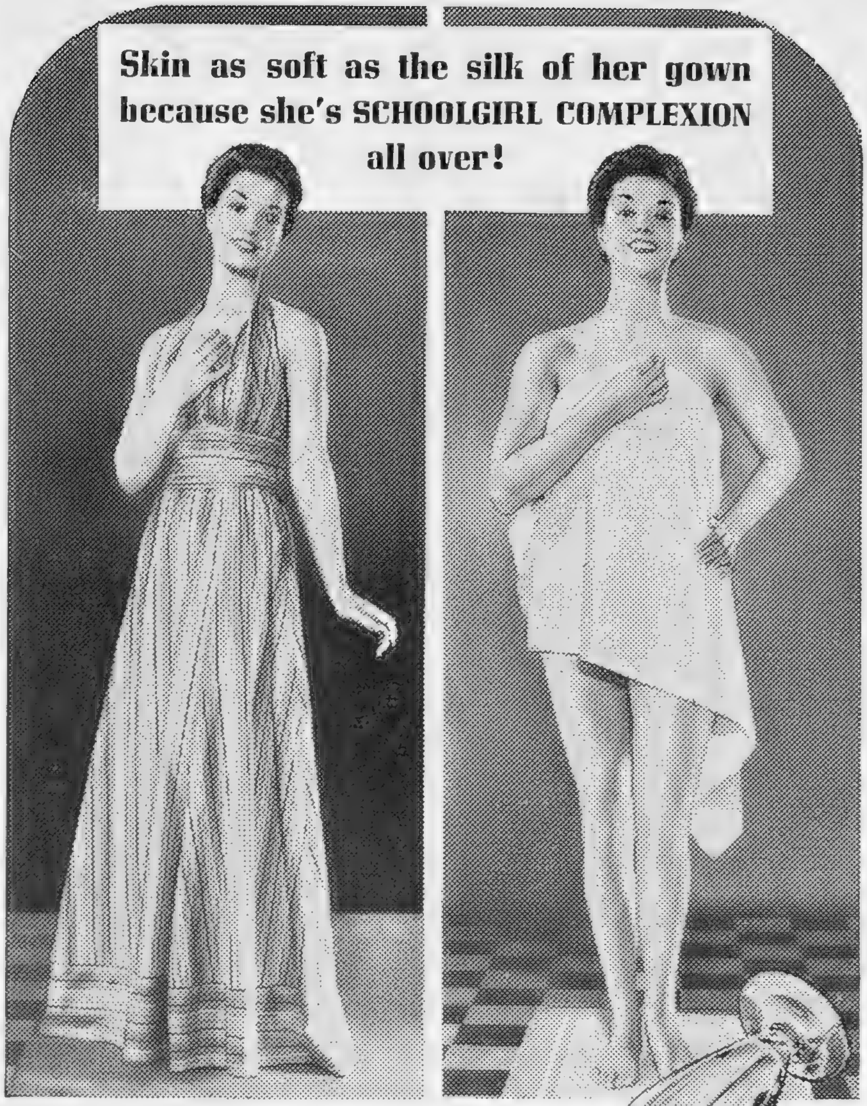
And it angered him. He stood up, towered over me and the scar from Coy's knife flashed white on his crimson cheek.

"No, you fool!" he blazed at me. "Do you think I'd care about *that*?"

Something was bursting inside him. For all this past year he'd kept it locked there—and now it came with a rush: "I didn't let her go, Sullivan. She turned me down. I don't know why I'm telling you. Except I can't let you think I'm a cheap snob. A year ago on this deck, just before she transferred to the French liner, I asked her to marry me. And she said no."

He sat down, his face hard and hurt. And there didn't seem

(*Continued on page* 139)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to be anything I could say. Father Michael's card was still in my hand. To shift the subject I referred to it again. "You might lose this, old chap, if you keep it in the litter of that desk. Why don't you keep it in the treasure chest, where it belongs?"

Without waiting for permission, I opened the chest to drop the card in.

Then I saw that the chest wasn't quite empty. Horn, I knew, thought it was empty. I remembered his saying he hadn't touched it since bringing it aboard at Snark Island.

But now, at the bottom of the chest, I saw a dainty pink note. It was addressed to Captain Horn in French.

Had she put it here just before leaving this deck, a year ago?

I fished it out and passed it to Horn. "If you weren't so dumb," I said, "you'd 've known right where to look for treasure."

His eyes stared. Then he snatched the note and read eagerly.

In an instant he had forgotten I was there.

The next thing I knew he was charging on deck and bawling for the mate. I heard him routing all hands and shouting for steam.

By dawn we'd weighed anchor and were slipping out to sea. I knew where without asking. Still, I kept coaxing until I got my hands on that note again, and translated:

"Monsieur the captain:

You have told me you wish to show the chest to your grandchildren, when you tell them this story.

Do you want them to be part of it? Please think of this for the long time, my captain; and if in the end it makes no difference, then come to me at Papeete."

END

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r.c.6

Norway—Nature's Wonderland

S.S. *Meteor* at Merok in the heart of Fjordland

FJORDS and mountains, valleys and forests, rivers and waterfalls, and a climate as warm as southern England; that, briefly, is Norway, one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

Surely this year many people will decide to spend their holidays in this "wonderland of nature," so serene and peaceful, and remote from war's alarms. And a wonderful welcome they will obtain when they get there.

The Norwegian is the most hospitable of men, and no foreigner receives a warmer welcome than the Englishman, with whom he has very much in common.

Cruising in the Fjords, those deep fissures, unique and supremely lovely, which penetrate far inland into the mountain chain, and along the magnificent western coast to North Cape, and the realm of the midnight sun, is a most delightful holiday. No cruises are more comprehensive or more popular than those of the B. & N. Line by the *Stella Polaris* from Harwich, and the *Meteor*, from Newcastle upon Tyne. These two vessels are so built that they can navigate the innermost channels and keep within the island chain which guards the western coast of Norway for practically its whole length.

A CRUISE on the *Stella Polaris* or the *Meteor* is therefore almost entirely a smooth water cruise. The duration of the cruises varies from six to twenty days. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the "farthest north" cruise of the *Stella Polaris*, from Harwich, on the 29th July, to the Fjords, the North Cape, Spitzbergen, and the frozen barriers of the Polar Ice Wall.

Cruising, of course, is by no means the only type of holiday which Norway offers. Those who wish to come into closer contact with the country and its people can make a selection from the wide variety of independent tours arranged by the B. & N. Line, and by the principal tourist agents. The tours range from a few days to two or three weeks, and are ideal for the holiday-maker who wishes to see the most for his money and to be saved all the trouble of making his own travel and hotel arrangements.

Travelling in Norway is always a delightful experience whether on a coastal or fjord steamer or by rail or road, for every route is a scenic route, and the transport companies cater for the comfort of the tourist in every respect.

TOURING Norway in one's own car is becoming increasingly popular every year. The mountainous nature of the country has made road communication a difficult problem, but the skill and enterprise of the engineer has overcome the most formidable obstacles and the roads are remarkable both for their beauty and their constructional achievement. As an encouragement to motorists to take their cars with them to Norway, the B. & N. Line convey a car free when accompanied by three passengers.

For those who prefer to avoid the beaten track, Norway offers boundless opportunities. Probably the most popular district for walking or climbing is that of the Jotunheim mountains ("Home of the giants"), which lie in the centre of western Norway.

Bergen, a picturesque town, most charmingly situated at the foot of seven hills, is the main gateway to the Fjords and to all the holiday resorts, and it is to Bergen that the two luxurious motor-vessels of the B. & N. Line, the *Vega* (8,000 tons—21 knots), and the *Venus* (7,000 tons—20 knots), set sail every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7.30 p.m., from Newcastle upon Tyne. The open-sea passage is only about eighteen hours, and the Newcastle-Bergen route is the shortest and fastest between England and Norway. Full information regarding the sailings and fares can be obtained from the B. & N. Line at their head office, 25 Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

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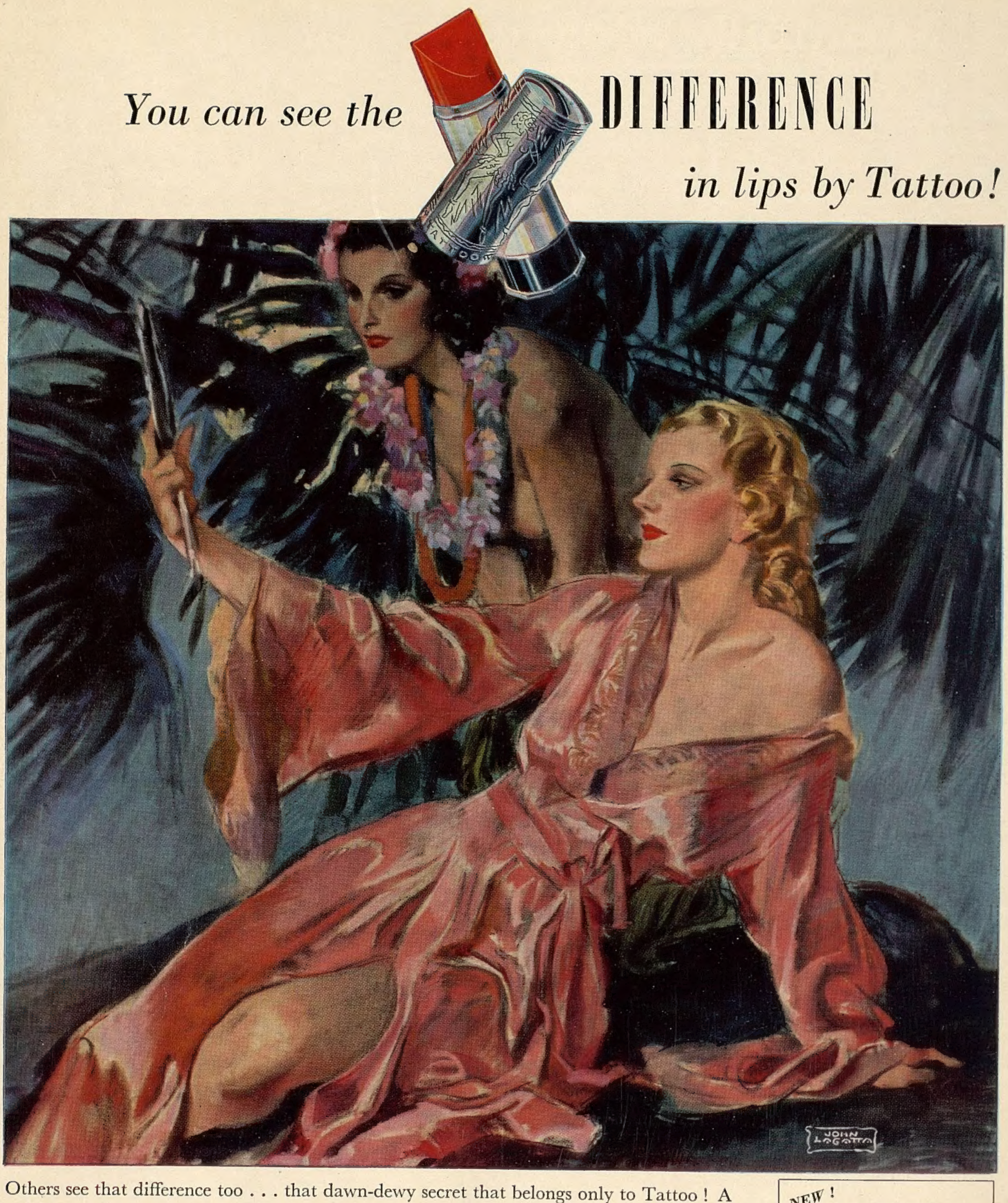

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